

*By the same Author*

A GENERAL HISTORY OF SOCIALISM  
AND SOCIAL STRUGGLES

IN FIVE VOLUMES

1. *Social Struggles in Antiquity*
2. *Social Struggles in the Middle Ages*
3. *Social Struggles and Socialist Forerunners*
4. *Social Struggles and Thought (1750-1860)*
5. *Social Struggles and Modern Socialism*

THE LIFE AND TEACHING  
OF KARL MARX

A HISTORY OF BRITISH SOCIALISM

FIFTY YEARS  
OF  
INTERNATIONAL  
SOCIALISM

BY  
M. BEER

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TO  
PROFESSOR R. H. TAWNEY  
IN GRATITUDE AND FRIENDSHIP





## PREFACE

THE writer of these pages is not altogether a stranger to English-speaking readers. He has spent about a quarter of a century in England at the time of one of the turning-points in her history. He witnessed, as a political writer and social historian, the beginnings of Imperial economic co-operation, the growth of Labour as an independent political force, and the disintegration of the Liberal Party. At the same time his literary work brought him into close contact with the various movements in Germany in the momentous years 1890 to 1933, that is, from the fall of Prince Bismarck to the inglorious end of the German republic. He likewise observed the social currents in France and the United States of America, the gathering of the revolutionary forces in Russia, and met several of their prominent men, whose views are recorded in some chapters of this book.

The reader will find in these pages also something like the psychological record of a religious mind, passing from mediaevalism to modern thought and social science.

While jotting down these recollections, my thoughts often turned to my Jewish brethren in Palestine, who in a spirit of self-sacrifice are working in fields and workshops, and creating a home for those of their kith and kin who in this age of the eclipse of humanism are being deprived of the natural right of existence.

My love for you makes me bold to say: think of Palestine as an integral part of the British Empire; make English your second language in the place of Yiddish or German; study English history and literature; you will find in it much to inspire you and to satisfy your thirst for freedom, human

dignity, and social justice. We, Socialist Jews, would certainly prefer to live under a social constitution modelled on that of the Essenes of old; but believe me—and I am speaking from half a century of study and experience—present British Constitutional life is one of the noblest products of middle-class civilization. Build up within this frame a Jewish civilization, progressive and tolerant, and you will by this means win the sympathy of the Arabs and the respect of the British. Amidst so much that is disputable in the laws, or rather the lessons, of history, this is indisputable—that a superior civilization is irresistible; it succeeds even in making military conquerors and inveterate enemies surrender themselves to its influence. In the words of one of the last Hebrew prophets, Zacharia, the Jews as a nation will prosper “not by armaments and not by violence, but by the spirit (*bruach*).”

I hope that the British Civil Servants administering Palestine, who are naturally eager to learn something of Jewish life, will spare an hour or two for reading these pages. I venture to say that the story of my life will assist them in entering into the minds of many of the Jewish settlers, particularly those who have come from Central and Eastern Europe. My material and spiritual tribulations and adventures have, in a higher or lesser degree, been those of my Socialist or Zionist brethren. The British officials will learn something of the surroundings, bringing-up, education, moral and spiritual crises through which many of the *halutsim* (Zionist pioneers) have passed, and which have contributed to the formation of their character.

During the year 1933, when the National Socialist reaction seized power, I received many tokens of sympathy from my English and American friends, to whom I express my heartfelt

thanks, notably to Dr. Helen Everett, U.S.A., Professor George Adams, Berkeley University, Cal., Professor R. H. Tawney, and Professor M. Ginsberg, who in a spirit of self-sacrifice came to my aid in 1933 and 1934, times of strain and stress. My special thanks are due to the Professional Committee and Secretariat of the British Central Fund for German Jewry (Woburn House, Upper Woburn Place, W.C.1), whose generous help enabled me to continue my studies.

M. BEER

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# CONTENTS

	PAGE
<i>Preface</i>	7
I. The Lure and Peril of Mobility	13
II. Jewish Education	16
III. Life in a Polish Town	19
IV. A Jewish Soldier	22
V. Relations between Jew and Gentile	26
VI. In a Christian School	29
VII. A Love Affair	33
VIII. The Rise of Anti-Semitism	46
IX. Conservative Social Reform	49
X. Talks with Leipzig Scholars	58
XI. A Social Democratic Editor	64
XII. Eleanor Marx and Amy Levy	70
XIII. Frederick Engels	76
XIV. The Beginnings of the London School of Economics	81
XV. Jean Jaurès as Orator	89
XVI. Initiation into English Politics	93
XVII. Interview with Emile Zola	95
XVIII. Jews and Social Revolutionary Movements	103
XIX. United States and Socialist Parties	108
XX. Foreign Affairs, 1901-11	117
XXI. Reform or Revolution	123
XXII. Conversations on Marx	133
XXIII. Mr. Gladstone and Labour	138

	PAGE
xxiv. Interview with Lenin	144
xxv. Problems of United States and Britain	160
xxvi. Studies in British Socialism	169
xxvii. An Alien Enemy	172
xxviii. Berlin During the War	175
xxix. Germany in Defeat	180
xxx. Macchiavelli on Revolution	184
xxxi. Marxism and the International	187
xxxii. An Adventurous Jew	193
xxxiii. A Revolutionary Idealist	198
xxxiv. Money as Social Nexus	201
xxxv. In Moscow, 1927-28	205
xxxvi. Heinrich Heine on Nazism	213
xxxvii. The Nazi Counter-Revolution	217
xxxviii. Retrospect and Some Conclusions	224
<i>Index</i>	233

# FIFTY YEARS OF INTERNATIONAL SOCIALISM

## I

### *The Lure and Peril of Mobility*

I WAS born and brought up to die well. Bodily life by itself appeared to me as of small import. The feeling has never left me that I am a stranger on earth, a traveller who somehow happens to find himself in a sort of caravanserai to get a few provisions just sufficient to go on with. For all the changes, even violent changes, in my religious, ethical and social views, the feeling of sojourning and temporariness has remained uppermost; it was with me while working in sleepy Galician towns and in the bustling capitals of the Old and New World.

Faith was my nurse, constantly curbing my physical instincts, which, however, were never peremptory or even strong. Yet its behests proved ineffectual to restrain the insidious urge to disregard age-long custom, to question accepted views, to keep on thinking and inquiring. Man appears to be a restless being, and things seem inherently to be on the move. It is much easier or much more pleasurable, as the case may be, for man to walk for hours than to stand still for hours. Yet it is this mobility which creates uneasiness, discomfort, and disturbing problems. All commandments and laws, whether revealed by faith or promulgated by human authority, have for their main purpose to restrain the activities of man and to establish things. The sages of the East from time immemorial distrusted and feared nothing so much on earth as the mobility of man. The Jewish



rabbis built round each Mosaic Law a fence, and round each fence yet another fence, until the way of the Jew formed a course criss-crossed with barriers, which in their multiplicity offered but as many temptations to break through; the Hebrew *avaira* (sin), is the synonym for passing over, of transgressing and trespassing a barrier, and even in modern times the laws are measures for checking the movements of man, or, at least, for breaking up his progress into a series of infinitesimal steps. All contests, social or spiritual, are between the dynamic and static man. Faith and legislation stabilize, inquiry and science mobilize. Mobilizing things means producing and accelerating changes, material and mental, to the point of revolution.

It indicated a stupendous revolution in man's thinking when the Greek sculptor, having contemplated the rigid figures of Egyptian potentates or the immobile statuary of Assyria, which seem to proclaim, "We are of unchanging eternity," turned his back on them and fashioned Apollo, mobile as man. With Heraklitus, his fellow philosopher, he sensed the fluidity of things and rejected sacred stability and perennial passivity for movement, elasticity, and activity of muscle and mind: a transformation, full of wonder, from aeons of rigidity to free development. Such transformations have made history. The most potent of them in the material world are the invention of coinage and paper money and the power-machine; they have made possible the circulation of goods and economic movements, which enlarged to astonishingly wide limits the mental horizon and activities of man; the power-machine has mobilized even the unchanging East and made it meet the West—a portent the possibilities and implications of which will tax to the utmost the ingenuity and dexterity of the best political minds of the English-speaking world. The two most potent discoveries in the mental sphere we owe to Copernicus and Darwin. The stability of the earth and the fixity of the species vanished;

the earth moves, and organic life has since its beginnings been involved in an endless process of transformation.

Man invents, discovers, transforms, and glories in his work, but the consequences that follow his actions elude his understanding and control; man creates, responding to temporary needs, but his creations, once set in motion, take on their own existence, independent of his will and mostly contrary to his purpose and aim. "The wind bloweth where it listeth." Maybe, the sages of old, fearful of the heterogeneity of man's acts and their historic results, preferred not to move at all. They feared, as they expressed it in their mythological language, the envy of gods frustrating all vaulting schemes of man. In the story of the Tower of Babel and the fate of Prometheus the ancients symbolized the tragedy of the mobile man. Yet the urge and drive of life are unconquerable. This heterogeneity sets hard problems to statesmanship in times of peace, and harder still in the turmoil of war. The central difficulty is to know when to move and where to halt. And this knowledge is infinitely harder to attain to than any in science, for it is hidden from man's reason in a well-nigh inextricable tangle of economic interests, class egoisms, human passions, and psychical factors of various and diverse kinds. Until now it has all been a blind drifting into an endless series of clashes between revolution and restoration, no matter by what name they have been known to man.

## *Jewish Education*

My boyish opposition to stability was stolid rather than explosive, rather that of a recalcitrant mule than of a high-spirited horse. Heavy indeed was the yoke which Jewish legality laid on me, and it chafed my withers. At an early age—I was barely three years old—father carried me on his shoulders, while I howled, to the Hebrew school, known as *Kheder*, which was the teacher's kitchen, living-room, and sleeping place, a gloomy and musty abode, the western wall of which abutted on a disused Jewish graveyard, with dwarfish pines and crumbling headstones. We were about two dozen tiny mites, boys and girls, learning first the alphabet (*aleph, beth, gimel, dalith*, etc.), then the vowels (*patakh, kamets*, etc.) and then how to combine them, so that *aleph* and *patakh* should read *a*, *beth* and *kamets* to read *bu*, etc.—a time-wasting, complicated but traditional method, and therefore unalterably sacred. At the age of four I began to learn the Pentateuch, starting according to Jewish custom with the first chapter of Leviticus, and to translate it into Yiddish, which in essence is Frankish mediaeval German with a mixture of Hebrew and Slav words.

It was on a Sabbath afternoon in the summer of 1868 that the friends and neighbours of our house assembled in our living-room to hear me read and translate the first chapter of Leviticus. It was my initiation into, and offering up to, Judaism. I then learned to translate the weekly lessons of the Pentateuch, a good many chapters of which I soon knew by heart. I liked best Genesis and Deuteronomy, particularly the latter, which still lives in my memory as the golden and mellow gleam of autumnal afternoons, or of the sunset of the life of Moses, the wisest and humblest of his people. From the study of the Scripture with its commentaries I

passed to the study of the Talmud, that vast collection of Jewish lore: ritual, civil, and criminal law, richly interspersed with legends, ethical precepts, and logical rules. The method is that of mediaeval scholasticism. Based on irrefragable authority, on the supposition of eternal truths, but gradually produced, and growing under changing conditions during six or seven centuries—from the last centuries of the Second Temple to the sixth century of our era—it necessarily contains many contradictory regulations, judgments, views, and obscurities, which the various rabbinic schools had to reconcile and elucidate, since nothing could be wrong in what the ancients transmitted to later generations, or as the Talmud, in glorifying the superiority of the ancients, says: “If the former generations were like unto angels, we are only men; and if the former generations were only men, we are merely apes”—a perfect antinomy to Darwinism. The process of reconciliation was not effected, of course, by the canons of historical criticism, of which they knew nothing, and which they would have scorned had they known them, since according to the Rabbis, “there is no before and after in the Torah”—it is above time and space. It was carried out by logical gymnastics and ingenious, though risky, interpretations. The study may, and often does, produce a certain intellectual suppleness and vivacity, but its contents are of no material use in life. I conceived a hearty dislike for its legalistic finesse and its ritual *minutiae*. The years I spent on them were the most arid and harrowing in my life. It was like ploughing a desert, only the legendary and ethical parts forming the oases.

Some of the legends made a strong appeal to my mind and impressed themselves on my memory, but it was only in later years—in my Liberal phase—that I grasped their full humanitarian import. Commenting on the Biblical account of the creation of Adam, the Talmud declares: “God created Adam; He did not create a Jew, or Egyptian, or Greek, or

Roman: He just created Adam, that is, a man, a human being, and He took the bits of clay thereto from all the four corners of the earth, so that man should feel everywhere at home." Or another legend from the Midrash, an old Talmudic commentary on the Bible: "When the children of Israel went out of Egypt and passed unscathed through the Red Sea, the Egyptians pursued them, but the waves returned and beat over their heads, and the Egyptians perished in the Red Sea. Then the children of Israel sang a song of praise to the Lord, their deliverer; and the angels looked down from the heavens and rejoiced also; but when they looked up to the Lord they were filled with wonder at His sight, for the Lord was shedding tears. And the angels asked Him why he was so sad, and the Lord replied, How can I rejoice when so many of my creatures perished in the sea?" I could have gone on for ever reading and selecting those legends, which, however, my teachers skipped as secondary matter or disturbing digressions from the main theme.

More and more I took refuge in the Prophets and Jewish mystics, and intermittently in ardent prayer, which on two occasions—at the opening of the Ark of the Law on the eve of New Year and Day of Atonement—flamed up with an intense glow, dissolving my whole being into an ethereal, radiant stream, which seemed to pass through my expanding heart and merge in the fulness of All. My perennial feeling of loneliness and transience vanished, as if it had never been. Though the spiritual elation lasted only for moments, the afterglow kept me joyful during all these three holy days.

### III

#### *Life in a Polish Town*

My native place, Dzikow (Tarnobreg), a small Galician town, is situated on the right bank of the Vistula, not far from its confluence with the San River. On the left bank was Russian Poland, which presented itself to our view as a flat expanse, with straggling homesteads and winding roads leading northward to Sandomierz. In the fateful years 1914-18 the whole district lay in the theatre of war, and witnessed Austrian and Russian regiments come and go alternately, leaving in their wake a trail of devastation. In my time, the town had no railway connection. The houses were mostly built from timber; only the synagogue, the church, and a small number of houses round the market-place were of brick and had an upper story. The streets were dusty lanes in the summer and muddy stretches during the spring and autumn, and hard with frost in the winter. It appeared to be a God-forsaken place, on the fringe of civilization.

The number of inhabitants was about three thousand families, mainly Jewish, whose male population dressed in the old-fashioned eastern way: long gown, hat and skull-cap on shaven heads, the only wisps of hair left being the curly locks dangling about the ears, called *paoth* (corners). The character of the town was Jewish to such a degree that I grew up under the impression that we were living in a Jewish land, in which the Christian Pole was an alien. But the villages surrounding the town were inhabited by masses of Polish peasants of Mazurian stock, with here and there a Jew as the lessee of a public house, owned by the landed nobleman. Once a week the villagers on their lumbering waggons, drawn by shaggy little horses or large-boned oxen, would come to town, bringing their produce or cattle to the market, and would sell them to the Jews either for home consumption or

for export by rafts on the Vistula to Torun (Thorn) or Gdansk (Danzig), or by rail to Vienna. With the proceeds of their sales they provided themselves with the goods they needed—sheepskin coats, jack-boots, crockery, dresses and shoes for their womenfolk, toys for their children; the women used to bring hanks of flax to the Jewish handloom weaver to work them into shirtings. The Jews were the merchants, the shopkeepers, and artisans; the Christians were the farmers and government and municipal officials, with here and there a Jew as the *bürgermeister*. Friendly relations subsisted between town and country, since they did not compete with one another, but exchanged goods and services to their mutual benefit. There was no trace of anti-Jewish feeling then. The style of life was wholly religious, the Jews attending twice daily the services in the synagogues and resting from all work on Sabbath, when no cooking, lighting of fires, or tobacco-smoking was allowed; in the winter time a Christian woman, known as the Sabbath-Gentile, used to attend to the firing in Jewish homes. The Christian Poles, fervent Catholics, attended church, and regarded the priest as their real shepherd.

Any division or unfriendly rivalry that was to be found among the population was to be looked for, not among the votaries of the two religions, but among the Jews themselves. The learned in the Law, the Pious, the middle-class people, looked down upon, and kept aloof from, the not-learned, the manual workers, and the simple-minded poor; and regarded them as not much better than Pagans, while the latter, in their turn, cherished a silent contempt for their superiors, and despised them as pampered weaklings and arrant hypocrites. Each faction had its own synagogue and its own way of looking for the means of salvation. The learned gloried in the Talmud, spent their free hours or the evenings in the *beth-ha-midrash* (house of learning) upon the large folios of Talmudic literature, and deprecated the assiduous and analytical study of the Scriptures and Prophets, particularly disliking grammar; while

the unlearned were eager to have the Scriptures well interpreted and the Prophets clearly translated to them, and believed that the daily reading of the Psalms did more good to the soul than all the subtle sophistry of the Talmud. It was, in short, the old, old story of the enmity between the Pharisees and the simple-minded poor in ancient Palestine. In the Galician Jewish communities in my time one could still sense something of the atmosphere in which the Gospel took its rise.



*A Jewish Soldier*

My father was a butcher, and was descended from a family of craftsmen—tailors, weavers, bootmakers. He served in the Austrian army from 1854-62 as a non-commissioned officer. The old Austrian army, composed as it was of various nationalities not speaking German, which was the official army language, offered good chances for promotion to capable Jewish soldiers, who, knowing Yiddish as well as the language of their respective Slav or Hungarian countries, could easily serve as intermediaries between the officers and men. In those times each Jewish community, according to the numerical strength of its inhabitants, had to supply annually a certain quota of recruits to the army. The heads of the community took them from the class of the unlearned, who were supposed not to mind eating Christian food and living in the way of Christians, not to mention getting killed into the bargain, in the event of war.

Father, as a rule, never regretted having served the Emperor Francis Joseph; he thought the years of military service to have been some of the happiest of his life, though in the annual "days of awe"—between New Year and the Day of Atonement—he used to pray hard for forgiveness of the trespasses committed in his years of soldiering. He saw the world—Austria, in those years the leading member of the German Confederation and ruling over North Italy, was a big slice of civilized Europe—and he was stationed in all those garrison towns which, either for offensive or defensive purposes, might become important in war, in Yaslo (guarding the Dukla Pass in the Carpathians), Przemyśl, Cracow, Prague, Vienna, Luxemburg, Mayence, Venice, Milan, and the Venetian quadrilateral. He served in North Italy and Tyrol for several years, and fought at Solferino (1859). On the Emperor's

birthday (August 18th) he never failed to polish and pin on the two medals which he had received for bravery in action. In 1863, having got his discharge from the army, he joined the Polish insurrection under General Langiewicz, who operated in the forests of Sandomierz against the Russian autocracy. Father liked the Poles, spoke Polish like a peasant, and sympathized with their national aspirations.

In the long winter evenings, when knee-deep snow, crisp with frost, covered roads and fields, Father used to retire early, which was my opportunity for asking questions about his soldiering. He soon became reminiscent of Solferino, and of the thousands of Austrians and Frenchmen who fell there. He unrolled the whole geography of the Tyrol, Venetia, and Lombardy, praised the bravery of the rank and file of the army, and severely censured the inefficient leading of the high command under General Gyulai, "who caused so much disappointment and pain to the Emperor." Those conversations inspired me with a love of history, geography, and foreign affairs, which has never left me. In the summer of 1875 he made the attempt to teach me how to load and handle his double-barrelled shooter. On a Friday afternoon, when he shut up his shop early in preparation for the Sabbath, he took me into our garden, and drew with chalk three concentric circles on the door of the shed which was standing there, so that we could have some target practice. We followed it up for two consecutive Fridays, but we had to stop practising on account of the complaints of the Jewish neighbours, who were disturbed in body and soul by the shooting. It was about that time that Father once came home with the news that the Emperor had made it known that the non-commissioned officers who had fought in the war of 1859 or 1866 might send a son to one of the cadet schools free of charge. "Ah, my boy," he exclaimed, "how I would love to see you a cadet and later, maybe, a lieutenant, marching smartly at the head of a company with drawn sword!" He

was quite moved and paused for some moments, as if struggling with himself, then frowning he added: "But you see, religion stands in the way. Of course, if the Emperor had commanded me to send you into the cadets I should not scruple about it; for, as our religion teaches, an Imperial law is law, and the Emperor's command is law. But the Emperor, in publishing his offer, had left it to our discretion to accept or decline it, so that, if we accept, then it is we ourselves that are responsible for what we do, and in a soldier's life there is, God knows, a good deal to answer for. . . . No, it can't be done." Such talks, mostly concerning his military life, he used to wind up with the warm advice: "Boy, when you grow up, don't fail to see the old synagogue in Prague and St. Mark's Square in Venice!"

Father was a genial, kindly, self-sacrificing soul, and public-spirited to a high degree. When, in the early winter of 1873, the cholera broke out in our town, the Rabbi and the heads of the community, in deathly fear of the pest, fled to the neighbouring villages, "and the town remained," as the poor people complained, "like a herd without a shepherd" (or in their Hebrew tag: *k'zoon b'loy ro'eh*). They came to Father, who soon succeeded in forming a Committee of Safety. The Committee managed the affairs of the community for the whole winter, which, unfortunately, was exceptionally mild and humid, and therefore favourable to the spread of the epidemic; cared for the sick; arranged for disinfection and white-washing of the dwellings; and buried the dead. The work in the cemetery was going on day and night, as the mortality was very heavy, and Father was rarely at home. One day I fell ill with the cholera. Mother began to cry, handed me the prayer-book, bade me read the chapter dealing with the daily burnt offering in the Temple, and then fetched Father, who at once put me to bed, gave me a strong abdominal massage with camphorated spirits, swathed my body in woollen compresses, and put a hot bottle to my feet. I soon

got into an intense perspiration, which eased the spasms in the bowels. I fell asleep, and woke next morning as a convalescent.

Father's public work during the epidemic in the winter of 1873-74 drained our scanty resources, and his utter lack of commercial ability made it very difficult for him to retrieve his position and keep the home going, all the more so, as drinking and card playing, the seamy side of his military virtues, made him thoroughly unfit for business. He was very popular with the Polish farmers and landed nobility owing to his having taken part in their insurrection of 1863, and they offered him cattle for slaughter at low prices; but he never understood how to make a profitable use of his opportunities. And his sergeant-like demeanour towards his customers—easily frightened Jewish women, whom he appeared to regard as recruits to be drilled and made to take or leave the joint he indicated—ruined his business altogether. My Mother, a commonsense and intensely conservative woman, tried all she could to mend matters, but her efforts were of no avail. Yet I could not help loving Father; his valour and generosity, his simple piety and cheerfulness, outweighed in my eyes his failings, grievous as they often proved. He simply did not realize that generosity ought to begin at home, and that drinking and gambling with his old regimental comrades prepared a very hard future for his six children.

## *Relations between Jew and Gentile*

THE Jews in our town lived their own life, forming a voluntary ghetto, completely isolated, physically and mentally, from the Christian Poles, on whom they looked as *goyim* (gentiles) who did not know the Law, and were thus incapable of any higher thought, or who at best were occupied with worldly learning, unworthy of the serious attention of a Jew. Of modern inventions they knew none, except the telegraph, into the operation of which they never inquired. We had our Jewish mechanics, watchmakers, turners, boiler-makers, brass-workers, and a few of them showed a decided mechanical aptitude, but they all worked in the traditional way. In the 'eighties of the last century, in view of the growing antagonism between Austria and Russia, our little town, lying as it then did in close proximity to Russia, was for strategic reasons connected by rail with the trunk-line Cracow-Lwow, and many of our Jews had for the first time in their lives the opportunity of seeing a locomotive. When the railway-line was opened, the Jews flocked to the station to have a look at the modern miracle, on which occasion one of the mechanically minded Jews, the old Aaron Ende, a sharp-featured greybeard, who might have stepped out of a Rembrandt canvas, enthusiastically exclaimed: "A wonderful invention, indeed, but the greater wonder is that a *goy*, a gentile, could have invented such a machine!"

The Jews were utterly indifferent to home politics. They did not care for elections, and did not know who represented them in the Reichsrat in Vienna or in the Diet in Lwow. They only knew they had to obey the laws and pray for the Emperor. They did not even regard home affairs as politics. Government matters, they believed, concerned worldly interests, that is, the non-essentials of life. Besides, it was no

good to interfere in State affairs; for, whenever they should happen to become critical, the Jews would have to pay for it. They had been for centuries the victims of the bewildered gentile nations; it was therefore best to leave these things alone. On my expressing disapproval of Jewish indifference to public affairs, the Rabbi of our town reproved me, saying: "You young folk think yourselves wiser than our fathers; when you grow up you will learn that we Jews are like stepchildren among the gentiles. Woe to the stepchild if it is stupid, but a hundred times more woe if it is clever! Don't be too wise, said King Solomon; and he knew."

The indifference to domestic politics was compensated, however, by a lively interest in foreign affairs. They thought politics dealt essentially with the international relations of the various States, with diplomacy and war. They liked to hear and read about Alexander the Great, whom they called Alexander "Mokden," or about Julius Caesar and Napoleon Bonaparte, and they pricked their ears whenever rumours of war floated in the air. Their interest in foreign politics was a heritage from the times of their national existence in ancient Palestine, which, from its geographical position and topographical formation, served as a bridgehead of warring empires. The Egyptians, Assyrians, Babylonians, Persians, and Romans involved that little country in their imperial ambitions, and it witnessed in the course of history wave after wave of imperialist invasions. Moreover, and this is probably the most important consideration, international conflicts and collisions were associated in the mind of our Jews with Messianic hopes. Whenever some great war was being waged, mysterious old manuscripts circulated from hand to hand, pointing apocalyptically to the approaching world crisis as the precursor of the advent of the Messiah and the triumphant return of the Jews to the Holy Land. I remember having seen such a manuscript in 1877-78, during the Russo-Turkish War, at the time when Osman Pasha defended Plevna. Even

my mother, an illiterate woman whose only care was the home, was stirred by such events. In the autumn of 1870, when I was just six years old, mother took me one afternoon for a walk, and, telling me of the Franco-Prussian War, suddenly gripped my hand, and, pressing it convulsively, said with great emphasis: "Sonny, the accursed Prussians have captured Napoleon!"

*In a Christian School*

My studies in the *Kheder*, the one-sided stimulation of my mental faculties, and the utter neglect of bodily exercise, resulted in a mental precocity which made me at an early age take a serious view of the material conditions of the family. I was elated when father realized some little profit in his meat business, and I felt utterly miserable when losses occurred. And, alas! the losses far outstripped the gains. Oppressive gloom, privation, and poverty began to haunt our little home; mother looked worried and helpless, and father, I could see, was quite unable to ward them off. The premonition of coming misery took increasing hold of my mind when I was eight years of age, and robbed me of all those innocent frolics and cloudless days, so full of care-free gaiety, which make the delight of youthful years. When I was twelve I decided to do something for my future, so as to be able to help the family. In the autumn of 1876, when the public elementary school was reopened after the summer vacation, I applied to the director for admission. Although elementary education had been compulsory since 1873, the Polish authorities did not enforce it upon the Jewish children, knowing the inflexible religious objection of the Jews to sending their boys to a Christian school to mix with Christian boys and, still worse, with Christian girls, and to be taught by gentiles. Besides, the way to school led through the precincts of the Catholic church and Dominican monastery, which the Jews shunned as the abomination of desolation. In these circumstances, I thought, a Jewish tutor who could teach Polish and German had a fair chance of earning a living by giving private lessons to those Jewish youths who, for commercial purposes, needed such knowledge. This prospect made me take the risk of attending school.

The schoolmasters were liberal-minded, having gone



through their training in various government colleges and seminaries in the 'sixties of the last century—a period of the efflorescence of liberalism in Central and Eastern Europe. The Crimean, Italian, and Prussian Wars in 1854–5, 1859, and 1866 discredited and weakened the old institutions of Russia and Austria, and seemed to open up a new era for the various nationalities inhabiting those empires. The reign of liberalism was, it is true, of short duration—from about 1860 to 1878—but it was a period of intellectual and humanitarian awakening, and it brought toleration, enlightenment, a thirst for knowledge and free development. Here and there a Jewish youth or girl, though cribbed and cabined in the ghetto, caught a glimpse of the new light. Some were dazzled by the vistas opened up to them and were lost to Judaism, others were attracted by the new objects of study, and pursued them with zest in order to become enlightened Jews; on the whole, the latter were in a minority.

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For us young Jewish boys, sporadically scattered throughout Galicia and Russia, it was the time of *haskala*, the age of reason. We began to look with a friendlier eye on our Christian neighbours, and the Poles and Russians came to regard the Jews as fellow-citizens. Prejudice declined and mutual understanding grew. While in Western Europe (in those years liberalism was nearing its culmination, and seemed to degenerate into an industrial policy of cut-throat competition, in Eastern Europe it was hailed as the dawn of the brotherhood of man and the accession of Reason. It grew upon us with the certainty of an axiom that a Jew must be a liberal.

From the beginning of my school attendance I was most agreeably surprised by the new surroundings; the class-rooms were light, airy, and clean; the walls were adorned with various nature prints and historical portraiture; the only

jarring aspect in my eyes was at first the crucified Jesus, hanging on top of the wall behind the teacher's desk. I used to avoid looking at it, and my eyelids involuntarily closed whenever I unwittingly turned my gaze upon that wall. The teaching was, however, undenominational. Altogether new to me was the quadrangle with its gymnastic apparatus; the swings, horizontal-bars, climbing-poles, rope-ladders afforded me for the first time in my life an opportunity for physical exercise, in which, after some hesitation and clumsy attempts, I took part with growing enjoyment, though I never equalled in daring, buoyancy, and prowess my Christian schoolfellows. On the other hand, I rapidly filled up the gaps in my knowledge of Polish and German, as well as of grammar, arithmetic, geometry, Polish and Austrian history and geography. In these subjects I soon surpassed all my schoolfellows; only in nature study was I an incorrigible dunce, and no amount of tuition in zoology and botany could help me to overcome my indifference to, and my ignorance of, animals and plants.

There was in my mind no appreciation of anything below man; no relationship whatever, I thought, could exist between man and animal; they were absolutely disparate. In my Biblical-Talmudic outlook on life I classified the animals into clean and unclean. The clean were fit for Jewish food, and their *kosher* meat was sanctified by being prepared in a ritual manner and the Hebrew benediction said over it; moreover, the whole animal was redeemed from its lowly stage in creation by making its killing a religious act of great solemnity. The unclean—and they formed the bulk of animal life—were untouchable. Man's thinking, I believed, ought to be directed to man's reason, learning, and moral behaviour—in short, to his soul. And, as to plants, the saying of the Talmud still held good: "If a man walks in the road and interrupts his meditations on the sacred law and exclaims: How beautiful is that tree! or How beautiful is the field! such a man has

forfeited his life.”<sup>1</sup> It was the total alienation from nature and beauty and plastic art which made me such a numskull in zoology and botany. The first school exercise I had to do was to describe the horse. It was terribly hard work. Fancy, coming away from some rabbinic book, written in Hebrew-Aramaic, and then having to describe in Polish how a horse looked! Was that a part of the wisdom of the Christians? However, my teachers were indulgent, and my failure in those subjects did not impede my promotion or diminish their regard for my mental alertness.

The daily school hours were long—from eight to twelve and from two to four or five; yet one of my teachers, an eminently liberal man, asked me to stay with him after school hours in order to teach me privately the elements of Latin, algebra, and science. I accepted his offer with alacrity. One of his friends, a Dominican monk, used sometimes to look in for a chat on Rabbinic; on such occasions he stopped with me for hours, but never attempted to proselytize. As soon as I had some grounding in Latin, he said, I should not go on to the classics, but to the Vulgate, and then to St. Augustine’s *De Civitate Dei*; with my knowledge of Hebrew and Rabbinic this would be easier and spiritually much more profitable to me than to worry over Ovid and Horace, whose *opera omnia* were not worth some of the Psalms. Latin, he thought, was only valuable as the language of the Fathers and Doctors of the Church. Those lessons of my teacher and the talks with the Dominican were of great importance in my mental growth.

<sup>1</sup> Lambarde relates of Thomas à Becket that “when he walked in the Olde Parke (at Otforde), busie at his praiers, he was much hindered in devotion by a sweete note and melodie of a nightingale that sang in the bush beside him; and that therefore in the might of his holiness he enjoined that from thenceforth no birde of that kind should be so bolde as to sing thereabouts” (*Perambulation in Kent*, edition 1826, pp. 460-1). A mediaeval rabbi would have felt and acted in the same manner.

## VII

### *A Love Affair*

IN the summer of 1879 I left as *primus* the Christian Polish school, with some equipment for worldly life. The year 1880 was devoted partly to learning French and partly to getting into my stride as private tutor, in order to earn some money and assist father and mother to make both ends meet. Still, the strain began to tell, and the years in the *Kheder*, unhygienic conditions, underfeeding, and mental worry over our family conditions gradually impaired my health; indigestion set in, and I had no proper medical advice nor a suitable diet. Such little ailments, I thought, ought not to disturb me in my vocation. The result of not heeding the warnings of nature was chronic dyspepsia troubling me all my life, with moments of much distress, but it has not prevented my writing this chapter of recollections in the month of my seventieth birthday (July, 1934), enjoying the retrospect and hoping for a long prospect.

I gave lessons in various houses belonging to well-to-do and upper-class families, whose children would otherwise have never dreamt of consorting with the son of a butcher and ex-soldier. But somehow people of all classes were attracted to me, and some of the scions of the Pharisees sought my companionship. The Polish Jews of my time set learning above worldly goods; learning was for the low-born Jew the key by which to enter society. There were, however, only two of those young aristocrats, a youth and a girl, both somewhat older than I, whose association I coveted—Melchior Engelberg and Flora Millrad.

Melchior was the son of David, the *rosh-ha-kahal*, head of the community, an elderly man of striking personality and truly patriarchal appearance, who enjoyed a great reputation among Jew and Gentile for upright dealing. David Engelberg

owned a large store, stocked with colonial wares, delicacies, wines and liqueurs, and adjoining it an elegant refreshment room, frequented by the Polish gentry and government officials. He was a lover of old Hebrew literature, but always painstakingly on his guard against "enlightened" books. My friend Melchior, with a finely shaped head and slim figure, and free from the *damnosa hereditas Judaica*, was possessed of considerable natural gifts for music; he played the violin and the flute, and was boundlessly devoted to Mozart and Beethoven. He secretly studied modern Hebrew and German literature, and was an adherent of *haskala*. We used to lock ourselves in his room and read progressive Hebrew papers and pamphlets, then Lessing, Schiller, Heine, and Moses Mendelssohn, a liberal philosophical writer, and a friend of Lessing and pioneer of German culture among the Jewry. Once we got hold also of a German translation of Shelley's *Queen Mab*, which we thought outrageously blasphemous and not fit for a Jew; we burnt it. Later on we passed to reading the rabbinic mediaeval works on Arabic-Jewish philosophy, and, finally, Spinoza's *Theological-Political Tractate* and *Ethics*. In Hebrew composition and prosody, and generally in the aesthetic appreciation of poetry, he surpassed me; in all other subjects I took the lead. Our friendship lasted till 1889, the year of my departure for Germany. In the last weeks preceding our separation we were constantly together; our final discussion turned upon the Kantian antinomies, the proofs for and against the existence of God. At the end he appeared embarrassed in his reasonings, and declared: "My dearest friend, I am a bad logician and I am not pious in the usual Jewish sense, but I do believe with all my heart in God, the soul, and immortality. Music tells me so; it is the message of an incorporeal world."

"But it depends on the messenger," I rejoined. Melchior smiled; and, after a hearty embrace, we parted.

My friendship with Flora Millrad was as delightful an

intellectual intimacy, though one, unfortunately, of short duration, and I paid for it with agonizing distress. Her father, Shulim, a rich, proud Pharisee, was a farmer of the meat excise and exporter of timber and corn to Prussia. Sturdy, energetic, a Mr. Worldly Wiseman, sarcastic of tongue, he was feared rather than respected. A few months after my entrance into his house, as tutor to his two boys, he somehow liked to entangle me in conversation, to give me his mind and to make me feel small. It was in the winter of 1881 that he once addressed me, saying: "Well, my young schoolmaster, always studying those Polish, German, and *haskala* books? Let me tell you, all that learning is muck; it is useful if spread on the fields to make the corn grow and to increase wealth; but if not used, it is just rotten stuff, an evil-smelling nuisance. The main thing is to make a profitable use of worldly learning. My experience is that schoolmasters hardly ever make good business men; they generally get stuck in their muck."

Another time he asked me "Do you know what money is?" and, not waiting for a reply, he continued: "Money is *Manna*. You remember when Mosheh Rabbenu (Moses our Master) led the children of Israel out of Egypt into the desert, and they were hungry and made trouble, as hungry men usually do, he let rain Manna, and, though it was only Manna, a single foodstuff, the Jews, when eating it, got each the taste that he was craving for. To some it tasted like cake, to others like meat or fruit, just that kind of food which each relished most. Manna was the quintessence of all good things. And so it is with money. It is the Jewish Manna. It is the quintessence of all worldly goods. If you have got that, you can taste any pleasure this world has to offer to man, and—something much more valuable than that—money can secure you a share in the world to come through *zedakah* (charity)."

In the last talk I had with him in the spring of 1882, before he left on business for Danzig, he gave me the following

lesson: "Whenever you have to deal with people, make a written, well-thought-out contract. Don't be satisfied with the most solemn expression of willingness on the part of your partner to fulfil his obligations; bind him by having them in black on white. You remember Avrom Aveenu (Abraham the Patriarch) and his son Itzhak (Isaac)? When the Lord, blessed be His name, testing the faith of Abraham, bade him offer up his son as a sacrifice on Mount Moriah, Abraham, with due obedience, told his son of God's command, and prepared his blade and firewood for its sacral fulfilment. Isaac was willing to lay down his life; his willingness was beyond doubt. None the less, Abraham took a little string and pinioned the hands of his son Isaac. . . . So you see, my little schoolmaster, there is wisdom, worldly and unworldly, in our holy books; but you, I am afraid, will never make a good business man."

Yet this hard-headed Jew was loving kindness itself when his brethren in the faith needed help. It was shown in the spring of the same year, 1882, when the first wave of Jewish emigration from Russia and Poland passed through our town on their way to Palestine, England, and the United States of America.

At this point the reader will kindly permit me to make a slight digression from the chronological order of my narrative, as it concerns an event of much more than local or personal importance. This first wave of Jewish emigration to which I referred marked an epoch in contemporary Jewish and Western history. The Jews in Europe had come from the East after the Roman conquest of Palestine, and had spread throughout the Roman Empire. Many of them accompanied the Romans to Southern Gaul and Germanic lands, finally settling, in the main, on the Upper Rhine and the Danube, then the highways of commerce, and abandoning their vernacular Aramaic or Greek for the Frankish speech, now called Yiddish. The Crusades wrought terrible havoc among the Jewish settlements, and an emigration began towards the

Slav countries, where the Jews found some peace up to the end of the nineteenth century. Then, for reasons indicated later on, the Jews began to move again *en masse*.

This time their destination has been the English-speaking world and Palestine. They poured into the East End of London and the East Side of New York, and began to colonize Palestine, which the Great War attached to English civilization, thus creating Zionism and a good many hard problems for Britain and North America. And all this happened as a result of the assassination of Czar Alexander II in March, 1881, by the secret revolutionary society *Narodnaya Volya* (National Freedom). The monarchists and reactionaries turned the dissatisfaction of the Russian masses with their political conditions against the Jews, and in various Russian and Polish towns the Jews were soon subjected to pogroms—to cruel persecutions in life, limb, and property—though the bulk of them had neither part nor lot with, nor even heard of, the *Narodnovoltzy*. Of the three or four million Jews in Russia and Poland, perhaps about fifty Jews and Jewesses, mostly from Wilna, Kovno, Kiev, Odessa, and Petersburg, were in active sympathy with the revolutionaries, and even they demanded nothing more subversive than freedom of the Press and of association.

An old friend of mine, Aaron Sundelevitsh, a *Narodnovoletz*, gave me all the data. In the decisive years 1879–81, he acted as member of the Central Executive of the *Narodnaya Volya*, whose deeds made even the stoutest Russian hearts quail. Arrested in Petersburg, he was sentenced in 1882 to penal servitude for life in Siberia; but, benefiting by the amnesty of 1905, he left in 1906 for London, where he died in 1923. As the story of the *Narodnaya Volya* was shrouded in awe-inspiring mystery, I was anxious to meet him, and to hear something authentic of its rise and end. In 1907–14 we often met in London. He was a fine type of old Russo-Jewish revolutionary: of perfect health, slow, deliberate speech,



absolute control of himself, not the least trace of nervousness, and gifted with a delightful sense of humour, which did not forsake him even in the gloom of the Schlüsselburg. He related to me, for instance, that the bread doled out there to the political prisoners contained a fairly large percentage of sand. One of the high dignitaries, in visiting the prison, put to him the routine question as to his wishes, whereupon Sundelevitsh replied: "I should be obliged if I could get the bread extra and the sand extra." What the aim of this terrorist was may be seen from the following. In 1919, when I congratulated him from Berlin on the victory of the Bolshevik revolution, he replied:

"Dear friend, this is not the revolution we were fighting for. We desired political freedom and constitutional government. I hate Bolshevism as I hated Czarism."

This was the sentiment of one of the outstanding revolutionary leaders, by whose vote Alexander II was executed. One of his closest friends was Serge Stepniak, the well-known Russian revolutionary and novelist, who in his novel *Andrey Kozuchow* portrays Sundelevitsh as David Stern.

To return now to my narrative. When the emigrant Jews passed through our town it was Shulim who formed a committee of relief, and who sacrificed a considerable portion of his possessions in assisting to alleviate the misery of the refugees. He lodged some of them, the most respectable, in his own house and gave them personal service. In one of those meetings with the refugees in Shulim's house I heard for the first time of Zionism, and it appeared to me to be a figment of a tortured brain, not worthy of serious consideration. The youth of the "enlightenment" period in Galicia was drifting towards assimilation with their Christian fellow-citizens on the basis of religious toleration. We had our weekly paper, *Ojczyzna* (Fatherland), for the Polonization of Jewry.

I was continuing my way as before, teaching the two Shulim boys. Their sister Flora was evidently instructed by

her parents to supervise the lessons. She and I drew up the time-table. As the mother, an Oriental beauty and great lady, did a good deal of social work and spent her summers in Karlsbad or Franzensbad, it was Flora who assisted her father in secretarial work. Whenever the Polish and Russian noblemen came to do business with her father, they used the French language, since the Poles disliked Russian and *vice versa*. Flora was the interpreter between them and her father, who spoke only just enough Polish and German to transact business. She had been taught Polish and French since her childhood, and gave her free time to reading Polish and French literature, of which she appeared to have an extensive knowledge. This impressed me greatly, and I was proud of being associated with her. One evening at the beginning of 1882, after I had finished the lessons with her little brothers, she invited me to take up a course of reading with her. During the winter and spring of 1882 we read the works of the greatest Polish poet, Adam Mickiewicz, and the novels of Kraszewski and Orzeszkowa, all three writers who are not only free from anti-Jewish prejudices, but frankly philo-Jewish. In the epic poem *Pan Tadeusz*,<sup>1</sup> one of the great creations in world literature, Mickiewicz depicts the tragic decades of Poland from its First Partition in 1772 to the retreat of Napoleon from Moscow. The last canto contains the famous episode "Yankiel na cymbalach," which in stanzas of imperishable splendour portrays the Jew musician, his dreamy eyes half closed, his hands hammering, as by inspiration, on the strings of the cymbalo, playing before the Polish gentry a rhapsodic improvization—the "Eroica" of Poland. In a variety of notes, now soft and warm as the whispers of love, now thundering like war-drums in mighty chords and shrill dissonances, he turns the thoughts and emotions of his noble audience back to the past—to the amorous angling and

<sup>1</sup> A prose translation of it was published in Everyman's Library, 1930.

political intrigues of Catherine the Great with the last Polish king, Stanislaw Poniatowski; the abortive attempt of the progressive gentry to lay new foundations for a free Poland; the dark, treasonable doings of the venial Polish aristocracy in the service of the Czarina; the heroic rising of Kosciuszko; and the terrible slaughter in Praga (near Warsaw) by Suvorov. Finally, gathering up all his powers, the Jew, in a swelling crescendo hammering on his instrument, winds up in a diapason, extolling the heroes of Poland, and glorifying the love of the people shown in their proclamation of the abolition of age-old serfdom. A united brotherly people in a free land! Poland will not perish! She will arise through freedom and justice.

I was tremulous with emotion when, on that evening of May, 1882, Flora recited to me "Yankiel na cymbalach." She won my heart, and I felt I was not wrong in thinking that our hearts beat in unison. After that recital we spent our evenings together in reading. She was an admirer of Flaubert; we read his *Salammô*, and I brought her a German translation of Kingsley's *Hypatia*, which, for all its melodramatic and absurdly romantic episodes, always made a strong appeal to my mind, and has remained one of my favourites to this day. Owing, probably, to my one-sided intellectualism, I looked in novels mainly for ideas, thoughts, historical and social backgrounds, while the love conflicts seemed to me trivialities or—as one of my Jewish teachers once said—just good enough for the *goyim* (gentiles), who, for all their Christianity, were still worshipping Baal Peor, all their fine literature turning on sex, which they called "problems." I did not come to understand women until I was—I am ashamed to say—sixty-five years of age. The reading of *Salammô* and *Hypatia* required a good deal of preparation on my part in order to make Flora appreciate the historical background, the abstruse religious rites, the theological and philosophical questions alluded to by Flaubert and Kingsley. Flora admired in *Hypatia* particularly Raphael

Aben-Ezra, that Jewish-Hellenic aristocrat, but she thought it wrong of Kingsley to make him fall in love with a Christian girl and find his salvation in Christianity. The reading of those books greatly enhanced Flora's respect for my learning, poor as it was, and her liking for myself. We were both in love, and neither of us found the courage to suggest it, let alone declare it.

The traditional segregation of the sexes, strict and insuperable, prevented religious Jewry in Poland developing and fostering that love-culture which Christian Europe owes to mediaeval chivalry, and which surely created a new set of emotions, unknown to Greek and Roman, in the relations between man and woman. There was in our community no wooing and courting of the woman, no flirting and philandering, no angling and dangling for the opposite sex, no dramatic scenes and dialogues between the sexes. The Song of Songs, ascribed to Solomon, was interpreted away into the longing of the soul for unity with God. Sexual purity was the Holy of Holies of moral life. Marriages were arranged by the respective parents through a professional matrimonial agent, without the knowledge of the real actors in the play.

All those inhibitions, ruling for centuries, effectually restrained and tamed, and in many cases weakened, the sexual impulses, and resulted in a shyness which was practically unconquerable. I had an illustration of it. In the winter of 1880 a distant relative of ours, an actor, arrived from Brno (Moravia) to stay with us for a few days, in order to procure his birth certificate and some family documents. He had left our town as a tailor's apprentice, and, in his search for work, settled in Brno. Having become stage-struck, he attended a school for acting, and finally succeeded in getting employment on the stage. Father was curious to learn something of his life, and asked him whether he had experienced any difficulties in his career. The actor replied: "No, it was plain sailing enough to master the art and to fit myself for the stage, but

my greatest difficulty, which nearly wrecked my career, was my shyness with women; in the first three months I despaired of ever being able to embrace, before the audience, my female partner. Owing to my instinctive hesitation and wavering, I did it at first so clumsily that the manager warned me that I should have to quit the stage altogether."

Flora and myself were under the rule of the self-same inhibitions. None the less, as students of "advanced" books we became in the summer of 1882 closely attached to one another. We mutually longed for affection and companionship; the aloofness and formal demeanour hitherto observed in our intercourse was done with, and we behaved with the freedom of brother and sister. Her mother was in Karlsbad, and her father on a business tour; Flora, therefore, was in charge of the house, and this made it easier for us to meet. In one of the August evenings, after a tropically hot day, she came into the room when I was finishing the lessons with her brothers. She wore a light muslin frock, which showed to perfection the outlines of her supple and graceful figure, and asked me to have a walk with her in the garden, a long, well-stocked orchard, adjoining her home. We were soon holding hands while we walked. She spoke of her mother, who was proud of her descent from a long line of rabbis, *gaonim* (prominent scholars), and merchants; her pedigree, fully documented, went back to the sixteenth century to the R.M.I. (Rabbi Moses Isserles, a famous rabbi in Cracow). Then she related to me how she had coaxed her father into engaging me as his secretary. This was the reason, I now saw, of his business talks with me; "but unfortunately he found you hopelessly unbusinesslike. You mustn't mind that. It is no disadvantage in my eyes."

We then took up our usual literary conversations. We sat down under a tree so close to one another that I felt the warmth of her body, and by a sudden impulse our lips met in an affectionate kiss. We both blushed at our unexpected

access of courage, and kept still in suppressed emotion for some minutes, somewhat abashed as if we had done something wrong. It was Flora who recovered her composure first and gently smiled. She was good to behold in the joy of true companionship. With her mass of dark silky hair loosely falling on her shoulders, her brown lustrous eyes shining with intelligence, and clear-cut ivory face animated by warm affection, she appeared to me an enchanting manifestation of maidenly beauty and goodness. It was something of a new sensation to me. The feeling and the idea, inbred by religion and tradition, that there can be no union between man and woman without the sanctification by wedding rites gradually gained the upper hand and checked the sensuous impulses which at first violently assailed me. My mind was then more able dispassionately to contemplate beauty, to form some notion what beauty meant, how pleasurable it could be, and how blind I must have been never to have noticed it before. We soon returned to the house, and, cool and collected, we took leave from one another. These talks and walks went on for a week, and the hope rose in our hearts that we should never separate. At the beginning of September her parents returned, and presented me with some souvenirs from Karlsbad, Prague, and Danzig. Two days after those marks of recognition I received from them a letter, enclosing three months' salary and an expression of thanks for my services, "which were no longer needed."

The son of a plebeian had no business to entertain friendly relations with the daughter of patricians. I felt as if I had been knifed. The stab was distressing beyond words; our love was pure and strong, and I had at first no desire to uproot it from my heart. I suffered from sleeplessness, and in the dead of night I used to walk into the street where Flora lived, and unconsciously to halt stockstill before her house. Fortunately, one was young and intellectually minded. Mental work, I soon found out, was the never-failing medicine for such ills.

I spent days and nights for fully six months in the *beth-hamidrash*, studying Arabic-Jewish philosophy, which thoroughly absorbed my thinking.

The time was sufficient to heal me, as well as to give me a general view of that much-praised learning. There is after all precious little in it. Indeed, there can be no philosophy within the frame of dogmatic religion, or of any authoritative system of thought. The main questions of Arabic-Jewish philosophy—proofs for the existence of God, eternity of matter or creation *ex nihilo*, matter and form, foreknowledge and freedom of will—were disposed of long, long ago. God created heaven and earth, matter and form; He showed to man the way of life and made him responsible for his deeds. No Jew, as long as he remains within the fold, dare deny that. The Torah (Law of Moses) is not a philosophy; it knows nothing of cosmogonic speculations, nor does the Talmud, whose rabbis laid down the peremptory rule *Ayn dorshin b'maaseh merkabah*: one does not inquire into the process of world creation, or as one of the mediaeval rabbis declared: "the highest degree of perfection is reached by man when his conviction of the verity of his faith is past argument, when he no more feels the need to inquire into, and reason over, his religious truths." It was only when some Jews were infected by Gnosticism that they began to dabble in emanations, and spheres, and aeons, and generally in mystical lore. The Torah is mainly a document of living faith in God, a code of social righteousness and individual morality. A Jew, based on the Torah, cannot be a philosopher. And indeed, the Jews produced no philosopher worthy of the name up to Baruch Spinoza, who could only attain to a place in the annals of philosophy after he had cut himself adrift from Judaism by his "higher criticism" of the Scripture, which he initiated in his *Theological-Political Tractate*, a treatise of astonishingly wide rabbinic learning and acuteness of mind. All the others, such as Bahya, Saadia, Maimonides, and the rest were but

Scholastics, as all philosophy within dogmatic religion must inevitably lead to scholasticism, that is to the attempt to prove, establish, and strengthen religious truths by logical demonstration, or to make the creed "reasonable" by employing the philosophical categories current in each period.

Still, those six months of intense labour, while not enriching my fund of knowledge, proved to have been a moral discipline of much value, particularly Bahyia's *Hovos ha-levavos* (Obligations of the Heart). Those studies lifted me out of the Slough of Despond, and made it easier for me in later years to appreciate some of the Greeks, to admire the French and British Nominalists, and to delve into modern thought. I came out mentally stronger from my first love ordeal. The blow, far from having a crippling effect, hammered me whole. Forty-eight years later I had to go through a similar very painful experience, yet not with the same pangs and anguish. "No man dips twice in the same stream."



*The Rise of Anti-Semitism*

IN the 'eighties of the last century the Jews in Galicia, particularly in Western Galicia, experienced a rapid deterioration of their economic conditions. Their status in Poland was for centuries that of a middle class. The Polish people consisted in the main of various categories of landed nobility and of masses of peasant serfs, of manors and villeins, while the towns were inhabited by Jews, and here and there by Germans and Armenians. The Jews, as the middle class *par excellence*, performed a useful social function as traders, merchants, and craftsmen, and could therefore share in the national income. After the insurrection of 1863 and the opening of the liberal era, many Poles took to commerce and industry, to arts and crafts, with the consequence that a Polish middle class was in process of formation.

This is the sociological law of the middle class in history. The rise of a middle class is always and everywhere bound up with the initial stage of the growth of native trade and commerce. The first mental expression of that movement is the rise of national and patriotic aspirations, and the intellectuals of the middle class are their interpreters. In a colony, or in a population under alien domination, the national movement will find expression in patriotic aspirations for independence, and wherever such aspirations are in evidence one may safely conclude that a middle class is being formed on the basis of native trade and commerce. In an old country the incipient national-patriotic movement will turn against the foreign element within the gate and against all classes who obstruct the new economic growth. In the course of national development, when the middle class attains to prosperity and influence, it favours liberalism. It is in the phase of toleration and broad-mindedness, and the longer this phase lasts, the finer

and more permanent will be its intellectual and moral culture. It creates a middle-class civilization, a firm bulwark against reaction from above and revolution from below. In the phase of decline, or when it is in serious danger of losing its high position in society, the middle class turns fiercely reactionary and morbidly nationalist, spurning its own civilization and clutching at any idea, fatuous as it may appear, the mouthpiece of which promises the restoration or preservation of its former greatness and strength.

The Polish middle class in my time was in its initial stage. Its intellectuals and clergymen, mostly sons of officials and prosperous peasants, established co-operative shops in the villages for the peasantry, while in the towns Polish business enterprise was getting into its stride. It was at first a slow, hardly perceptible movement; but, towards the end of the 'eighties, it gained in momentum. A tacit boycott against the Jews set in, checkmating their competitive power. Study and experience have taught us that, since the first beginnings of some sort of culture, man has felt ashamed of exhibiting his materialism in its nakedness, and has tried to drape and adorn it with various moral and ideological fig-leaves. It is not, however, as some people think, mere hypocrisy which prompts him to act thus; it is rather some dim feeling that man's real essence is mind and that he ought not to act from purely material motives. It is, in fact, a shamefaced confession of wrongdoing.

The economic contest against the Jews took the form of anti-Semitism. The Jews were suddenly found to be a foreign, anti-national element, though it was just in the 'eighties that Jews in the larger Galician towns, such as Lwow, Cracow, and Tarnov, were beginning to send their male children to the higher Polish schools, and a movement for the Polonization of Jewish life was being set on foot. Anti-Semitism in Poland, it is true, has never gone to the lengths of its counterpart in Germany, but the effects in Galicia were incomparably more

disastrous for the Jews. Germany, after the war with France, was in the phase of rapid economic growth, with her industries and commerce in process of world-wide expansion, and with a Jewry infinitely better adapted to cope with sudden emergencies, new difficulties, and competitors. Moreover, the ratio between Jew and Christian in Germany was 1-100; in Galicia it was 16-100, and Galicia was a poor country, with hardly any manufacturing activity and no foreign trade worth mentioning. If in such a country the age-long economic equilibrium is upset, the class which is thereby put at a disadvantage must irretrievably decline. And that was the fate of the Galician Jewry. Poverty among the middle class and destitution among the labouring class spread in the Jewish communities, and neither the Central nor the Local Government took any steps to relieve them. The standard of life sank, and here and there demoralization set in.

We began to contemplate emigration as a way out, but the bulk of the Jewish population was too conservative to think of leaving for strange lands. In our family I set the ball rolling. The number of lessons I used to give had gradually dwindled into insignificance, while Father's meat business went from bad to worse. I first tried to find work in Lwow, Cracow, and Vienna, where I spent some time in 1887, but nothing came of it. I then decided to go to Germany. On May 1, 1889, I left for Berlin, amidst the heart-breaking wailing of my mother and sisters, while Father and myself took leave over a glass of *vodka*. "Good luck to you, sonny," he said huskily; "you are now our quartermaster-general!" He saluted in his soldierly way, and off I went.

*Conservative Social Reform*

My entrance into Germany in May, 1889, marked a sharp break in the rhythm of my life. I went into it as a Polish Jew, with some hazy liberal notions; I left it for London in June, 1894, as a social-democratic editor, writer, and propagandist, with the experience of fourteen months in prison. These five years of development meant for me the transition from the Orient to the Occident, with all the changes and crises which such a transition implies. All inquiries and meditations concerning religion, mediaevalism, Jewish affairs receded into a dim background, and their place was taken by social reform, political economy, modern thought, Marxism, and politics. A new world, though speaking the same idiom, yet presented to me unfamiliar texts, which called for interpretation.

A few days after my arrival in Berlin I read in the papers of the visit paid by Signor Crispi, the Italian Prime Minister, to Prince Bismarck. At the appointed time I hastened to Unter den Linden, and witnessed both statesmen driving together, amidst a glittering military display and the hurrahs of the people, to the palace of Kaiser Wilhelm II. As an Austrian, I knew something of the Triple Alliance, and I was curious to learn the meaning of the visit, since we Austrians distrusted both Prussia and Italy. A co-lodger, a publisher's reader, a well-educated Hanoverian of my age, accompanied me on these excursions as guide. It was generally assumed, he informed me, that Signor Crispi desired German assistance for his colonial plans in Tunisia, but that Bismarck sarcastically remarked: "Italy desires acquisitions, without having as yet suffered any military defeats in a common war." A drastic allusion to 1859 or 1866, when the Italian armies were beaten by the Austrians, but when, thanks to the help of France

and Prussia, the Italians acquired Lombardy and Venetia. My guide also related to me a witty reply of Bismarck to Herr von Windthorst, the Hanoverian leader of the Catholic Centre Party. When, at the end of the *Kulturkampf* (the long-drawn struggle of new Germany against Roman Catholicism), Windthorst submitted to Bismarck a list of concessions demanded by the Centre Party as the price of peace, Bismarck replied: "It is a splendid bouquet, but it has a rather strong *a-roma*."

My Hanoverian guide, who—as I learned later on—was a leading social-democrat, advised me to leave Berlin and go to the Rhineland, where I could get employment, perhaps at first in some factory as a labourer, as he was sure that sooner or later I should find my way into newspaper work, and it would be a good experience to learn first something of the conditions of German Labour. He tried to explain to me the causes of the division of the nation into rich and poor, through the concentration of capital, but I was utterly indifferent to his disquisitions. They went in, as the German proverb has it, through one ear and went out through the other, without apparently leaving any impression on my mind. Riches and poverty, it seemed to me, were a dispensation by Providence, or some fate which man had to take as it came. The whole question—if question it was—failed to interest me, and I soon forgot all about it. Yet something of it must have found lodgment in the recesses of my mind, for it came back to me three years later, in the shape of some far-off reminiscence, when I was reading Marx.

Following the advice of my Hanoverian friend, I left Berlin for Western Germany. I found work at Remscheid in a coffee-mill workshop. Remscheid and its surroundings, and the neighbouring Solingen, are the German Sheffield, a vast hive of hardware and cutlery manufactures, with a big export trade. The town and its environment, an undulating stretch of land north-east of Cologne, has been since mediaeval times

a centre of iron and steel manufacture, and exhibited various types of industrial organization. There was the small master, owning only a shop driven by water-power, the merchant supplying him with the raw materials; some shops already used gas motors; and here and there one noticed large-scale works, like that of the Mannesmanns, who just at that time began to produce seamless steel tubes.

Since I had arrived in Germany and seen the condition of the people, I could not help contrasting Austria with Germany, to the infinite advantage of the latter. The German towns were vibrating with activity, and the whole population seemed to be in remunerative employment. The standard of life of a German working-class family was much higher than that of a well-to-do family in my country. This impression was strengthened by all I saw of conditions in Remscheid. The workmen appeared to be well cared for by social insurance and factory laws, as well as through their own benefit societies. A happy land it seemed to me. No wonder that the Austrian Germans looked with pride upon the Reich, idealizing it into a perfect model for all nations.

As to politics, one could easily gather that the small masters and tradesmen were mostly Liberal or Radical, the few large employers were Conservative, and the workpeople, as I came later to know, were mostly Socialists or Trade Unionists. The Radical daily, *Remscheider Zeitung*, was a prosperous business, while the *Bergische Tageblatt*, which catered for Conservative opinion, had to be subsidized by the Prussian Government or the big employers.

After having worked as a labourer in the coffee-mill shop for three months, I found in the *Bergische Tageblatt* a "Wanted" advertisement for a young, intelligent man, able to assist in the editorial office of that paper and willing to learn the trade of a compositor and printer. I applied personally to the editor, Herr Franz Ziegler, a man of about thirty-five years of age, who, after a lengthy chat with me, which put

me through my paces, declared his willingness to employ me. He was also the proprietor of the printing office, and a student of social conditions. In his younger years he had attended Tübingen University, but had had to interrupt his studies, which he was now going to resume, in order to get his degree of Doctor of Philosophy. He was engaged, he told me, on his doctoral thesis: *The development and conditions of the home industries in Remscheid and Solingen*.

Though I informed him that his favourite studies were quite beyond my ken, he insisted on my working in this matter also with him; he thought it would not take me long to get enough training to be able to assist him. My time was soon more than fully occupied. From seven to twelve I was working in the composing-room; from one to four in his library on literature concerning social reform, economics, and, generally, the history of industrial development; from five till late at night I had to prepare manuscripts for the paper, mostly stuff received from official news agencies, all directed against the Radicals and Social-Democrats and in favour of peaceful social reforms, pointing particularly to the advantages of social insurance, initiated by Kaiser Wilhelm I in 1881. In the first three months he was constantly at my side, advising and directing. Later on he left me to my own devices, and I plunged headlong into the study of social reform, only gradually getting into the intricacies of economics, which sometimes reminded me of the Talmud, especially when I was reading the first chapters of Ricardo's *Principles* or Marx's *Capital*.

My chief's library contained a large stock of books dealing with Conservative and Christian social reform, which since the 'seventies, has had a great vogue in Germany. This propagandist movement, one of the most potent elements of present-day National Socialism, was intended as an antidote to the Social Democratic working-class movement, which had sprung up soon after the Franco-German War, and had its

centre in the writings of Ferdinand Lassalle and Karl Marx, both of Jewish descent; while the parallel Conservative social reform movement, supported by the intellectual elements of the Prussian nobility, clergy, and university professors, clustered round the writings of Karl Rodbertus (1804-75), a German professor and landowner, who since 1838 devoted his labours to an adverse criticism of the capitalist system. It was a case of Rodbertus versus Marx. In point of anti-capitalist critique there is, generally speaking, not much to choose between them; but they are poles asunder with regard to the political and economic means to the establishment of a Socialist society. Marx "moved Acheron" by advising the working class to form trade unions and parliamentary Labour Parties with a socialist aim. Rodbertus, on the other hand, appealed to the superior authority of the State to regulate industrial life in such a way as to secure to the working people a progressively increasing share of the national income as productivity grew, and he advised the working people to eschew politics and trade unionism.

In the Conservative and Christian social reform movement there ran from the beginning strong currents of anti-Semitism, though Rodbertus himself sharply disapproved of it, since the basis of modern Conservatism, he remarked, was laid by two Jews—F. J. Stahl in Germany and Disraeli in England. None the less, I was greatly attracted by the Conservative and Christian social writings, largely allied to the ethics of Judaism and prophet teaching, and they formed my first education in Socialism.

Next to the Rodbertusians and the Conservative-Christian social reformers, some of whom (Winkelblech-Marlo) pleaded for the *Stände-Staat* (Corporative or Guild Social State), it was the literature of the *Katheder-Sozialisten* (Socialists of the Chair or University Professors), which engaged my attention. The term *Katheder-Sozialismus* was created by the Jewish Liberal writer, H. B. Oppenheim, in a



polemical article (*National-Zeitung*, Berlin, December 17, 1871) against the University Professors, who attacked Liberalism or *Laissez-faire* or Manchesterism, as they called it, and who demanded State regulation of industry and factory legislation. At the head of the *Katheder-Sozialisten* stood the Professors Adolf Wagner and Gustav Schmoller, economic theorists and historians of great erudition, who looked back to the policy of State regulation of trade and commerce and the paternal care of the population as practised by the Hohenzollern kings, particularly Frederick II, in eighteenth-century Prussia, but tried to adapt it to the conditions of new Germany. Their ideal was a *sociales Königtum* (social reform kingship), using its authority to prune the excrescences of capitalism, to protect the labouring classes, and to pursue a strong imperial foreign policy. Schmoller's analysis of the rise of Prussia was at once an economic and a social reform interpretation of Prussian history. In essence it was the policy which in England is known as Mercantilism and in France as Colbertism. In new Germany, where the growth of the Marxist and Lassallean movement gave rise to much anxiety, the *Katheder-Sozialisten* attempted to show that the old Prussian model was really socialism, and that its creators were Prussian kings. Socialism, then, was not a proletarian, international, and revolutionary movement created by two Jews, but a kingly, national, and conservative policy initiated long ago by the Hohenzollern, and had now to be developed by the new German Kaisertum and its statesmen.

I still feel the thrill, which ran through my whole being, when in the winter nights 1890-91 all those new theories and views correlated themselves in my mind in an orderly manner. Rodbertus gave me a critical view of political economy, Schmoller an insight into the foundations and growth of State government. In 1891, on the occasion of the tenth anniversary of the publication of the Social Insurance Manifesto by Kaiser Wilhelm I, I wrote in the *Bergische*

*Tageblatt* my first leading article, glorifying this act of the *Soziales Kaisertum* as the beginning of the reign of practical ethics.

I worked along with Dr. Franz Ziegler—he obtained his degree in 1890—up to 1892, and acquired sufficient skill as a compositor, a certain routine in editorial work, and a good deal of knowledge in the social sciences, though, as I found later on, it was still superficial.

It was in Remscheid, too, that I made my début as a speaker. At the end of 1890 a large election meeting took place at Remscheid in favour of the social-democratic working-class candidate, Herr Meist, a cigar merchant from Cologne. It was the first time that I attended a public meeting. Herr Meist, a fluent speaker, cheered by three thousand assembled metal workers, took his seat at the table on the platform near the chairman, at whose side sat a police lieutenant and a subordinate officer as stenographer. It was within the power of the police to dissolve any meeting in the event of the speaker attacking the government or inciting the audience to revolutionary acts. Herr Meist spoke for about an hour, and then the chairman invited opponents to a debate. The practice prevalent in British meetings of proceeding first with questions is unknown in Germany. Seeing that nobody took up the challenge of the chairman, I, by a sudden impulse, asked to be allowed to reply to the speaker. I gave my name to the police lieutenant and mounted the platform. While facing what seemed to me an agitated sea of human faces, I felt quite perplexed at my temerity in thoughtlessly taking up the challenge, and I found it hard to make a start. Some moments must have elapsed before I regained a certain degree of presence of mind and launched out in a lively attack on the speaker for heaping contumely on the governmental efforts at social insurance; the real friends of the people, I argued, were the Conservative and Christian reformers. To my misfortune I forgot the name of some Conservative social

writer to whom I desired to refer, and I stopped short; the audience were quick in taking advantage of my embarrassment and broke into a volley of derisive laughter. Still, nothing daunted, I continued my speech to the end. On leaving the platform, I somehow felt quite dissatisfied with my performance; I felt that in taking up the challenge I did it more for the sake of following an impulse to refute the arguments of the speaker than to understand and do justice to them. However, seeing that Herr Meist took the trouble to reply in a lengthy harangue against Conservative demagoguery, I concluded that, after all, I could not have done so badly.

The following morning I suddenly discovered that I was no more an unknown Polish Jew. Remscheid numbered at that time about 30,000 inhabitants (now over 105,000), so that such incidents were quite an event in local history. In going to and coming from my work some workmen, meeting me in the street, angrily upbraided me, while others approached me with much civility, asking me even to lecture in their meetings. The closer my contact became with the working people, the more was I impressed by their earnest desire to improve their mind and better their material conditions. At that time the Socialist Laws, enacted by Prince Bismarck in 1878, were still in force, and severely handicapped the movement of the workers towards political and social freedom. Their newspapers were suppressed and their literature banned; even their trade organizations could function only as friendly societies. In 1891, with the retirement of Prince Bismarck, the Socialist Laws were abrogated, and Socialist literature could circulate freely; but the police authorities, magistrates, and public prosecutors, bureaucratically trained during the preceding twelve years to look upon Labour and Socialist organizations as dangerous conspiracies and upon their leading members as subversive elements, kept on treating them as such, so that in practice nothing was changed. Moreover, the discrepancy between juridical theory and police practice acted

like a trap: it misled the Socialists into thinking that they henceforth enjoyed freedom of expression, till they suddenly found themselves in the irons of the old legal intricacies. A few years later I found myself in the same predicament.

In the meantime I went on with my studies, since the whole Socialist literature was now available, and one could pick and choose what most appealed to one's mind. It was not yet Marx or Engels or Kautsky, but Lassalle's works, with their Hegelian idealism and classical German, that excited my admiration, and foremost among them the lecture on the connection between the idea of the working-class movement and the tendencies of modern history. It offered a systematic view of the historical development of modern life. It gave cohesion to the fragments of social knowledge which I had collected from the Conservative and Christian social writers, and it pointed not to the Prussian State but to political liberty and an ethically trained democracy as means to the economic emancipation of Labour. I had the feeling that that treatise was just the guidance I was groping for. A well-founded generalization animates with life the dry bones of fact. It makes the facts into something comprehensive and conspicuous. It is a landmark on the way to cognition. In the spring of 1892 my chief opened a conversation with me by saying: "I notice with dismay that you are a full-fledged Social Democrat." I unhesitatingly admitted my conversion, adding that I clearly saw his point and its implications. We took leave as good friends, and I left Remscheid for the customary *wanderschaft* of young journeymen to make my tour through German towns as compositor.

## *Talks with Leipzig Scholars*

IN the history of British Labour the institution of the *wanderschaft* by journeymen is hardly known, while in German lands and in France it has been traditional for young craftsmen (*gesellen*, *compagnons*) to leave their master and rove a year or two through their country, working for short spells in various towns in order to get familiar with the best methods of their craft. English readers may have learned something about this custom from Goethe's *Wilhelm Meister*, where his *Lehrjahre* and *Wanderjahre* are described. The absence of that custom in Britain may be due partly to the Law of Settlement, which tied the workman to his parish, and partly to the early decay of handicrafts through the rise of the factory system, which absorbed all available labour and did away with craftsmanship. A good deal of that *wanderschaft* is woven into the German *Lieder* and romantic poetry of the first half of the nineteenth century. The *gesellen* had their jargon, catchwords, passwords, by which they took cognizance of one another. Most towns had *Gesellen-herbergen* (hostels). According to custom the *gesellen* called in the towns upon their respective workshops, gave the particular pass word, and received the *viaticum*, a few marks for food and lodging, and sometimes also employment.

In the summer of 1892, in the course of my *wanderschaft*, I lived for a few weeks in Leipzig, the centre of German printing and publishing; but in my search for knowledge I was interested only in two men who lived there, Professor Dr. Wilhelm Roscher, the famous economist, and Dr. Paul Barth, a young University lecturer. The latter had published in 1890 a short, but very stimulating book, *Hegel und Marx*, which I read at the beginning of 1892 in Remscheid, though it left me, I must confess, dazzled rather than enlightened.

I wrote to both for an interview, which they readily granted. I first went to Roscher, who had invited me to supper. He lived quite near to the University, but was already a Professor Emeritus. Frau Professor Roscher received me, and ushered me into the library of her husband. He was then quite old. A man of spare stature, with a kindly oval face, fringed with a rim of grey whiskers, and blue steady eyes, which gazed intently upon me. With an encouraging smile he invited me to follow him to the dining-room, and we sat down to supper, Frau Roscher serving. From his long, discursive table-talk I gathered the following substance: "Political economy has grown into a large subject, to the proper study of which a knowledge of English is also necessary; for the first good books on economics were written in that language by men of great experience in affairs, acquired either through the observation of industrial and commercial life at home or abroad, as in the case of Adam Smith, or through being engaged in actual business, as in that of Ricardo, a Jewish banker of great sagacity and wealth. It is different with us Germans. Our economists are mostly University teachers or high Government officials. We first followed in the wake of the English; then we created the historical school of economics. I think we were in this matter mostly influenced by the Göttingen school of historians, like Professor Heeren, who had a deep insight into the influence of economic life on history and of historical development on economic views. Some forty years ago I wrote a sketch of the history of English economic theories and opinions, but it is very incomplete, as our libraries are quite deficient in the earlier economic writings. Our younger school of economists are increasingly interested in social questions, as our workpeople are organizing and" (smiling slyly) "are learning a good deal, too. Heaven knows where it will lead to. Until lately we had Professor Lujo Brentano with us in our University; he favours workmen's unions and all sorts of social reforms. He is likewise

for Free Trade—together more an Englishman than a German. All this was a thorn in the side of our Saxon employers, and they made a dead set against him, so that he left last year for Munich. We have now in his place Professor Miaskowsky, who is mainly interested in agrarian questions.”

Dr. Paul Barth, with whom I spent about eight evenings, was still young, and in touch with all intellectual and social movements. He looked like a Pomeranian peasant, but with a face refined by study and furrowed by a prolonged spiritual crisis. As an undergraduate at the Leipzig University, he belonged to the circle of Rodbertusians, some of whose members later on adopted Marxism. He, on the other hand, inclined to Comtism, and was an admirer of French culture, a tendency which stood in the way of his promotion. He was appointed University lecturer in 1890, and his book *Hegel und Marx* was his *Habilitationschrift*, by virtue of which he was thought fit for a lectureship. It was the product of his spiritual wrestling with Marxism, which he finally rejected on account of its materialist conception of history.

He was quite frank with me. “I was once,” he said, “quite near Marxism, but I could not see how a social revolution was to be accomplished by imbuing the proletariat with materialism. A social revolution can only succeed by changing men’s hearts, and not by merely changing the economic basis of society. A transformation of the social system would demand self-sacrifice and voluntary discipline of no common order, and, to get that from man, we need, in default of religion, a high ethical standard. Marxists deny the transforming power of ethics, and, generally, of ideas, regarding them as mere reflexes of material developments. With me, an ethical idea is a social force. I believe in it with my whole being. When a Frenchman appeals to *la justice éternelle* he visualizes a creative force moulding men for great action. Marx derided the cry of the French Revolution: “*Liberté, Fraternité, Egalité*,” by nicknaming them the three Graces of

French mythology. I shall devote my life to the propagation of ethical teaching. This will be my contribution to the progress of humanity." Barth performed what he promised. His works on education and ethics have gone through many editions. His *Philosophy of History as Sociology* is a standard work, but only the first volume appeared, likewise in several editions, and the second volume, in which he intended to give his own views, was never published. His short treatise on the *Stoa* is, like all his writings, a work of a high order. One of his heroes was Tiberius Gracchus, and he wrote a drama under that name.

I owe to Barth an introduction to an interesting group of anti-Semites. He knew them from his student days, when they worked with him as Robertusians. Later on they became Conservative social reformers, and joined the anti-Semitic movement, which was quite strong in Leipzig. Its leader was Herr Wesendonck, a big Hanoverian or Westphalian, editor of a weekly *Anti-Corruption*. He seemed to have taken a liking to me, and I was always a welcome guest in his house and was treated as a friend. Maybe my knowledge of Rodbertus brought me nearer to him and his friends. My first signed article appeared in his paper, giving a graphic description of a curious scene, happily the last of its kind, of Jewish life in my native town.

A prosperous Jew, Solomon Rysher, a flour merchant and next door neighbour of ours, had been "put in *herem*." He had been outlawed, that is to say, for forty days by the ecclesiastical authorities for having made some disparaging remarks on our Rabbi, Meir Horovitz, whom we all revered as a saint endowed with wonder-working gifts. I was too young to be present at the synagogue when the *herem* (ban) was solemnly pronounced, but I witnessed the effect of it. One afternoon in the late autumn of 1869, crowds of angry Jewish men and boys suddenly filled our street, shouting and hurrying towards the house of Solomon Rysher, and



were soon hurling stones, thick and fast, at the shuttered windows and the shingle-roof of his house; then, rushing the door, they broke into his store and poured sand and ashes into the sacks of flour. I can still hear the rattling of the stones in their impact against the wall and the shingle of the doomed house, and their rebounding on to the pavement. Solomon and his wife, both elderly people, had in good time secretly taken refuge in our cellar. My father, incensed at those senseless acts of violence, was on the point of using his revolver with a view to frightening the fanatics off; but my mother clung to his shoulder, and kept him back, reminding him that, he being a *kosher* butcher, our livelihood depended on the approbation of the Rabbi. During those forty days *herem* Solomon and his wife were completely isolated and did not dare leave their house, except at midnight, when they tapped at our door seeking entrance. Mother let them in, and handed to them the provisions which she had bought for them for the next day. Then they sat down in distressful silence, and after some minutes began talking to my parents in whispers. At the end of the *herem* they left our town altogether.

On the occasion of my last visit to Wesendonck, one of his friends, Moritz Wirt, a musical critic and editor of a posthumous work by Rodbertus, gave an account of the latest Gewandthaus Concert. To my astonishment our host broke in vehemently with bitter comments on Richard Wagner, in whose music, he said, there was about 20 per cent German musical talent and 80 per cent Jewish boosting, blatant advertisement and notoriety-seeking. Wagner's real father—all musical Leipzig knew—was the Jewish actor, Geyer. All his Teutonism was nothing but Jewish mimicry, and even in this Teutonized business he was started by Heinrich Heine's poem *Tannhäuser*, another Jew, who could mimic Christian romanticism to perfection!

Wesendonck's vehemence amazed me all the more, as he

was generally very tactful, and his criticism of my people had always been directed at our foibles, the satirizing of which never offended me. However, many years after that incident I read of Wagner's amorous relations, one of which was with Mathilde Wesendonck, and I thought that there might have been some reason for my Leipzig friend's vehemence. As to his judgment on Wagner's musical value I am substantially in agreement with him, though the 80 per cent blatant Teutonism I ascribe to neo-German self-aggrandizement. Wagner is essentially the musician of the period of rising German nationalism, with its Nordic atavism and undisciplined primitive emotions.

At the end of July, 1892 I left for Berlin. I called upon Dr. Franz Mehring and Wilhelm Liebknecht, who, after a talk with me, sent me to Magdeburg as assistant editor of the Social Democratic daily *Volksstimme*.

*A Social Democratic Editor*

MAGDEBURG, situated on the middle reaches of the river Elbe, is one of the oldest cities in Germany, dating back to the beginning of the ninth century. In my time it numbered 200,000 inhabitants, and was the administrative centre of the Prussian province of Saxony (as distinguished from the Kingdom of Saxony with Dresden as its capital). The Magdeburg Cathedral, a Romanesque-Gothic structure, has some interest for Englishmen: it contains the tomb of Kaiser Otto the Great (died 973) and his first wife Editha (died 946), daughter of the Anglo-Saxon King Aethelstan. The economic life of Magdeburg appeared to be singularly well-balanced. The broad belt of agriculture, with its open fields of corn, sugar-beet, and potatoes, which surrounded it; the many cargo boats plying on the Elbe and carrying goods from Bohemia, the Kingdom of Saxony, and of its own production northwards to Hamburg; the large iron, engineering, and chemical works on its outskirts, brought prosperity to its burghers and merchants, and employment to its workpeople. Still, I sadly missed the polished culture and warm cheerfulness of the Rhineland. From about 1830 to 1870 the lower middle class, the craftsmen and journeymen—the bulk of the population—were Liberal, Radical, and free-thinking. After the victories of Prussia and the formation of the German Reich, the population split more and more into hardened Conservatives and bewildered Social Democrats, while Liberalism was dwindling to a doctrinaire, well-meaning sect, appealing vainly to the working people to return to its fold.

My work on the *Volksstimme* was pleasant and quite absorbing. I willingly worked for twelve or fourteen hours daily, since the whole editorial staff consisted of two persons.

It was I who signed as responsible editor, and who had to face all the legal and pseudo-legal consequences of all the sins and trespasses committed by the paper against the authorities. Of the twenty-two months of my assistant editorship I spent altogether about fourteen months in prison, on charges of insulting the police, the army, the Local and Central Government. Any critical remark which the police thought offensive was sufficient to bring me before the *Cadi*, who generally accepted the view of the police against any evidence given by private citizens. Once only did I succeed in scoring against the police. In a cutting from the Berlin *Vorwärts*, reproduced by my paper, the police thought that they had found an offensive remark against the Chancellor, General von Caprivi, the successor of Prince Bismarck. On my being called up by the police inspector, I inquired whether the Chancellor had instructed him to make a charge, as required by law. He replied in the negative, whereupon I demanded that he should obtain the Chancellor's instructions before taking further action. After a lapse of a fortnight, the police informed me that the Chancellor declined to prosecute, and that he had added that, as far as his person was concerned, the Labour Press should not be molested.

As a matter of fact, I always respected General von Caprivi. I liked him for his honesty in foreign affairs and his Liberalism, though a moderate Liberalism, in home politics. He terminated the Re-Insurance Treaty with Russia, which I regarded as an insidious blow at the Austro-German Alliance. I liked him for his conciliatory attitude in the Colonial negotiations with Great Britain. Finally, I liked him for lowering the tariff and shortening the period of military service. My respect for him grew in the same proportion as the intrigues of the East-Elbian agrarians and the attacks of Prince Bismarck against him. Prince Bismarck, like all worldly great men, was a good hater, and never forgave Caprivi for having accepted the Chancellorship; he thought that the young Kaiser ought to

have been made to feel that a position held by a Bismarck could not be filled. Bismarck's temper in his loneliness in the Sachsenwald was not unlike that of Bonaparte on St. Helena, and bitter and relentless was his vindictiveness against his successor. Caprivi was only guilty of one weakness, which was not one inherent in his personality. What militated against him was his status as a General, which never allowed him to argue matters out with Kaiser Wilhelm II, who was his military chief. Their relation was governed by military discipline, and not by Constitutional procedure between Prime Minister and his Sovereign.

This situation was a misfortune for Germany. The Kaiser was at that time a young ruler with high ideals, and with fresh and progressive, though inchoate, ideas. His disagreement with Bismarck was historically necessary. The coercionist policy of Bismarck against the working-class movement was, since 1890, as out of place and as much of an anachronism as, for instance, the Iron Duke's in Great Britain after 1825. Germany was rapidly developing into a great industrial country, with an awakened proletariat, just as Britain in 1825, that is, during her Industrial Revolution. She needed a new policy, for which the Kaiser was impulsively groping. It is now an open secret that Bismarck in 1889, having seen the failure of his Socialist Laws, was prepared, for reasons of State, to apply his panacea, blood and iron, and to put down Social Democracy by the armed forces. The Kaiser refused to entertain any such idea, declaring that he would not stain his reign by shedding blood in a civil war. This blood and iron cure for internal crises was not different from that of the Iron Duke, who in the Reform turmoil of 1831-32, and in the first phase of Chartism, 1838-39, would have liked to see his Guards in action in the streets of London, Birmingham, and Manchester. But the Germans had no Greys or Russells, with their Whig statecraft, based on a hundred and fifty years' accumulated political experience,

and guided by the *via media* wisdom of Lord Halifax, the "Trimmer."

It was the Kaiser only who stood in the way of Bismarck's desperate plans. His dropping the pilot was a great act. Tenniel's cartoon is a misinterpretation of the German internal situation of that time. The Kaiser had never a good Press in England, even prior to his Kruger telegram. The reason for that last must be sought in his disagreements with his mother, an English Princess Royal, which the English Press resented or regarded as inimical to English interests. But the Kaiser's political attitude to his mother was that of Bismarck himself, who fought the influence of the "English females" at the Court. Since 1871 and more so since 1875, anti-English prejudices and views were spreading in Germany, and infected the upper and lower classes alike. Had there been in the 'nineties around the Kaiser some men of independent character and enlightened statesmanship, to steady his impulsiveness, to correct his inconsistency, and assist him to steer the ship of State on even keel, his reign would surely have ended differently. Unfortunately, the German nobility had no Whig statesmen, and the German middle classes produced no Pitt, no Peel, no Gladstone, to guide their master. It was, in the last analysis, the incurable political incompetence of the German middle classes which led to 1914-18.

They have deserved their fate in being governed by Herren Hitler, Göring, and Goebbels.

At the time of my assistant editorship, 1892-94, I could not have summed up the difficulties of Germany in a clear formula. All the leading Social Democrats felt, however, that the real mischief was not the impulsiveness and inconstancy of the Kaiser, nor the alleged blundering of Caprivi, but the flagrant failure of the middle class to play its own political game. This failure also reacted disastrously on German Social Democracy, on whom, as a consequence, devolved the historical mission of carrying on at once both middle class

and proletarian politics. The result was a dualism of mutually jarring purposes, which paralysed action and gave rise only to an unending production of pedantic and sophisticated disquisitions on Marxian texts. There were only a few people who saw the German social problem clearly, or saw it whole. Among these few were two great minds—Vladimir Ulianov Lenin and Jean Jaurès, with both of whom I came at various times in more or less close contact. I shall later on give my recollections of each of them.

My prison time was not unpleasant. During the first week, I felt quite elated at my “martyrdom”; but, as the preliminary custody dragged on, with nothing for me to read but the Bible, which I knew already well enough, the time hung heavy upon my hands. The custody lasted two months. After the sentence had been pronounced, I was taken to Gommern, a new provincial prison building near Magdeburg, where I could read books, barring Socialist ones, and could write reviews and little essays of a general nature for my paper. Sometimes I received visits from young Protestant clergymen, who in those years used to take courses in social reform as part of their theological curriculum. We had some lively discussions in my cell on St. Paul and Martin Luther. They listened with rapture when I—a Jew—spoke enthusiastically of the fiery soul of the former, and their countenance fell when I spoke censoriously of the latter. But they treated me with unflinching tact and kindness, and I could see that they were always mindful of the fact they were free men and their opponent a prisoner. They live in my memory as Christian gentlemen.

After my release in the spring of 1894, the Police President invited me to an interview. He motioned to me to take a seat and offered me a cigar. Then he took one himself, and, as we smoked, said: “Since you arrived in our town, the police have kept you under observation. Morally there is nothing whatever against you: your conduct as a private

individual has been all that one expects from a respectable man. But you are also a Social Democratic writer and teacher, and this we cannot tolerate, since you are an Austrian. Well, in the event of your being willing to choose any other employment—and we shall be pleased to assist you in getting it—you will be welcome to stay on in Prussia as long as you like. If you choose, however, to continue your work on the *Volksstimme* and delivering lectures to our working people, we shall be compelled to banish you from Prussia. This is always an unpleasant task for us, particularly against a national of one of our allies, and the contingency is one which we should very much like to avoid. The best alternative for you would be to leave the country voluntarily. There is no need to hurry, but you must decide one way or the other.” I thanked him for his goodwill, and declared that my mind was made up to go either to Switzerland or to England.

My final decision to go to London was come to from the following considerations: Karl Marx had spent there his best working years; Frederick Engels was still living there, and likewise Eleanor Marx-Aveling. I knew her then only as the German translator of the English novel *Reuben Sachs* by Amy Levy, which I read in prison—a story (published in 1889) which seemed to afford a deep and absorbing insight into the social and religious life, the worldly activities and the various currents of thought of the Jewish upper and lower middle class in the City of London. I greatly admired its authoress, and ardently desired to know more of her, and I decided that my first visit in London should be to Eleanor Marx, in order to learn something of Amy Levy.

On June 1st I left Magdeburg, going first to Remscheid for a few days to see my old chief and friends, and on the 6th travelling *via* Düsseldorf and Antwerp to London. I arrived there on June 7, 1894, on a murky morning, made infinitely more gloomy by the aspect of Liverpool Street station.



*Eleanor Marx and Amy Levy*

ON my arrival in London my possessions amounted to 19s. 6d., for, during my Remscheid and Magdeburg years, I regularly sent half of my monthly earnings—fifty to sixty marks—to my father. At Liverpool Street station I boarded a 'bus to Tottenham Court Road, lumbering snugly along Cheapside and Holborn, and alighting at the Horse Shoe (corner of New Oxford Street). I walked along Tottenham Court Road to 49 Tottenham Street, the headquarters of the German Workmen's Educational Society, known also as the Communist Club. It was founded in February, 1841, by German refugees from Paris, where they had taken part in the abortive insurrection of August Blanqui in May, 1839. The club flourished up to 1915, when it fell a victim to the Great War. The streets running west of Tottenham Court Road had been for many, many years largely colonized by German and French refugees; for in one of those streets (John Street, corner of Charlotte Street) the Owenites, in the 'thirties and 'forties of the last century, had their lecture hall and bookshop, where their foreign comrades found hospitality and assistance. One could still meet in those parts with old Chartists, who had seen Feargus O'Connor and Bronterre O'Brien in the flesh. Opposite to the club lived an old English member of the First International, who had sat in its Central Council together with Karl Marx. In the neighbouring Fitzroy Square there lived George Bernard Shaw, already well known among Socialists.

I took a room in Cleveland Street, opposite Middlesex Hospital, and after a day's rest I had to give an evening lecture in the club on the situation in Germany. The hall was crowded; besides the regular members (Germans, Austrians, Hungarians, and Scandinavians), Jewish work-

people had come from Whitechapel, for it was the Jewish Whitsun, and they were therefore free from toil. In one of the adjoining rooms the Executive of the Bloomsbury Socialist Society—among whom were Dr. Edward Aveling and Eleanor Marx-Aveling—were holding their meeting, of which however I had no knowledge. After my lecture was over, they, too, came into the hall, and I was quite elated to find myself face to face with the daughter of Karl Marx.

One of the most valuable acquisitions—and perhaps the infallible test—of an educated mind is the ability to appraise men and events—a sense, that is, of proportion in judging the degree of greatness and importance of personal and material phenomena with which we come in contact either in actual life or in historical documents. This ability I did not then possess. Mere learning, even when joined to experience, does not produce it. Only when learning and experience are fused in an atmosphere of freedom do we attain to right judgment. All that was connected with Karl Marx appeared to me then in superhuman proportions. I learned later, to my consolation, that Englishmen with large experience of affairs, such as Sir Randall Cremer, Maltman Barry, and H. M. Hyndman, who had known Marx well, were not far from a similar feeling, as they confessed to me; but they experienced it with regard to Marx only. There was certainly no reason whatever to stand in awe before Eleanor Marx—a middle-aged lady of great charm, radiating intelligence and loving-kindness. None the less, I did stand on that evening in awe before her. Moreover, I felt that she ought to have married some very great man, and not Aveling, who, my intuition told me, was a low comedian, and looked it, so I blurted out to her in German: “*Is that your husband?*” But he, after all, had English manners, and said quite cheerfully: “Comrade, let us go with Eleanor to the Horse Shoe and have a glass of English ale.”

That was another experience, the ale I mean; it tasted to

me like some nasty medicine. Never give a German on his arrival in London a glass of ale; he is likely to get a bad impression of England, and first impressions are not easily wiped away. Having recovered from the first mouthful of ale, I at once began to ask Eleanor about Amy Levy. She invited me to call upon her the next afternoon. I eagerly accepted the invitation, and went to Gray's Inn, where the Avelings lived in chambers. At tea, which she made herself, as they had no servant, she spoke with much admiration and concern of Amy Levy, who, as she informed me, had died by her own hand in 1889, immediately after having achieved great success as an authoress of poems and of the powerful novel *Reuben Sachs*.

"Amy," said Eleanor, "was a good friend of mine, and only a few years my junior. I am the only one of my family who felt drawn to Jewish people, and particularly to those who are socialistically inclined. My happiest moments are when I am in the East End amidst Jewish workpeople. But Amy belonged to a middle-class family, and lived in Bloomsbury, not far from the British Museum. We used to meet there; I was working on Ibsen translations and she on the German poets, Lenau, Heine, and others. She had a peculiar liking for Lenau, the poet of melancholy and human liberation, but her affinity was with Heine, the sublimated essence of Jewish genius. There are a good many English writers who have tried their hand at translating Heine's *Lieder*. Amy was the best of them; she showed me a number of translations, but left in print only a single translation of a Heine poem. Her real ability lay in the social novel. Her *Reuben Sachs* was a revelation even to those who thought they knew her. Great knowledge, an observing eye, vivacity of mind, and a mastery of the language we knew she had. We didn't suspect in her the vein of fine humour, natural sprightliness and sustained power needed for a full-length English novel, which she richly exhibited in *Reuben Sachs*. Her description of the life

of a Jewish middle-class family in London, with successful old Sachs as financier, Reuben as a young Tory M.P., the Leiningers as budding artists, Zionists, and Socialists were themes worthy of her pen. And the sidelines! The Quixanos, Sephardi Jews, highly cultured, gentlefolk to their fingertips, but poor, and then the other extreme: nondescript Jews, small tradesmen in their finery from Dalston or Hackney, feeling very uncomfortable in the midst of the Sachses and Leiningers—what a mixture of races we Jews are! The Jewish community did not relish the book, but did not show the animosity of which the many-tongued *fama* gossiped. Amy told me that she was treated to the last with great kindness by the best families of the community. Only a few Jewish ladies thought that she ought to have written with a bit more discretion.”

“But why did she commit suicide so soon after the publication of the book?” I inquired.

“Amy was always frail, very often depressed, and, like her favourite Lenau, inclined to hopeless melancholy—an infallible symptom of nervous exhaustion. The writing of *Reuben Sachs*, no small effort, must have taken the last reserves out of her, and left her a disembodied spirit. It was her swan song. She was only twenty-eight years old when she left us.”

On another occasion I asked Eleanor as to the relations of her father to the London Jewry. She replied that her father took no interest in Jewish affairs and had no contact with the London Jewry. Only once—it must have been in 1878— young Leonard Montefiore, a Balliol man, who wrote on Heine in the *Fortnightly* and was interested in German politics, paid us a visit and asked father for an introduction to the leaders of German Social Democracy in Berlin. Father had a chat with him on social questions, and told us afterwards that Leonard knew a good deal about Germany, but would never be a good Socialist, as he was too much taken

with Ruskin and Rev. Barnett, who saw in the labouring poor objects for commiseration and charity and not fighters for a higher order of society, in which charity would be an anachronism. Indeed, added Eleanor, young Montefiore proved to be one of the pioneers of Toynbee Hall; he was a fellow-student of Arnold Toynbee and active as a teacher among the poorest of the poor in Whitechapel. Eleanor further told me also that her father hardly ever spoke about religion; neither for nor against. Her mother and elder sister attended sometimes Mr. Bradlaugh's Sunday services, but father dissuaded them from doing so. He had a dislike of secularism. He told mother that if she wanted edification or satisfaction of her metaphysical needs she would find them in the Jewish prophets rather than in Mr. Bradlaugh's shallow reasonings.

Barely four years after our conversation Eleanor herself followed the example of Amy Levy.

Frederick Engels, who died in August, 1895, had left Eleanor a legacy of about £3,000; she and her husband bought a house in Sydenham, and named it "Jews' Den." They invited me to see them, but my unconquerable dislike of Dr. Edward Aveling made me decline it. As it turned out, he was the direct cause of Eleanor's premature death. He was a fine speaker, an impressive elocutionist, and a man of considerable scientific attainments, but struck with moral blindness, utterly failing to perceive the difference between right and wrong. How she could go on living with this man for over fourteen years is a riddle which puzzled us all. Mr. Bernard Shaw explains it by Aveling's attraction as a male. I, as a Jew, knowing the indestructible, age-long Jewish reverence for the sacred bond of wedded life, explain it by her Jewishness. She tried indefatigably to mend him, but, alas! he was past mending. Yet she clung to him with all the loyalty and devotion inherited from a long line of famous Rabbis on her father's side. Her death saddened all Socialist

circles in London and exposed Aveling to public contempt. Mr. Bernard Shaw immortalized her beauty and goodness, her nobility of soul and body, in *The Doctor's Dilemma* under the name of Jennifer, and put her husband in the pillory—as only Shaw can—under the name of Louis Dubedat, an artist of ability, but of despicable character. Shaw slightly deviated from reality in making him die first. Actually she died first; and he, deprived of her constant care and having squandered on women all she had brought him, died soon after, a miserable and lonely death, from blood-poisoning.

*Frederick Engels*

Two weeks after my arrival in London—on June 21, 1894—I called upon Frederick Engels at 122 Regent's Park Road. I had asked him for an interview, in order to pay my respects to the fellow-worker of Karl Marx. At that time we had no idea of the unstinted and ungrudging financial help which this efficient German manufacturer and writer gave to Marx, enabling him to go on with his studies on the *Capital*. He fully conformed to Plato's and Aristotle's saying, "Among friends all is common." His devotion to Marx excites admiration. It was much stronger than Southey's to Coleridge. Marx was cut out for a German University Professor, but was prevented by his views from ever getting a lectureship in Germany. He declined a high position in the Prussian administration offered to him by the Government in the autumn of 1843 through the intermediary of Geheimerat Esser. It was Engels who saved Marx from penury in his London exile.

Engels was tall, well built, with a rugged face, and the voice of a Prussian officer or sea captain. One could hardly have suspected from his exterior the big-hearted generosity and devotion to high ideals which animated this man. Continental Socialists called him the "General," on account of his military knowledge. He served in 1840-41 in the Prussian army as an artilleryman, studying at the same time at the Berlin University, and taking a lively part in the controversy which was then raging between the adherents of Hegel and Schelling. He came to England at the end of 1842, as a Radical writer with Utopian Socialist views. He worked in his father's factory in Manchester, and from 1843 onwards contributed articles to Robert Owen's *Moral World* and from 1844 onwards to the Chartist *Northern Star*. In England he

absorbed all the anti-capitalist economic teaching of the Owenites and Chartists, and in this spirit wrote his *Condition of the Working Classes in England* in 1844. In 1845-47 he lived intermittently in Paris and wrote there for Louis Blanc's *Réforme*.

Engels was a most capable writer, a fluent journalist, and a linguist. He possessed all the qualities which make men efficient and successful in any career they may choose; but he fell short of genius. He was aware of his shortcomings, and, when he thought he found genius in Marx, he clung to him with all the *amor intellectualis* his strong personality was capable of. In 1848-49 he was aide-de-camp of Colonel Willich (later a General in the American Civil War) in the Baden rising, after having worked with Marx for several years, and at the beginning of 1848 as collaborator in the *Communist Manifesto*. In Manchester, from 1850 onwards, as book-keeper and partner of the textile factory, Ermen and Engels, he devoted his spare time to assisting Marx, who was not a ready journalist, in his London correspondence to the *New York Tribune*, and to a thorough study of the art and science of war. He reported in the 'sixties in the *Manchester Guardian* on the English Rifle Movement, and in 1870-71 he was the military expert of the *Pall Mall Gazette* under Frederick Greenwood. Two military pamphlets, published by him anonymously on the Italian War of 1859 and the Austro-Prussian War of 1866, were generally ascribed in Berlin to a member of the Prussian General Staff.

He remained a German to the end of his life. He never understood England; his English style is commercial, smooth, fluent, but without distinction. He bequeathed no phrase which would strike the mind as having welled up from the depths of English undefiled. He liked the Irish, and studied their antiquities and their revolutionary movements. He lived, in free union, with an Irish girl of the people, Mary Burns, who had worked in his father's factory. After her death,



when Engels was forty, her sister, Lizzie Burns, took her place in his household and affections. In the 'sixties (1867-68) the house of Engels in Manchester was the safest refuge of the Fenian fugitives from justice; the police had no inkling of their hiding-place. The Marxes, though since 1869 completely depending on the ample allowances of Engels, never in their heart of hearts regarded Engels and his female companions as their equals, and it was one of the hardest trials for Marx to add, in his letters to Engels, a polite word of greeting to the Burnses. It once nearly came to a breach between them on account of that attitude. Marx, one of the greatest revolutionists that ever lived, was in point of moral rectitude as conservative and punctilious as his Rabbinic forebears. Breeding tells. I once asked my old friend Eduard Bernstein about these relations, and he replied: "In the home of the Marxes they used to speak about Engels' family life as in the home of Friedrich Schiller about Goethe's amorous adventures."

On that 21st of June, 1894, I stood before Engels as a subaltern before a general. I reported to him on the movement in Germany, to which he listened with great attention. I related to him how the Prussian police were relentlessly persecuting the Social Democrats, and that, in my opinion, the Party was weakening in ardour and self-sacrifice, for our Press found some difficulty in getting comrades willing to sign as responsible editors from fear of going to prison. Whereupon Engels replied: "It is the duty of Social Democracy to educate, not only the proletariat, but also the police." I further complained that very little was being done to republish Marx's smaller writings, mostly out of print, such as his *Eighteenth Brumaire*, or his *Towards a critique of Political Economy*, both of which contained the fundamental thoughts on his philosophy of history, in which I was more interested than in his *Capital*. The reply of Engels was in a very angry tone: "So, the people in Germany think that I am lazy and doing

nothing for propagating Marx's views!" He went on in this manner for some time. I then changed the conversation by asking him to tell me the best way of learning something about English Socialism. He gave me some advice, and then asked me whether I had studied English in Germany. I replied in the negative. "Well, you are lucky," he remarked. "You have a good chance of speaking English well. No one who learns English in Germany ever manages it."

I saw him after that three times. My last visit was in the spring of 1895, a few months before he died. The foreign Executive of the Polish Socialist Party, which had its headquarters in Beaumont Square, Stepney, requested me to call upon Engels and obtain from him the original of Marx's Preface to the Russian edition of *The Communist Manifesto*, translated and published by Vera Sassulitsh in 1882, as they desired to add it to their new Polish edition of that famous pamphlet. Engels was already ill with cancer of the throat, though the real nature of his illness was concealed from him by his doctor. He received me in his library, and we had a very friendly chat. We walked up and down in the library, he resting his hand on my shoulder. He advised me to work among the Jewish workpeople in the East End. I disliked the idea, for in those years there was a strong anti-alien feeling in the East End, caused by the rather large immigration from Poland and Russia at the end of the 'eighties and the beginning of the 'nineties. I replied therefore: "In view of the vigorous anti-alien agitation, it does no good to aggravate it by a Socialist agitation among Jews. Besides, Socialism in England can only be established by Englishmen and not by foreigners."

My experience at Hyde Park and Regent's Park meetings, which I used to attend every Sunday, had taught me that it was best for alien Socialists to leave the agitation to Englishmen. The people surrounding the platforms in the Parks simply laughed at the foreign speakers, and, the more violent

their language, the more fun for the audience. Engels demurred, but I stuck to my point, and never deviated from it; and this helped me, in later years, to gain the confidence of the leaders of the British Labour movement. In 1907 I once called upon Keir Hardie in his Fleet Street office. A delegate meeting was just taking place there. Hardie interrupted the proceedings, and introduced me to his friends with the words: "This is a foreign Socialist who does *not* want to teach us how to govern ourselves." And here is an anecdote pertinent to our subject, which was related to me by the late Professor Graham Wallas. The (First) International Working Men's Association, with its headquarters in London, appeared to be making much headway in France in 1868 and 1869, and caused a great deal of annoyance and anxiety to the French Government. At the command of the Emperor, the Foreign Minister approached the British Government with the request, in view of the danger which threatened civilization, to suppress the Central Council, and to make the Association illegal. Mr. Gladstone was utterly unconscious of the existence of such a body and of its alleged dangers. He had never heard of such a thing, and had first to make inquiries as to its whereabouts and its doings. The information he received was that the Association was led by a foreigner. Mr. Gladstone burst into laughter, and said: "The whole thing is ridiculous. English working people will not follow a foreigner, no matter who he may be." And the British Government, to the disgust of Napoleon III, refused to pay any attention to his request, and did not interfere with the International.

*The Beginnings of the London School of Economics*

THE years 1895-97 are memorable in my life for giving me an opportunity to enter into the spirit of English life. On my arrival in London in June, 1894, I knew, of course, everything about the English, as is the case with all new-comers from the Continent. The English were selfish, haughty, hypocritical, despising all other people, proud of their wealth and liberties, condemning all ideas that were not convertible into spot cash. If a German transmutes hats into ideas and cherishes them, the Englishman changes ideas into hats and sells them. My intercourse with Germans of the generation born after 1870 was not at all calculated to make me revise my views; but my coming in touch with young Jews and Jewesses of the East End of London, who read Dickens, and attended evening lectures at Toynbee Hall and Sunday ethical services at South Place Chapel, gradually caused me to feel that I knew nothing yet about England. And the consciousness of ignorance, a mortifying yet compelling feeling, is the beginning of wisdom. In the Jews' Free School in the East End I began to take a course in English, organized by the Jewish community for its alien co-religionists, and the first book which I read there, and which greatly impressed me, was Forster's *Citizenship*. Once initiated into a new way of thinking I kept on pursuing it, as is my wont. At the end of 1894 I joined the Social Democratic Federation, led by Henry M. Hyndman, who was always at loggerheads with Frederick Engels—it was a case of Greek meeting Greek. I read *Justice*, the Social Democratic weekly, which I liked for its Marxist views; I attended also the lectures of the Fabian Society, which I condemned as reformist and as flagrantly biased against Marxist teaching; and in 1895 I entered the London School of Economics, which was then

just established, though I knew—Belfort Bax impressed this on me—that it was a Fabian institution, organized for the special purpose of shaking Marxism to its foundation.

This was quite a wrong view, as I learned later. The object of the School was rather to impart economic teaching without regard to any particular current of thought, the ultimate intention being to train students for independent research. The School, which since 1903 has formed one of the Faculties of the University of London, and whose buildings in Houghton Street, Kingsway, are now teeming with thousands of students from all parts of the world, was then housed in two rooms in Adelphi, and the number of its regular day students amounted altogether to eight, among whom were three foreigners—two Germans and one Austrian. Of the three male students Harry Snell (now Lord Snell) was the only Englishman; among the five female students, mainly of the University Extension type, was Miss Margaret Gladstone, later the wife of J. Ramsay MacDonald. The teaching staff consisted of Mr. W. A. S. Hewins and Mr. Graham Wallas. That was all. Hewins lectured on political economy, Graham Wallas on politics, and particularly on the development of the English Parliament. We had also special courses or series of lectures on various subjects, mostly delivered in the evening and attended by a large number of young men and women, who were either employed in various professions, such as journalism, law or the civil service, or were students at the various colleges of the University. Some of these special courses were given by the Hon. Bertrand Russell on German Social Democracy, Professor W. Cunningham from Cambridge on mediæval economics, Professor Cannan from Oxford on taxation, and Mr. Bowley on statistics. But real work was done only in the regular day lectures given by Hewins and Wallas.

Wallas's delivery was the most attractive. There was nothing professorial about him. Sitting among us, he, in a conver-

sational tone, smiling and insinuating, initiated us into the mysteries of English politics and the meaning of parliamentary government. Walter Bagehot was at that time his favourite author, whose books and essays he invariably recommended as the most suggestive on the subject. Wallas was essentially a Radical, and Fabianism was in his eyes the best means to adjust Radicalism to our times. He made Francis Place, the Radical tailor of Westminster, into a Fabian tactician; the Francis Place of Wallas is Wallas's ideal of Radicalism; his book is an "ideal" biography. Old Place, had he lived to read it, would have been as astonished at his cleverness in wire-pulling the Whigs as the fox in the fable, who, having found an elementary schoolbook, read with astonishment and pride of the sly tricks he was perpetrating on man.

Wallas will live, however, in the memory of all who sat at his feet as one of the most cultured and lovable of English gentlemen. I shall never forget his kindness to me. It was at the beginning of May, 1915. The war was raging, and I was branded as an alien enemy and stranded with my family in London. Walking home after a day's work at the British Museum, I passed through Whitehall on the way to my house in South London. Suddenly somebody tapped me on the shoulder. I turned round; it was Professor Graham Wallas. "Well, my dear Beer," he gently began, "I hear you are in trouble, and that you wish to return to Germany. It will be a great pleasure to me to assist you with a little sum. Meanwhile, come with me to a lecture, which Lord Bryce is just going to deliver on his experiences in Flanders." Deeply moved I thanked him, but I dared not attend Bryce's lecture, for my police permit was strictly limited to going to the British Museum and nowhere else.

It was unfortunate for Mr. Hewins to have as his colleague such a brilliant lecturer and *causeur* as Wallas. The contrast was glaring. Hewins was indefatigable in organizing the school,

entrusted to his care by Mr. and Mrs. Webb as the executors of the Will of Henry Hutcheson, who left at their discretion a legacy of £10,000 for such a purpose. Hewins united in his person the post of director, secretary and registrar, though he was occasionally assisted in secretarial work by Harry Snell. He was always ready to help his students, but as a lecturer he was not inspiring. It is no doubt difficult to make economic theory attractive to beginners; still, he must have laboured under particular difficulties, since, at the end of an hour's exposition of the marginal utility theory of value by Hewins, one of the lady students, quite bewildered at what she had heard, remarked to him: "After all, Thomas Carlyle was right in saying that economics was a dismal science." On this marginal utility lesson hangs a tale, which I am going to touch upon. The reader who has no liking for theoretical discussions may skip this little chapter, but I think, all the same, I can make it readable. The marginal utility theory formed in those years the tug-of-war between Marxists and reformists in Great Britain, Germany, and Austria. In London, Bernard Shaw and H. M. Hyndman were the leaders of the two opposite camps: the former for the utilitarians, the latter for the labourists. Following closely the somewhat casuistical exposition of Hewins, I inferred from his way of reasoning that it was his purpose to refute Marx. This inference, as I could see in later years, was made under the influence of prejudice, but it caused me to take a hand in the economic tug-of-war.

A few preliminary remarks by way of introducing the question may help towards its understanding. All the great economic and political thinkers of Great Britain from the seventeenth century up to 1870—Thomas Hobbes, Sir William Petty, John Locke, Sir Thomas Gresham, Adam Smith, David Ricardo, and the Mills, taught that labour was the source and measure of marketable value. From about 1820 this theory began to be looked upon with suspicion; the anti-capitalist

and Socialist writers who arose at that time were advancing the argument that, since labour was the source of value to all commodities, the commodities ought to belong to the labourers and not to the capitalists. It was the beginning of the revolutionary Labour movement in Great Britain. The labour value theory appeared to many to be subversive of the whole order which is based on property. In a popular booklet, *Outlines of Political Economy*, which appeared anonymously in London in 1832 (British Museum Catalogue, Press Mark T. 1040 (4)) it is said: "That labour is the sole source of wealth seems to be a doctrine as dangerous as it is false, as it unhappily affords a handle to those who would represent all property as belonging to the working classes, and the share received by others as a robbery and fraud on *them*." The clearest exposition of the labour value theory is given by Sir William Petty and David Ricardo, and, if read carefully, it does not allow of any such anti-property inferences, as I have shown in my *History of British Socialism* (Vol. I). Marx, who, in an abstraction of abstractions, elaborated that theory, never based his Socialist conclusion on it. Still, Marx's *Capital*, which appeared in 1867, and became the Bible of Socialism, undoubtedly contributed its fair share to thickening the cloud of suspicion that was hanging over that theory, all the more so as it was in the 'sixties that Socialist ideas got hold of the working classes in various European countries.

By a remarkable coincidence there appeared in the years 1871-74 in three countries—Great Britain, Austria, and French Switzerland—books by three different authors—Jevons, Menger, Walras—unknown to one another, endeavouring to supplant the labour value theory by the marginal utility theory. This coincidence is proof enough that the value question preoccupied many minds, or, as is said, "was in the air." These writers maintained in principle that utility and not labour was the source and measure of value. Of course, Petty, Ricardo, Marx, and the others did not



disregard utility; they knew quite well that a thing which was not capable of satisfying a human need was valueless, i.e. useless and unsaleable, but they argued that utility, while being a pre-requisite of the demand for, and therefore of the production of, any commodity, could not measure value, since the most useful things, such as water, air, iron ore, etc., have hardly any value, while things of little utility, such as diamonds, gold, pearls, etc., are reckoned among the most valuable possessions. The utilitarians agreed, but they emphasized the point that it was the final concrete utility, and not utility as an abstract quality, that was the essence and measure of value. Let me explain the point.

This theory assumes that you, as a consumer, are an economical person, using things rationally, that is, for a reasonable purpose. Now, if you have some use, say, for a hundredweight of apples, and you receive them by instalments, that is, a pound weight each time, you will naturally value the first instalments highly, but with each successive additional instalment or, for short, increment, the utility of each pound will go on diminishing, until the last pound will reach the lowest point of utility. This last increment of utility, which lies just before complete satiety is reached, is called marginal or final utility, and it determines the value of each pound of apples you successively received. Or, in simpler language: goods of any kind have less and less utility per unit the more you have got of them, and the utility of the last in the series, for which you have still got some use, fixes the value of each unit, so that each of them is equal in value to the last one.

Mr. Hewins did not, of course, explain the rise of this theory historically, as I have done here; that was not his business. He did it dogmatically, as a chapter of the textbook, and as the most satisfactory theory of value. Against this I argued that, on his own showing, the final utility theory amounted really to the old theory of supply and demand:

the larger the supply the lower the utility or the value, and the cheaper the price at which the goods could be sold. Supply, then, controlled the level of marginal utility; and, as supply, in its turn, was dependent in quantity and quality on the expenditure of labour or cost of production, it was evidently labour spent in production that in the last analysis formed the source and measure of value.

Mr. Hewins was very patient with me, and with the inadequate English in which I expressed my syllogisms. I thought later that this could be further developed, and that the rise of the marginal utility theory in the last quarter of the nineteenth century could be brought into logical connection with the increasing importance of consumption as compared with production; but I am not here writing an essay on economics. Hewins, in his reply, advised me to read up the leading Austrian economist, Boehm-Bawerk, in whose books I should find ample instruction on this matter.<sup>1</sup> I learned more, particularly on the economic thought in the seventeenth century, from private conversations with him

<sup>1</sup> While writing these reminiscences I looked up Boehm-Bawerk and to my surprise I found that his views and reasonings did not differ from mine. In his *Kapital und Kapitalismus* (p. 168 sq.) he writes: "Up till now we explained the level (height) of commodity value by the level (height) of the marginal utility. We can, however, pursue the chain of causation still further by asking ourselves, What are the circumstances on which the level of the final utility in its turn depends? And here we mention the ratio between demand and supply: The larger and the more intensive the demand, the more numerous and urgent the needs that call for satisfaction, and the smaller the quantity of available goods, the higher will be the level at which the satisfaction of our needs must stop, that is, the higher will be the level of marginal utility. And conversely, the smaller our needs that call for satisfaction, and the larger the quantity of available goods, the lower will be the level of the marginal utility. We can approximately, that is, in a less precise way, express the same thought, when we say that utility and scarcity of goods are the final determinants of value." Now, scarcity is, as a rule, a matter of more or less expenditure of labour. As to utility, nobody of the labour value theorists denied it.

in his house in Cheyne Walk, Chelsea, than I did from his lectures. In politics he was even then quite Conservative. He once told me with the utmost seriousness that the greatest misfortune for England would have been the carrying of Mr. Gladstone's Home Rule Bill.

*Jean Jaurès as Orator*

THE month of July, 1896, brought me for the first time an opportunity to attend, as delegate of a Saxon textile district, the Congress of the Socialist and Labour International which was held in London. The old, or the First, International of organized Labour had existed in the years 1864-76, and had been ruined by the irreconcilable discord between parliamentary socialists and the anti-parliamentary socialists, or anarcho-communists. The new, or Second, International of Socialism and Labour was established in 1889 in Paris; it instituted the First of May as Labour Day for the purpose of demonstrating for international peace and Labour legislation, particularly the Eight-Hour Day. The Second International in its infancy still suffered from the old dissensions which were a legacy from its predecessor. The London International Congress had finally to sever all connection with the Anarchist elements, among whom were men and women of great moral value, such as Réclus, Kropotkin, Louise Michel, and Malatesta.

It was once said by the London *Times* that the old International was a small body with a great soul. Critics of the Second International, antithetically applying the saying of *The Times*, asserted that the Second International was a big body with hardly any soul. Still, it embraced during its time all that was active in the Socialist and Labour world. It had within its ranks such personalities as Jaurès, Bebel, Rosa Luxemburg, Liebknecht, Victor Adler, Keir Hardie, Lenin, Briand, Laval, Mussolini, Ferri, G. B. Shaw, Hyndman, Vandervelde, Ramsay MacDonald, Pilsudski, Moscicki, who have left their mark—a red or a black one—on modern history and modern thought.

My memory goes back to the London Congress in July,

1896, which was attended by about five hundred delegates from all parts of the globe, and met in Queen's Hall, Langham Place. One of its chairmen was Mr. Cowie, a British miner, a sturdy old trade unionist of the Liberal-Labour type. The continental delegates appeared to him as poor benighted foreigners, who were engaged in an unseemly wrangle about strange dogmas and "isms," and were quite ignorant of the rules of proper debating; they evidently needed an Englishman to keep them in order. In the body of the hall sat G. B. Shaw, as a Fabian delegate, whose judgment of continental dogmatists was not far removed from Cowie's; for he wrote mordant notes about the Congress proceedings for the *Star* newspaper, which, on being translated to the Germans and Frenchmen, were thought, from a theoretical point of view, terribly heretical, and, as to sentiment, not at all consistent with fraternal greetings. But Shaw enjoyed himself, and there are some reminiscences of that Congress in his *Man and Superman*.

The main item of the agenda turned, as already mentioned, upon a motion to exclude, once for all, from the International Socialist Congresses the Anarchist elements, who had come to the Congress as delegates from various Labour societies in France and Holland. The debate in the plenary session of the Congress on the motion was the culminating point of the proceedings. The greatest orators of the International, and probably of Europe, took part in it.

For the motion spoke, among others, Hyndman, Jaurès, Millerand, Bebel; against the motion Domela Nieuwenhuis, Landauer, Cornélissen, Keir Hardie, Tom Mann. The list of speakers was arranged in such a manner that the pros and cons alternated. Hyndman was the earliest called upon to speak. Fine speaker and consummate actor as he was, his delivery was worth hearing; humorous and grave by turns, as his argument demanded, he earned much applause. After him Nieuwenhuis, an unfrocked Dutch minister with a Christ-

like head, who had forsaken his chapel for the proletarian movement, pleaded the cause of the anti-parliamentarians, showing that State Socialism would ruin the idealism of the movement, just as the nationalization, or rather imperialization, of Christianity by Constantine ruined its soul, and only gave the Christian a mechanical church. Then followed Millerand, at that time a simple barrister, who had only a few years of socialist membership to his credit; it was mainly against his mandate that the French Anarchists hotly protested. His speech was lawyer-like, delivered in a gentle, deliberate tone, yet distinctly audible in the farthest corners of the hall; his voice travelled as on silken paper. Nobody could have predicted his future career as President of the French Republic.

After a few other speakers for and against (among the latter Hardie and Landauer, who was martyred in Munich in 1919, both deeply spiritual in their pleadings for toleration), Jaurès rose to speak for the motion—a short, broad-shouldered man, with the bronzed strong face of a sailor. At the first sounds of his speech the delegates turned their eyes upon him. As he proceeded with his closely serried arguments, the enthusiasm, the excitement, the tension of the delegates grew. Comparatively few of the delegates knew the French tongue, yet all seemed to follow his utterances; they cheered at points which were intended by the orator to evoke applause and to drown dissent. But hardly any dissent was heard. It was as if the voice of Jaurès, the modulation and sequence of his rolling sentences, the waves of his marvellous sounds, beating against the walls of the hall and reverberating over the heads of the audience, had cast a spell over all of us. When he had finished, there was at first a hush of silence; but after a moment the delegates sprang to their feet, mounted on chairs and tables, and clapped and shouted themselves hoarse. An ovation, matchless in unity and sincerity for a matchless performance. We were worked up to such a pitch of nervous excitement that, if Jaurès had called upon us to mount the barricades

we should have all followed his lead. One had a vision of the great moments of 1789-93 in Paris.

The speakers who rose after Jaurès were unlucky. They failed to catch the ear of the delegates; even Bebel made no impression, and, appreciating the mood of the audience, confined himself to a few remarks. The last speaker was Tom Mann, who argued for toleration; by his fervour and vigour of phrase he succeeded in riveting the attention of the Congress. The Anarchists cheered him, but it availed them nothing. The motion for the exclusion of the Anarchists was carried. At the rear of the hall it came to blows and fiery protest, which showed the sincerity and faith of the socialist believers.

Many delegates after the session was closed remained in the hall discussing Jaurès' oration. Shaw said it was something tremendous; but Victor Adler, the Austrian leader, was already quite composed, and remarked: "Sarah Bernhardt ought to go to Jaurès for lessons." On me the impression was lasting. I visualized Jaurès as a sort of Danton or St. Just, and I began to understand the fascination and compelling power of personality in critical and unstable times. I had in 1904 the great honour to be invited by Jaurès to write for his *Humanité*, and to come to the Amsterdam Congress of the International and to be present at the great debate between him and Bebel on Reform *versus* Class Struggle, which took place there in that year. About this meeting I shall write in a later chapter.

*Initiation into English Home Politics*

EARLY in 1896 I was compelled to abandon my studies at the London School of Economics in order to look for some employment. I applied to a scholastic agency, which soon found a place for me in a preparatory school in West London as resident language master. It was in teaching that I learned most of English life. The daily intercourse with about sixty boys between the ages of six and sixteen, the observance of the daily routine of their work and play, the reading of school novels, with their paragon, Tom Brown, and particularly the careful study of elementary school books, brought me in touch with England.

I remained in that school to the end of 1897. Those were the years of the "Kruger telegram," the Jameson Trial, the ascendancy of Cecil Rhodes, and the Diamond Jubilee, with Kipling's "Recessional." We read Kipling and more Kipling; I knew many of his Barrack Room Ballads by heart. But most I owe to the elementary Readers. These are, in every country, the best means to learn the character of a nation. Such reading is, in my opinion, an infallible means to a successful study of foreign countries. The ideas and ideals with which a nation endeavours to imbue its younger generation as a preparation for life are the surest indices of its feeling and thinking. The English elementary Readers were more instructive to me than Hansard, newspapers, and meetings.

The best supplement to the English elementary Readers as a means to get a working knowledge of England, was for me the short book of George Savile, first Marquess of Halifax, called *The Trimmer*. The few hundred pages left to his countrymen by this wonderfully sagacious political practitioner contain the essential principles of English statesmanship since the end of the seventeenth century. I am never



tired of admiring them. They contain the concrete lessons drawn from the painfully costly experience of the stormy years of the Civil War, the Cromwellian Dictatorship, and the Restoration. He was the practical artisan of the Glorious Revolution, estimating exactly the length and girth of the constitutional dress necessary for the political body of the England of his time. His lessons form the core of Whig statecraft. Here are some of them, of which I made a note at the time: Never tie reason too closely to principles—in many cases this may be destructive—circumstances must enter in and make a part of them. Positive decisions are always dangerous, especially in politics. Fundamental evils should be stroked away and not violently kicked out. Instruments of power should be made easy; for power even at its best is hard enough to be borne by those under it. The people are never so completely put down but that they will kick and fling if not stroked in season. English laws are trimmers between the excess of unbounded power and the extravagance of unrestrained liberty. Our Church is a trimmer between the frenzy of the visionary and the lethargy of Romanism. And God Almighty Himself acts between His two great attributes—His Mercy and His Justice.

I terminated my scholastic career in order to go to Paris and learn something of the character of France. I felt I was henceforth in spiritual and political contact with English life. An article on "Modern English Imperialism," written at that time and published in 1898 in *Die Neue Zeit*, the weekly review of the German Social Democratic Party, contains some of the thoughts which I formed in those years about British politics. The article was widely quoted in Continental periodicals; it is also referred to by Lenin in his essay "Imperialism," which he wrote about twenty years later.

*Interview with Emile Zola*

ON Christmas Day, 1897, I arrived in Paris, and took a room in a small hotel, frequented mostly by country people, and situated in Rue St. Louis-en-l'Île, behind Notre Dame Cathedral, in the centre of old Paris. I had letters of introduction from Eleanor Marx to M. Charles Longuet and M. Paul Lafargue, who had married daughters of Karl Marx. Both had lived in London for some years. Longuet, as a refugee from the Commune in 1871, had been appointed French lecturer at King's College, London; Lafargue had come to London in 1867, as a young medical undergraduate, after having been expelled from the French universities on account of his republican agitation among the students. He completed his medical studies in London and graduated as M.B. He was in touch with the London Positivists, who befriended French intellectuals, and won the friendship of Professor E. S. Beesly, of University College. At an interview I had with Professor Beesly in 1901, with which I shall deal later on, he related to me that it was Lafargue who, in 1868, had introduced Marx to him. Longuet was a journalist, working mainly for Clemenceau's *La Justice* and later for *L'Aurore*. He was not a socialist, but an adherent of Proudhon, believing in private property and mutual exchanges of goods on the basis of equal values; in politics he was a Radical and patriot, like his famous editor in chief. Lafargue, a pamphleteer gifted with a dry sarcasm, was, on the other hand, a revolutionary Marxist with a Bakunist strain. It was to him that Marx said:

- *Moi, je ne suis pas Marxiste*. Lafargue, indeed, was largely responsible for the mechanization of Marx's philosophy of history. When I called upon them they both lived in comfortable circumstances, as Frederick Engels had left them legacies of about £3,000 each. Longuet was a widower and

had to care for several children; the Lafargues had no children. Madame Laura Lafargue was a great lady, very different in appearance and character from her London sister, Eleanor. The latter took after her father, the former after her mother, a Baroness von Westphalen, and was welcome in the best French Society and much praised by that prince of anti-Semitic writers, M. Edouard Drumont, a man of great knowledge and sparkling wit, who, strange to say, enjoyed reading Marx's *Communist Manifesto*. The Lafargues lived in a country house at Draveil, where one could meet on a Sunday various personalities from many countries.

Three weeks after my arrival in Paris there appeared in *L'Aurore* (January 13, 1898) Emile Zola's sensational letter "J'accuse," which opened up the Dreyfus affair and convulsed France, dividing the nation into two passionately warring camps—Dreyfusards and anti-Dreyfusards. The whole of Paris seemed to be charged with inflammable material. It was highly dangerous for a Jew to express his opinion on the affair, and Lafargue warned me to keep my views to myself, for there was no telling what Frenchmen would not do in such a mood. On the evening of January 13th and 14th, I witnessed in the *Quartier Latin* the burning by excited students of bundles of *L'Aurore*—an *auto-da-fé* made more weird on that bleak and cold evening by the loud and angry shouts of the dark masses of onlookers as the flames shot up from the ignited papers: *À bas Zola! À bas les juifs!*

I worked as occasional correspondent of the Munich *Post* and the Jewish New York *Arbeiter-Zeitung*. The trial of Zola for defamation of the army opened in February. I did not attend the proceedings of the court, but I used to go several times during the week to the Palais de Justice to watch the coming and going of the high army officers, Zola in his horse-drawn cab, the witnesses for the defence, such as Jean Jaurès, Anatole France, Senator Scheurer-Kestner, and others. The Palais de Justice, not far from Notre Dame and the Hotel de

Ville, was situated in close proximity to the right bank of the Seine, and it happened a few times that enraged anti-Dreyfusards, on seeing Zola's cab coming, rushed at it, attempting to drag the culprit into the water: *a l'eau, Zola!* Finally the trial came to an end, with Zola found guilty and sentenced to twelve months' imprisonment. He retired into seclusion in his house in Rue Bruxelles, guarded by a police cordon. He naturally needed rest and recuperation after so many weeks of nervous strain, which must have been terrible. It therefore came as a shock to me, when my New York editor cabled for an interview with Zola. It was an impossible commission. I disliked it immensely, yet it was tempting. But how to come near Zola was a big problem. I was told, again and again, that he refused all newspaper interviewing. Finally, a friend advised me to apply to M. Clemenceau, he being the only person who could procure for me admission to Zola.

The question now was how to approach the tiger's den. And here my connection with M. Charles Longuet helped me out of my fix. He at once gave me a letter to his friend Clemenceau, and I was soon face to face with the tiger. It was a ramshackle little office in Montmartre into which I was ushered, hardly affording space for two persons—a real den. There he sat at a rickety table, with his Mongolian features, liverish face, and piercing eyes, sternly turned in my direction. I took a seat near him and recited my prayer, which he very ungraciously received. However, on my telling him that I had, as a German editor, suffered imprisonment for insulting Prussian authorities, all tension relaxed, and he was again the grand old valiant gladiator *pour le droit et la justice* that he had been since he entered the political arena. He gave me a few lines to Zola, and, with a *poignée de main*, I took leave of him.

I then applied by letter to *cher maître* Zola, enclosing Clemenceau's missive, and within three days I received on

March 18, 1898, an invitation from him to "venir chez moi ce soir à six heures." I was on tenterhooks all day preparing my questions, and looking up French dictionaries for the proper expressions. In the evening I walked to 21 bis, rue Bruxelles, to offer my homage to the great author of the *Rougon-Macquart* series and *Trois Villes*, and particularly to the hero and martyr of social justice. I rang the bell, and a manservant opened the door and led me to Zola's room on the first floor. The whole house appeared to be uninhabited; an uncanny silence pervaded the atmosphere. The manservant knocked at a door, and Zola himself opened it and invited me to take a seat on the sofa. The nervous strain which he had endured in those stormy days of his trial was still visible on his whole countenance. He looked aged and worn; his shoulders stooping and his beard turning grey. His features were by no means as strong and rigid as we see them on the usual photos. He moved a chair opposite me and, scrutinizing me very attentively, sat down. He bent forward so that his head was quite close to mine, and asked me to begin with my questions. Unfortunately my prepared questionnaire completely forsook me. Instead of coming straight to Zola's part in the Dreyfus affair I began to talk literature and Judaism and socialism. "The subjects," I said, "which interested me most were the Jewish religion and socialism. It is therefore natural that I should look upon the author of *Germinal* and the defender of Dreyfus with deep admiration. But, dear master, I cannot conceal the fact that your *Rougon-Macquart* series and *Trois Villes* contain hardly a single Jewish character worthy of our respect."

ZOLA: "Yes, that is so. Nearly all my Jewish characters have, so far, been anything but ideal. They are as I saw them."

"Exactly. Far be it from me to impugn your power of observation. It is, as all the world knows, according to the best scientific principles and methods. You will, however,

permit me to say that your observation of Jewish life was necessarily limited to a small section of the Jewry, and to their material life only. You had no opportunity of seeing the whole of it."

ZOLA: "During these last few months of anguish I thought a good deal about the Jewish question. And I had good reason for it, too. As you are probably aware, I was for a long time under the influence of the theories of Taine, who laid so much stress on the racial and hereditary factor in human development. My novels might certainly give the impression that I regarded the Jew mainly as a money-mongering and luxury-loving creature. My recent struggle, however, taught me that there are many Jews who belong to quite another category. There are in human history some factors which are at least as potent as race, perhaps in certain periods of human history even more potent."

"Economic ones?"

ZOLA: "Yes, but also factors much less concrete, namely, illusions, which are much harder to eradicate than errors in reasoning. You see, many of the rich Jews and Jewesses hate me as much as the Nationalist or the Catholic bigots do for my defence of Dreyfus. They believe that, in defending Dreyfus, I am betraying my country; they don't see that I am really defending the France of the French Revolution, the real beginning of French patriotism. Only a few days ago a great Jewish lady actually insulted M. Anatole France for supporting me by signing the petition for the revision of the Dreyfus trial. Fancy Anatole France charged with lack of patriotism! It's grotesque! But I am glad that the Jewish intellectuals are on our side."

Now we had entered in *medias res*, and I began to remember what brought me to Zola. So taking up his last sentence I added:

"And the Jewish proletariat, too. My object in troubling you for this interview is to express to you the respectful thanks

of many thousands of Jewish workmen in New York for your heroic defence of right and justice."

ZOLA: "I am deeply moved by so signal a recognition on the part of Jewish Labour. I have seen something of their poverty when I was in London in 1893."

"The anti-Semites," I continued, "see only the few Jewish millionaires, and shut their eyes to the misery of the toiling and moiling Jewish masses in Russia, Austria, Britain, and the United States. The Jewish question is, in my opinion, a demagogic expediency to side-track mankind from its real problem, which lies mainly in the sphere of social economics, and which is this. Civilized society is now so rich, actually and potentially, that poverty and oppression could be abolished, but our economic arrangements are obstructing the necessary social adjustment. Hence arises the distemper, which shows itself in the more or less pronounced antagonism between the classes and the masses. This contest knows neither race nor religion. It is going on throughout the whole civilized world. Abolish this antagonism, and Dreyfus trials will be no more."

ZOLA: "You are evidently pointing to Socialism?"

"Yes, dear master, the final chapter of *Germinal* speaks of the advent of Socialism in words so powerful that it would be mere arrogance on my part to deal in your presence with that subject. Although you do not belong to any Socialist organization, the Socialists look upon you as one of their torch-bearers."

ZOLA: "I am not a Socialist, still less a leader in Socialist thought. I believe with one of our clearest intellects, Ernest Renan, that science and education will lift the mountains of poverty and prejudice from the shoulders of mankind, but I sincerely wish to have all Socialists as my friends. You see, only Jaurès and his friends are supporting me; the Guesdists are standing aloof; some of them have been behaving badly. They do not see that I am not fighting for a rich *bourgeois*,

but for liberty, and for the free development of our great and noble France against a conspiracy of mighty foes—militarism and the Catholic Church allied to the remnants of the old feudal aristocracy. My fight is a continuation in the direct line of the French Revolution. Never, never shall I forget the services rendered to me by my friend Clemenceau, one of the most valiant and patriotic men our nation has ever produced—a man who might have sat with Robespierre and Danton in the Convention. I need all the sympathy, all the assistance I can get. It is therefore mortifying for me to see Socialists taking no part in the stormy events that are convulsing the French nation. They think I entered into a life and death struggle for the sake of a rich Jewish captain. He is for me nothing but a symbol, a sign of the deadly peril which threatens our democratic and secularist republic. But truth, after all, is all-powerful. In the end it will prevail.”

Zola was by now speaking passionately and with great fluency. He was so easily accessible, so eager to impart knowledge, and imbued with a modesty as sincere and deep as his absolute love of truth. He actually thanked me for my visit—for the trouble I had taken in calling upon him! He then inquired about the position of the Jewish workpeople in many lands. And when, at the conclusion of the interview, in which he mentioned his coming imprisonment, I told him that I had been in prison for over a year, his friendliness to me knew no bounds. He confided to me that he was making arrangements for going to England to await there the result of his appeal, and on my asking whether he knew English, he replied he was no linguist, as so many Jews were. He knew no language but French. “*Je suis du Midi,*” he remarked, “*mon cerveau n’est pas organisé pour les langues.*”

After a hearty handshake he led me down the stairs to the door of his house, and again pressed my hand.

Three years after that interview, in 1902, he published his *Verité*, dealing with the Dreyfus affair, the last novel



before his death, in which I may perhaps discern an echo of our talks. Zola writes:

“At the sight of that paradise acquired by Jewish wealth, at the thought of the splendid fortune amassed by Nathan the Jewish moneylender, Marc instinctively recalled the rue de Trou, and the dismal hovel without air and sunshine, where Lehmann, that other Jew, had been plying his needle for thirty years, and earning only enough to provide himself with bread. And ah! how many other Jews there were, yet more wretched than he—Jews who starve in filthy dens. They were the immense majority, and their existence demonstrated the idiotic falsity of anti-Semitism, that proscription *en masse* of a race which is charged with monopolizing all wealth, when it numbers so many poor working folk, so many victims of the omnipotence of money, whether it be Jewish, Roman Catholic, or Protestant. There was really no Jewish question at all; there was only a Capitalist question.”

*Jews and Social Revolutionary Movements*

FRENCH Socialism was at that time hopelessly divided and numerically weak. Leaving aside the many little party groups, one could distinguish three main divisions: (i) the trade unions or *syndicats*, some of which were soon to be indoctrinated with revolutionary syndicalist views; (ii) the Guesdists or Marxists, led by Jules Guesde (in 1914-15 member of the Viviani Government) and Paul Lafargue; (iii) the Reformists, led by Jean Jaurès and A. Millerand (later President of the French Republic). Talking with Lafargue about the cause of the deplorable weakness of the French Socialist movement, he made the remark: "*Nous n'avons pas de juifs dans notre mouvement; voilà notre malheur.*" This remark prompts me to say something about a question which is surely of general interest, namely the Jews and Socialism, or why do educated and prosperous members of the Jewry take such a prominent part in the Socialist movement? Let us look at it historically and geographically. I begin with France.

With the exception of the Saint-Simonist school, which counted several Jews among its adherents, the Jews kept aloof from the whole Socialist and revolutionary movement between 1840 and 1850, between 1864 and 1871, and from the Socialist revival in 1876 up to the Dreyfus affair. Among the Saint-Simonists there were the following Jews: Olinde Rodriguez, who saved the aged Comte St. Simon, the prophet of the sect, from spending his last years in a poor-house, and who edited the works of his master, and the brothers Pereire and D'Eichthal. The Saint-Simonists, however, were not Socialists. They were essentially an organization of prospective financial and industrial leaders, bankers, railway builders, great adventurers, among whom was also Ferdinand Lesseps. Their main idea was that it was the great financiers and industrialists

who were best fitted to organize the economic world rationally for the benefit of all. It is the identical idea which dominates Mr. H. G. Wells in his *World of William Clissold*. In the really revolutionary upheavals in France in the nineteenth century the Jews took no part. In the Provisional Government formed by the February Revolution of 1848 there was one Jew, Adolphe Crémieux, Minister of Justice, but he was a royalist and moderate Liberal; he aided the escape of King Louis-Philippe. In the Paris Commune of 1871 there was also only one Jew, Leo Frankel, and he was not a Frenchman, but a Hungarian jewellery worker. It is remarkable that in Great Britain, too, the Jews did not participate in any of the extremist movements: there were no Jews among the Owenites nor among the Chartists. In the Owenite and Chartist papers (of which, I may say, I have a thorough knowledge) I have not found a single Jewish name. In the *Northern Star* (1847), it is true, the name of Karl Marx appears for the first time, but only as that of a German delegate from a Brussels society to a London commemoration meeting.

In Central and Eastern Europe, on the other hand, in Germany, Austria, Poland, and Russia, Jewish men and women participated in all revolutionary movements. They stood in the front rank of the Revolution, supplying ideas, money, and martyrs. How is this to be explained?

Forty years of study and experience in many lands have taught me that the Jew has been impregnated by his religion with a sense of social righteousness, which has been deepened by two thousand years of immense sufferings. He may, in individual cases, act very selfishly—commerce, as the Fathers and Doctors of the Church often declared, is not conducive to morality—but, in his general view of life, unless he is thoroughly degenerate, the Jew will always be on the side of social justice. It is almost an instinct with him. It is the legacy received from the legislation of Moses and the teaching of the prophets, who saw the soul of religion in ethics, in man's

behaviour to man. I think Matthew Arnold says somewhere that Athens was the cradle of Liberalism, and Jerusalem that of Socialism. And Charles Kingsley, with his deep knowledge of the Bible, Jewish lore, and Socialism, makes Abraham Aben Ezra, when arguing with Hypatia, express his conviction that the law of the spiritual was not, as the Greeks believed, philosophy and aesthetics, but ethics, that is to say, righteousness. Or as Rabbi Hillel, on being asked by a Gentile as to the essence of Judaism, declared: "Love thy fellow-man as thyself; all other commandments are merely a commentary on this," Rabbi Hillel is one of the earliest and most revered Talmudic teachers.

From all I have learned and observed I draw the following lesson. In countries where the Jew is treated with some measure of justice, where he is not unduly oppressed and crushed down, where his sense of social righteousness is not wholly outraged, he will work along with other citizens within the constitution and laws of the country, contributing his share of ideas and citizenship to the general stock. Where this is not the case, where he is treated as an inferior, his innate sense of social justice grows feverish, and seeks an outlet in social-revolutionary channels. It is not so much political inequality which sets his feelings on edge; it is the social inequality and human indignity to which he is subjected that causes him to leave the open road, and move from the centre to the farthest extreme. It is a terrible state of mind to feel oneself the legitimate heir of three thousand years of spiritual wrestling and unique historical experience, and at the same time to be socially outlawed by nations who have still to go through many centuries of development, many spiritual and social crises, in order to reach that level of moral culture which could produce such prophets as the Jews did even in the distant ages of history—prophets with flaming exhortations to justice and compassion, luminous ideas of human equality, sublime hopes for peace and brotherhood among the nations,

and finally, the Sermon on the Mount. And the mental activity of the Jews went on throughout the Middle Ages, whenever they enjoyed freedom of movement, as among the Arabs in Spain and in the Gallic cities of Languedoc, and contributed to the general current of religious knowledge. In modern times, since the rise of a middle-class civilization in Western Europe, though repressed by their own orthodox communities, Jews have been found among the leaders of thought; and, in contemporary movements in the field of philosophy, psychology, physics, chemistry, and sociology, we find again in the front rank the names of Jewish thinkers—scions of only a fraction of a small persecuted people, which has watched since the dawn of history the exploits of Egyptians, Assyrians, Babylonians, Hellenes, Romans, and Carolingians. Mighty empires rise, perish, and disappear from the face of the earth; but this Jewish people still lives and acts, still participates with the exuberance of youth in all that touches the fate of man. Moreover, it is now looking forward to again growing into a nation—a nation steeled in unspeakable hardships, rich in costly experience and rejuvenated with Western ideas and modes of life; a nation which—so it seems—is imperishable!

My researches into the lives of the leading social philosophers and Socialist propagandists, particularly those of Jewish descent, have taught me that Jewish Socialist leaders, such as Ferdinand Lassalle, Rosa Luxemburg, Leo Trotsky-Bronstein, if born and brought up in England or France (prior to the Dreyfus affair) would have followed quite different careers. As a London Jew, Lassalle would undoubtedly have been a Tory social reformer of Cabinet rank; in France—a Gambetta. Prince Bismarck spoke of him in the Reichstag in 1878 as a man with the large ambitions and qualities of a statesman of the front rank. In Prussia the only scope for his activities was the career of a persecuted Socialist agitator. And, conversely, Benjamin Disraeli in Prussia would

have to go through the disappointments and frustrations of a Lassalle. Trotsky as an English Jew would surely have been a Radical leader and publicist. And, conversely, Sir Herbert Samuel in Russia would have been a right-wing Menshevik leader and exile. Men gifted with sufficient intellect, and endowed with political capacities and ambitions, are driven to influence public life, in the midst of which they desire to act, and must therefore adjust themselves to actualities, to immediate necessities and measures, as the opportunity offers. In this process of adjustment they are themselves moulded by, and adjusted to, their political environment.

With a man like Marx it was different. He was unadjustable. He belonged to another category. There are men with ideas, and there are ideas with men. These are two disparate categories. The man with ideas uses them according to circumstances; he acts of necessity as an opportunist, to which term I attach no disparaging meaning. On the other hand, the ideas with man are forces which literally control him; they are his demons. He has to sacrifice everything for them; he cannot help it. Jewry has produced, besides the Prophets, a few such men: Saul of Tarsus, Baruch Spinoza, and Karl Marx—all supremely great in ethics. Their main trait was singleness of purpose; the ideas that possessed them brooked no distraction, no regard for side-issues or secondary ambitions or aims. They were monolithic.

*United States and Socialist Parties*

AFTER the publication of the Zola interview, the editorial board of the American *Arbeiter-Zeitung* invited me to come to New York as a permanent contributor to the paper. The invitation coincided with the receipt of a letter from my father, who, with our family, had settled in New York. The emigration was gradual between the years 1894 and 1897: first my brothers, for whom I provided the passage money, then the sisters left the old home, and, when they had found remunerative work, wrote for father and mother. And they all began a new life in the midst of a dynamic civilization. Blessed be poverty and persecution, the spur of the strong!

Father desired to see me after so many years' absence; he was getting old, and it would gladden his heart to set his eyes on me before they closed. At the end of 1898 I embarked from Liverpool on board the *Lucania*, a swift Cunarder; and, after less than six days of a somewhat rough passage the Statue of Liberty and soon also the towering buildings overtopping one another emerged on the skyline. Apart from a cursory examination by the Customs officers, no other formality importuned the passenger. No demand for passports, nor inquiries about the past and future, about intentions and possessions. How free and easy the world was in those days! All ways and careers open, without let or hindrance, to men and women seeking shelter and bread or new light and leading! Liberal ideas and capitalist economics secured all that for the individual, but—and there was a significant “but”—all this free and easy entrance into a world of limitless horizons was enjoyed only by the individual with a first or second class ticket. . . .

I worked in New York in 1899–1901, stirring and thought-provoking years in American history. The Spanish-American

War, the occupation of Cuba and the Philippines, the enthusiastic reception of Admiral Dewey, which I witnessed while standing among the crowds of sightseers who lined Fifth Avenue to cheer the hero of Manila Bay on his triumphal return from the East—all this appeared to close a century of unentangled and localized Washingtonian politics, and to usher in an era of imperialist expansion. America seemed to turn its front from the Atlantic to the Pacific, which was expected soon to become the theatre of world politics. In home affairs the marvellous economic upswing, the vast trustification and centralization of American industries were phenomena that filled the European with amazement, and the American statesmen and political minds with a mass of problems. Immense volumes of kinetic energy were let loose on a virgin Continent, moulding and transforming the whole range of social activities. There is nothing like free capitalism to unchain productive forces. The Americanization of the world appeared to be imminent.

How insignificant in comparison was the American Socialist movement, which, in reality, was a hole-and-corner affair of mixed Eastern immigrants—Jews, Germans, Slavs, and Finns—with an infinitesimal proportion of American-born intellectuals. The movement centred in the East Side of New York, and in the few towns with German majorities in various parts of the States. The teeming millions of wage workers engaged in those large-scale industries and mining centres, and often involved in sanguinary wage conflicts with their employers, kept aloof from Socialism. Even the trade unions, organized in the Federation of Labour, under the leadership of the English Jew, Samuel Gompers, directed its main attacks on Socialism.

This was a problem which called for investigation. The attitude of American Labour appeared to stand out as a living contradiction of the Marxian theory that the concentration of capitalist production, and attendant proletarianization



of the masses, was necessarily bound to lead to class struggles and to the formation of an independent Labour movement with Socialist aims and ends. In the States Capital and Labour stood in clear outlines opposed to one another; there were no feudal illusions and mediaeval ruins to obstruct the view of society. There were no political class privileges to be swept away first; the field seemed to be clear for the final war of proletarian emancipation. None the less, the struggle appeared to turn upon paltry matters: a few cents more per hour of wage slavery or the recognition of the union by the employers, while at the polls the working people cast their votes for the candidates of one or the other Capitalist party. The Socialist effect, in short, failed to manifest itself. Was the generalization faulty, or were there forces in operation that neutralized it?

In the course of 1899 I often discussed this matter with Daniel de Leon, the leader and outstanding intellect of American revolutionary Socialism. He was born in 1852 as the son of a Sephardi-Jewish planter and slave-holder in Curaçao, studied successively in Hildesheim (Germany) and at the University of Leyden ancient and modern philology, mathematics, and history, and then took up law in New York, where he settled as lecturer on International Law at the University of Columbia. In the 'eighties—a rather stormy decade in the history of Labour in the United States—he joined the Henry George and Bellamy movements, and finally the Socialist Labour Party, which had been organized by German immigrants in the 'seventies.

De Leon became a fervent Marxist, having assimilated the main doctrines of his master and defending them as eternal truths. This was his strength and his limitation. Within these limits he was a cogent reasoner and splendid debater, well worth hearing on the platform. His mastery of the English tongue, which only by the guttural pronunciation of the letter "H" betrayed his foreign origin, made him a prominent

figure among the Socialists, all the more so as he was an indefatigable worker, unselfish in his devotion, always ready to put his talents at their service. He knew the ins and outs of American politics probably as perfectly as any leader of Tammany Hall, while the Germans remained hyphenated Americans and published their papers in German. In private conversation with him one did not feel oneself to be in the presence of a great intellect, with a free play of scholarly wit and learning; one did not willingly bend to his authority, though he strove hard to let one feel it, which in itself proved his lack of authority. One hour with a man like Brooks Adams, who in 1904 came to see me, was worth months of talks with de Leon, who was constantly harping on the corruption of American politics. His explanation of the weakness of the American Socialist movement was very simple. The trade union leaders were all corrupt, bought by the bosses, and the most corrupt of them all was the Jew, Samuel Gompers, the most unscrupulous and most influential enemy of Socialism in the camp of organized Labour; they were, in fact, a lot of "fakirs." What we needed, therefore, was Socialist trade unions, based strictly on the theory of the class struggle, of the unbridgeable gulf between Capital and Labour.

This explanation is anything but Marxist. It is rather the old lamentation over defeated virtue and triumphant wickedness. And de Leon's desperate attempts, in which he spent his best energies and talents, to create labour unions on rigid class struggle lines, such as the Socialist Trade and Labour Alliance and the Industrial Workers of the World, resulted only in splitting what existed of Socialist Labour movements in the United States.

To find the causes of the absence of strong Socialist Labour organizations in America, commensurate with the strength of American Capital, it is necessary to inquire into the conditions under which the Socialist movement in the Old World developed. These conditions, I found, were as follows:

(i) The existence of a relatively large and old-established class of craftsmen, artisans, and small masters, who were gradually, but surely, crushed out by the successive invasions of the factory system. In these catastrophes they lost their traditional independence, their freedom and joy in work, and—in the first stages of the new system—their old domestic comfort. From this class, aided by a few middle-class intellectuals and humanitarians, came in Great Britain the many organizers and leaders of the Luddites, the Owenites, the Chartists; in France the Proudhonists and social-revolutionaries; in Germany the organizers of Social Democracy. This class did not exist in the United States, since the latter had had no Middle Ages.

(ii) In the Old World the dispossessed craftsmen and small masters, who gradually drifted into the factories, could not fail to arrive, sooner or later, at the disheartening conclusion that they must give up all hope of regaining their old independence and of being again their own masters. In their despair, they first followed the Utopians, the currency quacks, the colonization schemers, who promised them speedy relief—anybody, in short, but those who advised them to take long views and form trade unions and political Labour Parties, so as to act as organized workers and citizens, and find their freedom, at long last, in the socialization of the means of production and exchange, which, in their new, largely centralized form, could most beneficially be managed by the nation as a whole. After many disappointments, they finally found this to be their way to freedom, though there was a long, long distance to travel. In the United States, with the limitless opportunities for agricultural, industrial, and commercial expansion, the factory system dispossessed nobody and bred no despair; if the worker disliked the factory discipline, there was ample room for him in the Middle States, in the North and West, where jobs were running after him, while even in the populous Eastern States there was room for shopkeeping,

salesmanship, and professional careers. And, as long as the worker sees an escape into independence, he looks for a safe berth in the existing order rather than for methods of upsetting it. He is Conservative or Liberal, Republican or Democrat, but not Socialist. This was for a long time the case in the United States. It became the traditional outlook of life, which persisted even after the opportunities for a comfortable living had considerably narrowed; for it is in the nature of the human mind to cling to a tradition long after its *raison d'être* has disappeared. And the American tradition is middle class.

(iii) In the Old World the rise and effervescence of Socialist Labour movements at various periods were, as a rule, the concomitant phenomena of middle-class upheavals, which, directly or indirectly, mobilized some strata of the working class. The agitation for the First Reform Bill in Great Britain, 1825-32; the July and February Revolutions in France, 1830 and 1848; the Dreyfus Affair in 1898; the March Revolution in Germany, 1848; the Revolutions in Russia, 1905 and 1917; the Nationalist upheavals in China since 1911—everywhere these upheavals were accompanied by an inrush of Socialist ideas. Even as far back as in the English Civil War in the middle of the seventeenth century, and in the French Revolution, 1789-95, Socialist ideas came to the surface. In the United States middle-class movements against a privileged upper class or personal monarchy could not arise, for these phenomena did not exist, and there was no need to mobilize the working classes for the fight. The origin of the American Civil War was, indeed, something of a middle-class movement, which mobilized the working class too; and it is a remarkable confirmation of my theory that, side by side with the revolutionary propaganda of the Abolitionists, a movement arose among the working class for a distribution of State lands, the result of which was the Homestead Law of 1862. Since the end of the Civil War, the middle classes had enjoyed all they desired; the recurrent industrial crises were something

that could not be cured by upheavals and had to be endured, so capitalism became conservative. It acted on the principle *quieta non movere*.

(iv) Even when the time is ripe for a Socialist movement, it can only produce one when the working people form a certain cultural unity, that is, when they have a common language, a common history, a common mode of life. This is the case in Europe, but not in the United States. Its factories, mines, farms, and the organizations based on them are composite bodies, containing the most heterogeneous elements, and lacking stability and the sentiment of solidarity. They easily disintegrate; they are, as it were, centrifugal, many little groups of immigrant wage-workers looking back to some European country as their real home. The exceptions are the Jewish immigrants. The Jews have no home in Europe to look wistfully back to; they mean to be citizens of the New World. Arriving in the 'eighties and 'nineties from Poland and Russia, many of them as Socialists, Anarchists, and revolutionaries, they settled in the East Side of New York, where they organized Jewish labour and formed Socialist groups. Later on some of them turned to commercial pursuits, others to study. They graduated as physicians, lawyers, and so on, or took to journalism, literature, and science, and then turned their back on the Socialist movement; they became, as the East Siders say, "all-righters." This heterogeneity and instability, a sort of ethnic fermentation, is the reason for those sudden social movements in the United States which rise up meteor-like and disappear from the horizon, leaving no permanent trace. Such is the epitome of the careers of the Knights of Labour, Henry George's Single Taxers, the Populists, Bellamy's social reform nationalism, Debs' popularity, and the Industrial Workers of the World, which all looked like setting the Atlantic and the Pacific on fire, but in the end proved to be in the nature of the blizzards that sweep from time to time across the expanse of that continent. The

solid middle-class civilization—vigorous, free, and generally tolerant and studious—absorbs the best elements of the immigrants, turning them into middle-class Americans. There is no more potent assimilator of ethnic elements and movements than a superior civilization; all *Gleichschaltung* by force and violence is as dust in the balance compared with the attraction which it exercises. Amidst so much that is disputable in historical laws, this law of the assimilative force of a high civilization is beyond cavil. Until lately, middle-class civilization was the highest attainable; it therefore prevailed. And middle-class civilization meant private property as the basis of material life.

For all these reasons there could not arise any strong and permanent Socialist-Labour movement in the United States.

During my newspaper work in 1899 I could not have explained the causes of the Socialist weakness in the way I do now, after years of study and observation. But I felt the wrong that was committed by splitting the movement and by wasting its energies in dogmatic quarrels—quarrels ludicrous from their irrelevance to a world pulsating and throbbing with gigantic economic forces, which were creating new forms of wealth production undreamt of even by the most Utopian imagination. As lieutenant of a Lenin in Russia, Daniel de Leon might have done good work. In the New York of 1900 he was out of place and his reasoning wide of the mark, though he was superior to any of the German or Jewish leaders of his time.

I withdrew from the New York *Arbeiter-Zeitung*, and found work in a large publishing house, which was then preparing the publication of the *Jewish Encyclopaedia*. In this occupation I was brought back to Judaism. I wrote several biographies of rabbinic worthies and theological writers; I acted as one of the translators of German and French articles, and was responsible for the Hebrew quotations and for the bibliographies of all the articles of the first volume. I was engaged

on this work, for which the editorial board expressed their recognition in the preface, up to the middle of 1901, when the Executive of the German Social Democratic Party in Berlin invited me to take over the post of London Correspondent of the *Vorwärts*, the central organ of the party, vacated by Herr Eduard Bernstein.

*Foreign Affairs, 1901-II*

As London correspondent of the *Vorwärts*, I thought it my duty above all to make myself familiar with foreign affairs. With the home affairs of the United Kingdom I believed myself to be tolerably well in touch, and able to follow and report upon events. But this was no longer sufficient. The Kruger telegram of Kaiser Wilhelm II, the beginning of German naval armaments, the growing British apprehension of German plans, made me feel that developments in Anglo-German relations were going to form one of the main problems of the new century. Moreover, the scope of foreign affairs had astonishingly widened in the last years of the nineteenth century. The partition of Africa in the 'eighties; the Sino-Japanese War in 1895; the Spanish-American War in 1898; the Franco-British conflict on the Nile, with its Fashoda incident; the Boer War; the invasion of China—had shifted the interest in foreign affairs in ever-widening circles from the Eastern Mediterranean to all parts of the globe. The Berlin Congress of 1878 really marked the close of the European period in foreign politics.

It is related of an Austrian *Hofrat*, a high official who had spent the best part of his life at the Ballhausplatz, that in his declining years about 1880 he was greatly annoyed by the persistent complaints of the *Frau Hofrätin* that he had done so little to provide for his children. He was indignant, and, by way of vindicating his past work and allaying the dissatisfaction of his family, replied: "You all think that I have neglected the interests of my family. You are wrong. Don't I leave you the Eastern question? Why, my father lived on it for half a century; I've lived on it quite comfortably for an equal number of years, and I don't see why my sons shouldn't be able to go on living on it!"



Well, it was no longer possible to live on the Eastern question. Since the Berlin Congress, foreign politics had widened into *Weltpolitik*, and what particularly concerned me as correspondent was the well-known fact that the German Press bureaux were under the influence of the Wilhelmstrasse, and doled out the news as the *Geheimräte* thought fit and proper for the purpose of bolstering up their prestige with the nation. My purpose was to report what the foreign world really thought, and the *Vorwärts* editor encouraged me in my resolve. The best manuals on so-called international law are written in French, the language of diplomacy. I made myself familiar with the main diplomatic instruments from the Treaty of Westphalia of 1648 up to 1898. I read an excellent English manual on military geography, a German one on military history, Mahan on sea power, the foreign articles in the *Fortnightly*, *The Contemporary*, the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, and, of course, the English leading daily—*The Times*—as well as the *Morning Post*, when Mr. Spenser Wilkinson published something. Within two years I had no need to run to other people for information; a short note in *The Times* or the *Paris Temps* on the journey of a diplomat was sufficient to tell me in what direction public affairs were moving.

I was just in time to witness at close quarters the development of Anglo-German relations. The year 1903 marked the overture to the tragic *Eroica* of 1914-18. The indignation of public opinion in the first months of 1903 at the British participation in the German demonstration against Venezuela, voiced in the House by Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman and by Mr. Kipling in a flaming poem in *The Times*; the London conference of British political leaders, under the presidency of Mr. (later Lord) Haldane in February, 1903, to urge upon the Government the desirability of creating a naval base on the east coast and a North Sea Squadron; the surprise visit of King Edward VII to France in May, 1903, and the unexpectedly hearty reception he met with in Paris; the

spontaneous enthusiasm aroused in London by M. Loubet's return visit in July, 1903, filled me with the absolute certainty of a coming close understanding between the two Western nations and of the peril involved in it of a European conflagration, in which the fate of Germany would be at stake. The "Trojan" work in *The Fortnightly Review* done by Mr. J. L. Garvin, writing under the pseudonym of Calchas, Cassandra, etc., and especially Mahan's dictum that there was no room in the North Sea for two great naval Powers, deepened my apprehension of the grave events that were in store for the world.

In the summer of 1903, therefore, I visited Berlin and Leipzig. I saw that a new Germany had arisen during the ten years since I had left Magdeburg—a Germany seething with industrial ardour, imperialist ambition, and passion for expansion. The Naval League was supplying the bookstalls with numerous pamphlets dealing with the rôle of Germany in the Near East and Morocco, and endeavouring to teach the nation the meaning of sea power; the Pan-German League was printing maps, showing a Germania Magna, embracing all the lands of Germanic idiom; and the right wing of Social Democracy was working in co-operation with the Government for a strong Germany. I returned to London a sadder, but a wiser, man. In November, 1903, a large party of Commonsers and Peers visited Paris, and received a royal welcome. All was ready for a Franco-British *Entente*, which was bound to be brought, sooner or later, into some connection with the Franco-Russian Alliance. Things have their own logic; once set in motion, they have a way of driving their masters. There was no doubt in my mind that Germany would ultimately have to deal with a Triple Alliance of Britain, France, and Russia.

It was in April, 1904, at the outbreak of the Russo-Japanese War, that a professional acquaintance of mine, M. De Wesselitski, the London correspondent of the *Novoye Vremya*,

whom I used to meet at Mr. W. T. Steed's—the latter gave from time to time “At Homes” in his *Review of Reviews* office to the foreign correspondents—invited me to see him at the St. James' Restaurant. Though in social politics we were as the poles asunder, we liked to come together and discuss matters; both of us looked upon journalism, not as a trade to live by, but as an instrument of certain well-defined ideas and movements to live for—he as an ardent Pan-Slav, I as a Socialist. He was very tactful and polished, and never led me into purely party conversations; foreign politics was our only meeting-ground. On that occasion he informed me of the great excitement in St. Petersburg against Britain, and asked my opinion on the matter. I replied without hesitation: “This war closes the book of the age-long conflict between Britain and Russia. Downing Street is no longer directed against you, but against Germany. In the question of the Turkish inheritance, the German Baghdad Railway construction and the Anglo-French *Entente* are points in favour of a Russian solution. This, I believe, is the attitude of Lord Lansdowne, and, from a careful reading of Sir Edward Grey's speeches, I assume that the Liberal leaders think about the same. Always remember the words of Lord Palmerston: ‘England has no eternal friends nor eternal enemies; only her interests are eternal.’ You will do your country a good service by keeping this point in view in your work for the *Novoye Vremya*.”

Late in the same year I received an invitation from the foreign committee of the Polish Socialist Party. I had known them since my arrival in London in 1894. They were Dembski, Yodko, and Yendjeyowski, and lived in a little house in Beaumont Square, Stepney, where they printed a monthly review, *Przedswit* (Dawn), and pamphlets which they smuggled into Russia. They were socialistic, but primarily patriotic Poles, devoting their lives to the resurrection of Poland. At the beginning of the new century they moved to Leytonstone,

and it was to this place that I was asked to come. I met there a smartly dressed Polish gentleman, who desired to hear my views on the foreign relations of Britain. My reply was that the old enmity between Britain and Russia was virtually at an end. The preoccupation of British statesmen was Germany; and now, with the Franco-British *Entente* in force, Britain was more likely to advance Russian interests than to obstruct them. My Polish interviewer seemed quite disappointed, and our conversation closed abruptly. I did not ask who he was or for what purpose he required my opinion. We are habitually very discreet in our intercourse with revolutionary strangers, since no genuine replies as to name and mission can be expected. Thirteen years later, in the summer of 1917, when I was in Berlin during the Great War, the Polish agent, M. Wilhelm Feldmann, a well-known novelist and patriot, who represented the patriotic interests of his country in Berlin up to the beginning of 1918, met me, and we found ourselves talking about the doings of the foreign committee of his party in London. I casually mentioned the Leytonstone interview in 1904. He then looked at me closely, and with visible emotion exclaimed: "Do you know who that Polish gentleman was? It was Pilsudski, whom the Party Executive had sent to London to take soundings as to the prospects of British help in the event of a Polish rising against Russia. We thought it a good opportunity in view of the fact that the Russian forces were engaged in the Far East. We also desired to send agents to the Russian prisoners in Japanese camps for the purpose of revolutionizing them. Your information as to the attitude of Britain *vis-à-vis* Russia upset us. You will now understand why your interviewer was so disappointed."

From 1903 all my journalistic work for the *Vorwärts* and *Neue Zeit*, so far as it dealt with foreign affairs, was mainly guided by the desire to apprise my readers, among whom were all the leading men and women of the International Socialist

Movement, of the growing antagonism between Britain and Germany and the possibility of a European war. My London letters attracted also the attention of the German National Liberals, whose parliamentary leader, Herr Bassermann, declared from the tribune of the Reichstag that these letters contained the most reliable information on the attitude of Britain towards Germany. On the other hand, Prince Bülow, the German Chancellor, expressed his displeasure to the Socialist Parliamentary Party at their allowing such an unpatriotic correspondent, who was evidently in the service of England, to mislead the German public.

I worked for the *Vorwärts* up to the beginning of 1911. Differences of opinion as to Socialist policy caused me to send in my resignation, and it was accepted. This incident, though causing a good deal of privation to my family, made me an author. As a newspaper correspondent I should never have found the time to undertake the vast researches necessary for the production of a historical work.

*Reform or Revolution*

IN April 1904, I received a letter from the German editor of the New York *Volkszeitung*, Herr Hermann Schlüter, the author of several books on the German movements in the United States, to copy for him a letter addressed by the American President Abraham Lincoln to the International Working Men's Association in reply to an address sent to him by that body in 1865 on his election as President of the United States. The letter was reproduced at the time in the *Beehive*, a London periodical of the trade unions. The only complete set of that paper is in the possession of Mr. John Burns. I therefore applied to him by letter, asking to be allowed to copy the letter at his house. We had known each other since 1902; I used to see him sometimes in the House of Commons and talk about politics. Mr. Burns granted my request, and on the morning of April 27, 1904, I was at his house in Battersea, and found everything prepared for my work: the volume of the *Beehive*, paper, ink, and so on. After I had finished my copying, Mr. Burns came in, and we had a most interesting chat on British politics.

We both knew that the coming elections would mean an overwhelming Unionist defeat and the coming in of a strong Liberal Government. At that time Mr. Burns was already quite outside the organized Labour movement; so I disliked telling him my opinion that there would be some surprises even for the Liberals, caused by the victories of the Labour Representation Committee, which was to become later the Labour Party. I preferred to hear what he had to tell me, for he was evidently in a talking mood. What he said was certainly worth noting. He informed me that in the next Liberal Government he would be President of the Local Government Board, and perhaps Mr. Sidney Webb Home

Secretary, but that the latter was not yet quite certain. I then asked his permission to have a good look at his library, which is in some respects unique. It contains the results of a lifetime's expert collecting of Labour and Socialist literature. It will sooner or later enrich the British Museum or the University of London. Its value in money is very considerable. He told me, with the caressing love of a book collector, how he got this or that rare book. Meanwhile, the time for lunch had arrived, and Mr. Burns, greatly embarrassed, told me he couldn't invite me to lunch, as there was very little in the house to offer me; it was the end of the month, and the grant from his union would not come in before the 30th of the month. I had £2 in my pocket, and I asked him to use them and to repay whenever he could. We then went to a restaurant together, and he continued to give me his political views, every word of which came from the heart of a British patriot. Two or three months after this visit I received a postal order for £2, but without a single word or the name of the sender. I could only guess from the handwriting of the address on the envelope that the postal order with the Battersea postmark on it had come from Mr. Burns. Still, the information he imparted to me with regard to the composition of the coming Liberal Government had an important sequel at the Sixth Congress of the Socialist and Labour International, which was held in the third week of August, 1904, in the Concert-Gebau in Amsterdam.

This Congress, one of the largest of its kind, had to give its final decision on the question of "Ministerialism," which had formed for several years a topic hotly discussed in the Socialist Press, meetings, and conferences. It began with the Dreyfus affair, which caused a government crisis in France; it was finally solved by the entrance of the Socialist Deputy, M. Alexandre Millerand, into the Waldeck-Rousseau Government, that is, into a *bourgeois* government. The left-wing Socialists disapproved this compromise with the middle

classes, and argued that, in view of the class antagonism which was constantly in evidence between Capital and Labour, no Socialist ought to join a non-Socialist government; for, in the last analysis, economic interests governed the policy of the middle classes, so that their government was inevitably bound to act against the interests of Labour, and the presence of a Socialist in such a government could not but result in discrediting Socialism in the eyes of the working classes. The ministerialist question in France was aggravated by the fact that the War Minister in the Waldeck-Rousseau Government was General Gallifet, the cruel persecutor of the Paris Communards in 1871. The left-wing Socialists submitted to the Congress a resolution, which originated in Germany, condemning ministerialism, and calling upon the organized Socialist and Labour movement to guide its policy by the principle of the opposition of interests between Capital and Labour. The leader of the left wing was Jules Guesde; his opponent was Jean Jaurès, who argued that in a democracy a great deal could be achieved for the welfare of Labour by a Reformist policy, and that a too strict adherence to the class struggle theory led to political sterility. As the resolution of Jules Guesde was of German origin, the German delegation, headed by August Bebel, joined issue and defended Guesde. At the end of July, Jaurès asked me to come to Amsterdam. I had published a few signed articles in the Paris *Humanité*, established by him in the same year, and he wished to hear my opinion about Germany.

I travelled with Belfort Bax to Amsterdam, he as one of the delegates of the Social Democratic Federation, I as a sightseer. The Congress was opened with the usual formalities, and, as it happened that the Russo-Japanese land war was at its height, the Congress Committee nominated, amidst the rapturous cheers of the delegates, Plekhanoff the Russian, and Katayama the Japanese, as honorary presidents, who demonstratively shook hands as friends and comrades when



they took their seats on the platform. The proceedings of the first few days were of little interest, as most of the leaders were busy with committee work, particularly on the Guesde resolution, to which several amendments were moved. On that Committee there sat from the British delegation Hyndman and Ramsay MacDonald, the former on the side of the left-wingers, the latter on the side of the Reformists. On the fifth day the amended resolutions had to come before the plenary session, on the eve of which Jaurès gave a dinner to his friends in one of the restaurant rooms of the Concert-Gebau.

On my way to the dinner Bebel met me, and, in his friendly manner, interrogated me on the political situation in Britain. I replied that one could not yet foresee the date of the next parliamentary elections, but that there was no doubt that the Liberals would come in, and that a good deal of reform work was to be expected from them. I mentioned that the Liberals were angling for Mr. John Burns, who might be entrusted with the Local Government Board. It was quite in the Gladstonian tradition to take reliable Labour leaders into the Government. Bebel then inquired whether Burns could do anything for the working class. I replied in the affirmative; as President of the Local Government Board he could do a lot for the improvement of housing, the humanization of the Poor Law, and the amelioration of the condition of the unemployed. "In that case," remarked Bebel, "he might as well take the job." He then bid me the usual "*Auf Wiedersehen*," and entered one of the committee rooms in the building, while I went to Jaurès. His friends were already seated at the dinner-table. I apologized, and Jaurès pointed to the vacant chair to the left of him as my place. To the right of him sat Eduard Bernstein, his old friend in reformism; opposite to us three were sitting Aristide Briand, René Viviani, and François de Pressensé, while between my left and Briand's right sat Renaudel.

I was particularly struck by the personality of M. de

Pressensé. He had been a high official at the French Embassy in Constantinople, and then foreign editor of *Le Temps*. During the Dreyfus affair he, like so many French intellectuals, joined the Socialist Party. He had worked on the *Petite République*, and, since the foundation of the *Humanité*, he had been its foreign editor.

The conversation, which was quite lively, turned first on the Anglo-French *entente cordiale*. I suggested that it might form a counterbalance to the Triple Alliance of Germany, Austria, and Italy, in which case, now that Russia would emerge bleeding and weakened from her Far Eastern adventure, it might assist the preservation of peace; without Delcassé's work for the *entente cordiale*, the position of France in face of a bellicose Germany would have been precarious. de Pressensé asked me to allow him to differ. The *entente cordiale* meant, he said, war, not immediately, since Russia would be for some years out of action, but as soon as she recovered. She would be the third partner of the *Entente Cordiale*, and the Triple Entente would then be much stronger than the Triple Alliance. The impression received by M. Loubet during his recent journeys in the Mediterranean, as well as the opinion of M. Barrère, the French ambassador at the Quirinal, appeared to justify the assumption that Italy would never fight as a German auxiliary against France. The Triple Alliance, as far as Italy was concerned, was a broken reed. Downing Street was quite aware of all that. "Take my word for it: the Franco-Russian Alliance on one side, and the Triple Alliance on the other—*c'est la paix*; the Anglo-Franco-Russian Entente on one side, and the Triple Alliance on the other—*c'est la guerre*." That was a balance of power decisively in favour of Britain. "Therefore we of the *Humanité* are fighting Delcassé; we do not want war."

Nobody replied. He spoke with great authority; every word of his was uttered with deliberation and a knowledge acquired during his long professional occupation with foreign affairs.

I was silent, too, though I was inclined to think that de Pressensé was still dominated by the anti-English sentiments which had been current in French diplomatic circles since 1882—since, that is, the English occupation of Egypt—and which had been exacerbated by the Fashoda incident.

It was Jaurès who, as host, broke the silence by saying: "It all depends on Germany; if she is really bent on naval and territorial expansion, then the future is black indeed. It was partly for this purpose that I invited our comrade Beer to tell us something of what is going on in Germany—both in official and in Socialist Germany."

After some hesitation, I began to say that, in my view, the main current of German life was at present not in the least Social-democratic, though the June elections of last year (1903) had yielded a large increase of Socialist votes. The sentiments and thoughts of present-day Germany did not revolve round inner political and social reforms; their direction was towards the outside world. Sometimes, when thinking of Germany, my imagination visualized her as a huge cauldron—a cauldron boiling and bubbling with stupendous forces that overflowed its sides and kept pouring outward.

I then stopped for want of words, and I asked the company to allow me to speak German or English. But M. Viviani exclaimed: "*Non, non! Continuez en français, c'est magnifique ce que vous dites.*"

Continuing my observations, I touched upon the perilous antagonism developing between Germany and Britain, and I said that Bülow's greatest blunder was to have rejected all ideas of a *rapprochement* with the British Government, which in the years 1899-1902 he could have realized to the benefit of both countries. Now, after the conclusion of the *entente cordiale* there was no telling what might happen in Europe.

I paused, whereupon Pressensé exclaimed: "*Ce singe Delcassé!*"

Jaurès then put the question to me: "What would be the

attitude of German Social Democracy in the event of a war between Germany and France?"

I replied: "They would march as one man. The German Party has no power whatever to influence German policy, and somehow does not really try to change the Constitution in such a manner as to give to the people an effective share in the government."

Jaurès: "*Mais quoi?* Haven't the Germans got universal suffrage and a parliament?"

I replied: "No, they have not got a real parliament; manhood suffrage in Germany is not a democratic measure at all, but an imperial device to give a certain political unity to the various autonomous States of the Reich. The real power is vested in the German Emperor and in his Government, whose budgets and bills must become law, no matter what the Reichstag thinks or how it votes. The Reichstag is merely a safety-valve for the propensities of the nation to theoretical criticism; it is the *simulacrum* of a parliament. Prince Bismarck, after his dismissal by the Kaiser, regretted having so firmly placed the Hohenzollerns in the saddle, and admonished Germans to strengthen the Reichstag. But it was then too late."

Jaurès: "*Parbleu!* And yet the Germans charge us with treacherous designs upon Socialism—us, who work incessantly for complementing the political power of the French people by economic power! . . ." After a few seconds he thoughtfully added: "It is perhaps high time for us French Socialists to take to the study of military affairs!"

The following morning the plenary debate on the Guesde resolution took place—Jaurès against the resolution, Bebel for it, Vandervelde summing up the discussion. The debate turned out to be a duel between two representatives of opposite currents of thought. There was nothing of the oratorical fireworks of 1896, but tremendously serious and relentless attacks and counter-attacks. Jaurès appeared to have regarded the resolution itself as a subordinate matter, and directed all

his great powers of logic, knowledge, and speech against the Germans. What pressed so heavily upon the Socialist-Labour movement of the world, he exclaimed prophetically, was not French reformism and the so-called watering down of the revolutionary principles of our faith; it was the deplorable inactivity, the political inefficiency, of German Social Democracy, our teachers in theory and organization, which paralysed our international movement. Instead of attacking us, they ought first to try to get their share of influence upon public affairs in their own country. What were they doing to turn the Reichstag into an efficient instrument of the German people? Nothing! How did they think to attain to their objective? Through the Reichstag? Quite an impossible assumption, and there was no evidence whatever that they were training the masses to resist, and manfully to resist, the fatal policy of their government. He thundered like this for about two hours, and thrilled many of us, but he stung the Germans to the quick.

As it was near lunch-time, the Chairman announced that Bebel would reply in the afternoon. While leaving the hall, we were all discussing Jaurès' speech, when Briand met me, took my hand, and thanked me for the information I had given him and his friends the previous evening. It was an important date in his life, he added.

In the afternoon Bebel replied. His simplicity of demeanour and natural way of speaking created for him the favourable impression of an innocent, honest but wronged artisan defending himself against a superior rival. His speech was a voluminous act of indictment of the French Republic. No social insurance, no Labour legislation, no honest income-tax, but indirect tax burdens laid upon the workman's food, and the employment of the military to suppress strikes and shoot down the strike leaders! Where, then, was the celebrated influence of French Socialism? The Frenchmen were proud of their Republican institutions. Were they won by the

French people? No! They owed the French Republic to Bismarck. "Give me a constitutional monarchy like the English, and I will make you a present of a Republic like that of France." Of course, the *bourgeoisie* were gracious enough to allow a Socialist to sit in their government. But did they think that this was for the good of the working people? Look at England! he exclaimed. Why! as soon as the Liberals again came into power, they would admit Mr. John Burns into their Cabinet. Did they believe that this would be for the benefit of British Socialism. Never! Such Socialist and Labour men were merely decoy ducks. Bebel spoke for about two hours, and in his peroration he changed his tone, making a strong effort to conciliate the French reformists by assuring them that the Germans would do their duty.

M. Vandervelde summed up the whole debate in a masterly fashion, and asked for the vote to be taken. The result was a foregone conclusion. The revolutionists obtained a large majority.

Recalling now the whole scene of thirty years ago, I find Bebel's speech to be a paradigm of German public men. First, it is characterized by a complete lack of appreciation of what we call politics, and, on the other hand, by the paramount importance attached to economic gains. Secondly, by the inability to enter into the mental life of the non-German—an inability amounting to brutality. Thirdly, by the contradictory attitude to one and the same question. I was amazed at his disparaging remark on Republicanism, and more so at his callousness in reminding his French comrades of their defeat by Prussia in 1870-71. And I was simply astounded at his two almost simultaneous comments, mutually destructive of each other, on Mr. Burns's political prospects—one of approval when speaking privately, and one of condemnation when speaking in public.

In the evening of the same day I met Eduard Bernstein, and told him of my experience with Bebel. He replied that it

was quite usual with Bebel to be revolutionary on the platform and very moderate in committee; Bebel at a public meeting or as a critic in the Reichstag, and Bebel at a meeting of the Party Executive or in a committee room on some Reichstag Bill, were two different persons. As an agitator, he had the whole Marxist class-war vocabulary at his disposal; as an executive official or legislator, he was the most moderate of reformers, and was not in the least conscious of his contradictory attitude.

The final result of the Amsterdam vote was a split in the French reform forces. Millerand, Briand, and Viviani turned their backs on the Movement, joined the middle-class Left, and rose to the highest positions the French Parliament has to offer. Jaurès, Pressensé, Renaudel, and others formed with the Socialist left wing a united Socialist Party. For the rest, no essential change occurred in the policy of the Movement. Of the persons named in this chapter only four are still among the living: Burns, MacDonald, Renaudel, and Vandervelde.

*Conversations on Marx*

THIS chapter will be given to *Marxiana*, that is, to conversations with British people whom I accidentally met in the years 1895-1902, and who had been at various periods in more or less close contact with Karl Marx. I was curious to learn the opinions they had formed of the man who had exercised such a predominant influence on the international Labour Movement.

In the spring of 1895 I passed a corner house at the junction of Tottenham Street and Cleveland Street, London, W.1, and noticed in the window of the ground-floor living-room a number of Chartist pamphlets and Radical books, among which Thorold Rogers' *Economic Interpretation of History* was laid out for sale. I entered the room, and met there an elderly gentleman sitting amidst a litter of papers and books, evidently from his library, of which, owing to his reduced circumstances, he desired to dispose. I selected some by Bronterre O'Brien and Thorold Rogers, paid him the price, and then ventured to ask him his name. He replied: "My name is Townsend."

"Townsend! . . . This is a name known to me. I think I saw it among the signatures of the 'Address on the Civil War in France' (1871) issued by the General Council of the International, that is by Karl Marx."

"That's it," he replied. "I was a member of the General Council, and sat there with Marx for several years."

On my asking him to tell me something about Marx, he said: "Marx was a lion"—Townsend made an appropriate gesture with his hand circling his head; "he was very courteous in discussion, but he knew much more of social and Labour questions than all of us. I am an old O'Brienite—the land question and currency reform were our proposals for putting an end to exploitation. Marx agreed with us—there were a



few O'Brienites on the Council—as to the importance of land nationalization, but he rather made fun of currency reform. He called us, good-humouredly, currency quacks, and he declared quite frankly that he thought us valuable members of the Council in order to counterbalance the Capitalist-Liberal influence of some of the Trade Union members of the Council. He always behaved like a gentleman; it was different with Engels, who started attending our meetings after 1870. He was a domineering German, but he had the funds, and we often needed his financial help. I wish Bronterre O'Brien had lived a few years longer; he would have been the man to argue currency matters out with Marx; none of us could."

In the winter of 1901 I received a letter from the editor of *Vorwärts*, intimating that a Jubilee number of the paper was to be published, for which it would be desirable to dig up some unpublished letter of Marx; I was to try to procure one. As far as I knew, only Professor Beesly possessed any Marx correspondence. I applied to him to allow me to call, and to copy any Marx letter he thought proper for the occasion. He then lived in St. Leonards, and, on receipt of a favourable reply, I went to see him. He told me that he had known Marx since 1868; it was Lafargue who brought them together. "Marx liked my conception of Catiline, and, of course, I read his address on the inauguration of the International Working Men's Association. He spoke good English, but with a hard accent, more like a Russian than a German. After the publication of his *Capital*, his friend Engels wrote a summary of it, and I tried to place it in *The Fortnightly Review*. John Morley, however, was relentless in his opposition; he would have none of it. I could only bring in Marx's name when I wrote my article on the "International" for *The Fortnightly*. Marx was undoubtedly an unrivalled authority on Labour questions; altogether a walking encyclopaedia. Mrs. Beesly and myself were always pleased when he paid us a visit. His conversation was sparkling with *esprit*." Mr. Beesly handed me a letter

from Marx to be copied for the *Vorwärts*—a most interesting letter, in which he informed Beesly, at the end of April, 1871, that Herr Lothar Bucher, Bismarck's right hand, had sent him (ten days before the publication of the Frankfurt Treaty, 1871) a draft of the Treaty. Marx then asked Beesly—as the Positivists had good connections with Paris—to transmit it to the *Commune*, in order to discredit the Versailles Government of Thiers, for the draft contained, of course, the cession of Alsace-Lorraine to Germany.

Lothar Bucher was in 1848-49 a member of the Communist League, and one of those courageous Germans who refused to pay taxes as a protest against the Prussian Government's violation of the rights of the people. He then lived as a refugee in London, became a Liberal, returned to Berlin after the Amnesty, and finally entered the service of Bismarck, who appreciated Bucher's great knowledge and fine German style, and made him his private secretary. Bismarck's *Reflections* were put into shape by Bucher. Though the latter had long broken all relations with his former friends, he somehow was still under the spell of Marx, and tried to retain his goodwill by sending him the draft Treaty. I copied and translated that letter for the *Vorwärts*; it caused quite a sensation in Berlin. I suggested to Professor Beesly that he should hand over the Marx correspondence to the Berlin archives of German Social Democracy, where they would be made accessible to students. He politely declined, adding in a tone of solemnity and reverence: "We Positivists like to have great spirits around us."

In September 1902, the Trades Union Congress was held in the Holborn Town Hall, London. I reported on it for the *Vorwärts*, and Jean Longuet, who had specially come from Paris, reported for the *Petite République*. We had known each other since my Paris days, and we met in the hall. He introduced me to his friend, Mr. (later Sir) Randall Cremer, a delegate of his union, and Mr. Maltman Barry, who reported

for the *Standard*. Both these gentlemen had known Marx well. Cremer was the first secretary of the International Working Men's Association, and Barry was an old friend and admirer of Marx from 1870 to the latter's death in 1883. I could see from the way they looked at Longuet that they cared for him mainly as the "grandson of Karl Marx." I plied both of them with questions about their impressions of Marx. Cremer, a staunch Liberal and Peace worker, told me a good deal of the first months of the International, how he brought various draft rules of the new association, and how Marx rejected them and wrote himself the Inaugural Address and Rules, which were adopted by the committee. He had always had the impression of being in touch with a master mind. I asked Cremer why he resigned his secretaryship of the International, and he replied: "After 1865 I became convinced that, unless we first secured international peace, all our work for international Labour was of little use. As long as war was not abolished, no permanent improvement of the conditions of the working classes was possible. All social reform work would be Sisyphean labour; I have therefore devoted my life to the Peace movement. When I explained to Marx my views about war and peace, he replied that it was quite Utopian to expect capitalist society to establish peace. War was being constantly generated by the discordant economic, and hence inimical political, interests of the various capitalist nations. Furthermore, the war industry, i.e. armaments, formed an integral part of capitalist economy; it was, so to speak, one of the vital organs of the modern economic system. In the eyes of the employers—and, alas, many workmen—guns, warships, rifles, ammunition were honest commodities, just like locomotives, or cloth, furniture, newspapers, books, etc. Besides, war had played a very large part in history. Marx refreshed my memory of the Crimean War, of which he said that it had done more for the progressive development of Russia than a century of Liberal preaching. There were

reactionary and obstructive forces in human history, which could only be removed by war. The only useful pacifism was the furtherance of a Labour International that was militant and conscious of the mission of the proletariat." Cremer then added: "Since then we have had a long series of wars—1866, 1870-71, 1877-78, 1895, 1898, 1900-1—but I am still hoping that man will become reasonable." We then talked British politics, and Cremer asked me who, I thought, would be Prime Minister in the event of the Liberals returning to power. I always had a great liking for Lord Rosebery, and I plumped for him. "That would be bad," remarked Cremer; "Rosebery is an Imperialist. We should like to have Campbell-Bannerman."

My interview with Barry yielded a bigger crop of information. Barry was a literary man, a Tory, with strong social reform aspirations. He was a contributor in the 'seventies to the *Standard*, an authoritative Conservative organ. Barry used to receive from Marx his information on foreign affairs, which in those years mostly concerned the Eastern question. Marx was anti-Gladstonian, that is, anti-Russian and pro-Turk, and in this attitude he agreed with Conservative policy. Barry related to me that the foreign editor of the *Standard* highly appreciated his articles; the information they contained was thought to have originated from some highly placed personages in St. Petersburg, who were inimical to the Court. Barry described to me how he used to find Marx in his library, surrounded by half a dozen black cats, climbing up his shoulders and playing with him. Marx used to fulminate against Cobden, whose principle, he said, was "Buy cheap, sell dear, and sell England into the bargain!" Barry summed up to me his opinion of Marx by saying: "I am a Scotsman and a Conservative; I hate Atheists, Jews, and Germans. Yet, when I was in the presence of Marx, who united in his person all three characters, I forgot all about my hatreds and was swayed by one feeling—veneration."

*Mr. Gladstone and Labour*

THE information which Professor Beesly gave me concerning Morley's refusal to grant space to a review of Marx's *Capital* set me thinking. Morley was at that time in my calendar one of the saints of an uncompromising search for truth, and of the championship of heterodox views. The fifteen years that elapsed between Mill's *On Liberty* and Morley's *On Compromise* were the zenith of liberal thought and action. It was natural to think, therefore, that Morley would be the last to banish economic dissent. Beesly's information whetted my curiosity to get a clear view of Morley, who became increasingly interesting to me through his publication, two years later, of the *Life of Gladstone*. I searched in those volumes for an exposition of Gladstone's very remarkable relation to the Labour movement, and for the springs of his social conscience, which gave him such a hold on organized Labour. I searched in vain. Two of the outstanding characteristics of Gladstone—his profound insight into the meaning and future of the Labour movement, and his Christianity as a motive of social action—were inaccessible to the intellect of his biographer.

Morley was in this respect inferior to his younger colleagues, such as Sir Edward Grey and Mr. (later Lord) Haldane. In November, 1889, Grey invited Morley to lecture in the Eighty Club on "Liberalism and Social Questions." All the leaders of British Liberalism attended. Grey, as chairman, expressed his opinion that Socialism was growing into an important problem. Morley delivered his lecture, which in print fills twenty-four octavo pages. He devoted about a dozen lines to saying that he was not a Socialist, but a good old Radical; he expatiated on anything which might interest an orthodox Benthamite, and passed lightly over the subject he was expected to shed

light on; it was simply foreign to his mind. Morley understood Cobden and the elder Mill, or—still better—any of the French Encyclopaedists, but not the social and economic critics. Not even Gladstone, whose constantly growing and developing political mind and social conscience comprehended all the movements of the best part of the nineteenth century. Morley, a philosophical Radical and brilliant *litterateur*, never changed. He gyrated within his sphere of Liberal thought, sometimes nearing the circumference, but never overstepping it; while Gladstone was always changing and progressing, always a student, observing and learning in order to apply the new lessons to the actualities of politics. Change of opinions does not always imply inconstancy, and lifelong adherence to the same opinions is not synonymous with constancy of conviction.

I was first induced to learn something of Gladstone during my stay in Germany. I found that Gladstone was not liked there, and that Prince Bismarck used to discredit him by saying that Gladstone was of Jewish origin, and that his real name was Freudenstein. From this gibe I inferred that Gladstone must be a really great Liberal statesman. Since about 1878 Prince Bismarck began to hate Liberalism, which had so greatly assisted him for over ten years to make Prussia supreme in Germany and establish the Reich. And there was for him then no more popular means to discredit Liberalism than by identifying it with Jewry. Liberalism is an abstraction, and you can't make the masses hate and persecute an abstract idea; but, when you point to a Jew as the concrete embodiment of it, you can easily persecute it. Anti-Semitism is essentially anti-Liberalism. Gladstone, as the greatest Liberal leader of the time, had to be made into a Jew. Still, this interest in Gladstone was a passing phase in my life. Out of Germany I forgot all about it.

I was led to study Gladstone later on in his relation to the British Labour Movement. On the occasion of a by-election in North-East Lanark, in the autumn of 1901, there appeared

in *The Times* (October 7, 1901) a long letter under the signature of the Master of Elibank (A. O. Murray), dealing with "Liberalism and Labour." He warned the Liberals not to think lightly of the political aspirations of Labour, and not to oppose a Labour candidate in a constituency with a preponderant working-class population, lest the cleavage between Capital and Labour should become too conspicuous and engulf the traditional party system. The Master of Elibank, who had been a great friend of Gladstone, then remarked that in former times, whenever Labour democracy raised its head in opposition, "Mr. Gladstone, with his wonderful intuition," took it by the hand, and led it into gentler paths. My investigations taught me that it was not mere intuition that dictated Gladstone's activity, but a solid knowledge of the history of the British Labour movement of his time. Gladstone from 1832 up to his resignation in 1894, was one of the most prominent members of the House of Commons or of the various Governments of the day. The Anti-Corn Law and the Chartist movements ran parallel, and he kept both of them under his observation. The stormy years 1839-46, a period of much distress among the working people and of mass demonstrations and general turn-outs, caused great anxiety to successive Governments. Especially 1842, when Gladstone was at the Board of Trade, proved to be—in the words of his colleague, Sir James Graham—of "painful and lamentable experience and of the utmost danger." Troops were ready for action. "For three months the anxiety which I and my colleagues experienced was greater than we ever felt before with reference to public affairs." They saw the spectre of a Labour revolution, and they never forgot it.

Gladstone saw the economic causes of that crisis, and was not afraid to speak out. "It is one of the melancholy features in the social state of the country," he declared in February, 1843, in the House, "that we see beyond the possibility of denial that, while there is at the moment a decrease of the

consuming power of the people, an increase of privation and distress of the labouring classes, there is at the same time an enormous accumulation of wealth in the upper classes, a constant increase of capital." He never lost sight of the contrast between wealth and poverty, between Capital and Labour; his budget speeches gave him an opportunity to point this out to the nation. In his budget speech in April, 1864, he told the nation that, despite the wonderful increase of its foreign trade, life was in nine cases out of ten but a bare struggle for existence. "The intoxicating augmentation of wealth and power is entirely confined to the propertied classes." Christian Socialists in the 'forties quoted Gladstone's speeches, and Karl Marx quoted them in the 'sixties. Gladstone was the illustrious representative man of British middle-class civilization in the nineteenth century—its greatest period. He possessed a much more scientific view of the social question than Disraeli, who, on account of his social novels, is generally credited with great knowledge of them. Disraeli looked upon the Labour movement with a *naïveté* which was quite absent in Gladstone. The attitude of the former was that of the cultured landed aristocracy: the working people as servants ought to be humanely treated, their grievances looked into and mitigated or removed as the case might be, and their rebellions to be used as a leverage against the trading and manufacturing upstarts. He therefore gave them the vote in 1867, and most satisfactory trade union laws in 1875-76.

Gladstone, however, had nothing of the social romanticism which lent so much attraction to his great adversary. He perceived with the utmost clearness, in the rise of Labour as a class, a danger to the power of the middle classes. On the one hand, therefore, he encouraged the manufacturing, and generally the capitalist, class to allow the wage-earners a larger share in the national income, while, on the other hand, he went warily and acted parsimoniously when it was a matter of granting them political and economic rights. His policy was



directed towards their political education, with a view to giving them a middle-class outlook. It was Gladstone who raised working men to the rank of members of the Government; and, whenever he saw Labour moving towards political class warfare, he spared no effort to lead it back to middle-class paths. And, when he finally perceived that the current of social life was stronger than political contrivances, he turned to the working classes with words of real human greatness—words to the moral grandeur of which neither Disraeli nor Bismarck nor Clemenceau, nor any other statesman of his generation—except Abraham Lincoln—could rise. “The true test,” he told the working classes in a speech delivered at West Calder (Midlothian) in 1889, “the true test of a man, of a class, and the true test of a people, is power. It is a small thing for a man to be good so long as he has not power. So long as the temptation is kept out of his way, it is a small thing that he should be tolerably just in his judgment. But it is when power has come into his hands that the trial comes. You will have temptations—you, the working people of this country—when you have become supreme to such a degree that there is no other power to balance and counteract the power which you possess. . . . You will have then to preserve the balance of your mind and character. When you have become stronger than the capitalists, stronger than the peerage, stronger than the landed gentry, stronger than the great mercantile class, when you have become in a sense their political masters, you will still have before you one achievement to fulfil, one glory to attain and appropriate to yourselves:—to continue to be just. I venture to give that warning for the future. It applies more to the coming days than to the days that are past, and I hope the mass of this meeting will live into those days in increasing prosperity and happiness. And if they do so, I am sure they will remember with kindness what was at all events a well-meant suggestion.”

In the same year Morley spoke in the Eighty Club, saying

among other things that he disapproved of a legal eight-hour day, which meant State interference with the business of the manufacturers. He lived for another thirty-five years, up to the end of the first quarter of the twentieth century, as a solid mid-Victorian, while Gladstone was in 1889 already in the middle of the twentieth century. Well, a life of Gladstone has still to be written.

Morley, the doctrinaire rationalist, failed even to account for some of the peculiarities of English thinking. He is very severe on what he thinks to be a contradictory and illogical attitude of English modern thought, which, while it allows "accurate thinking and distinct conclusions" in the sphere of physical science, practically denies in the sphere of morals and politics "the strict inferences from demonstrated premises" (*On Compromise*, pp. 18, 19). This is undoubtedly a true statement of the attitude of English thought. It indeed exhibits a dualism in respect to the rôle of reason in nature and in social life. But this dualism is the result of an unconscious, or, perhaps, a conscious application of the recognition that in all matters of social life, that is, in morals and politics, life precedes reason, and that in the great crises of humanity reason has often been overborne by irrational elements. Hence the distrust of general principles in politics, which Morley censoriously deplores. The same consideration or unconscious mental attitude is, I believe, the main reason of the usual "wobbling" of English statesmanship even in urgent political questions, which do not yet appear to be ripe for positive decisions. This "wobbling" and "drifting," so exasperating to publicists and British allies and so cheering to British enemies, simply means that the Government declare: "We cannot rely on logical arguments; let life first do its work; we shall watch its working, and we shall act when we see our way."

This attitude in politics and social life, which, it may be said, has some affinity with English Nominalism, is, to my mind, the result of the experience won in the years 1640-89.

*Interview with Lenin*

THIS chapter will be devoted to my intercourse with Vladimir Ulianov Lenin. One morning in June, 1902—I lived then in Clarence Gardens, Regent's Park—a foreign gentleman, as my landlady announced to me, called with a letter from Karl Kautsky, the foremost Marxist author in Berlin. Kautsky asked me to assist the bearer of the letter, the Russian comrade Lenin, in procuring a printing office for the *Iskra* (Spark), the weekly paper of the Russian Social Democracy. The paper had until lately been published in Munich, but as the Constitutional Democrats (Cadets) started printing there the *Osvobozhdenie*, the Socialists decided to get the *Iskra* printed in London. I paid no special attention to Lenin, who outside Russia was still an unknown figure, and after a few words of greeting went with him to my friend Harry Quelch, the editor of *Justice*, and manager of the Twentieth Century Press in Clerkenwell Green, and we arranged for the printing of the *Iskra*.

Lenin took lodgings in Holford Square, King's Cross, where, at his request, I used to call two or three times a week. There was then nothing striking in his appearance. He was a fairly well nourished, middle-aged man of medium height with a round head, fair complexion, friendly grey eyes, and firm mouth. His wife looked younger, a lithe figure and slightly taller than he. She rarely spoke, as I do not understand Russian, and she evidently did not venture to speak German, the language in which Lenin and myself used to discuss socialist and political matters. Once, in the spring of 1903, I met there her mother, who had come from Petersburg, a lively, elderly lady, the only one in the family who smoked cigarettes. She invited me to come to Petersburg, where "we shall soon enjoy greater freedom than in any capital of Europe." She spoke French and German equally well.

Lenin and his wife lived an austere life, in total abstinence from smoking and alcohol and all those articles of food which in a working-class family would be called luxuries. They did their housework by themselves and alternated weekly in the work; one week he swept the room and kitchen, made the beds, prepared the food, and the next week it was her turn to care for the house. She helped him in his literary work, made researches in the British Museum, and copied his manuscripts. Besides editing the *Iskra* he was at that time engaged in writing his work on the agrarian development of Russia. They looked a very happy couple, united in love and spiritual comradeship. He had a fine sense of humour, and could roar with laughter at a good joke. I once asked him to tell me something of the state of mind of the Russian proletariat, and he related to me the following story. One of the duties of the Russian factory inspectors was to be in touch with the workpeople, to inquire into their grievances, to learn the cause of any discontent, and to try to straighten out matters with their employers. In 1898 it came to the notice of the inspector in Petersburg that in one of the big textile factories trouble was brewing which might result in a strike. He came to the factory, and hardly had he opened the door, when the workpeople began all to speak at once about their trouble. He then instructed them to select a committee of three, and to come to his office the next morning to explain to him the cause of their discontent. The following morning the committee punctually put in an appearance, and, on his request not to make long speeches but to put the matter in the shortest possible way, their spokesman replied: "Our grievances are capitalism and ventilation!"

Lenin was against individual acts of violence and terrorism. During one of my visits to his lodging I met there several Russians, whose conversation turned on the intemperate speeches delivered in those years by Emperor Wilhelm II against the Social Democrats. One of the guests casually

expressed his astonishment that the German Socialists did nothing to give their Kaiser a good lesson. Lenin rebuked the speaker, and remarked that the business of Socialists was not to remove tyrants; that was *vieux jeu*, or rather the old tragedy of the *Narodnaya Volya*. Their business was actively to revolutionize the working class, and to lead them to war against the capitalist system.

The years 1902-3 were decisive in Lenin's career; they were the years in which he laid down the principles and policies of Bolshevism in constant wrestle with his opponents. Those of us who knew no Russian hardly cared for the controversy which was going on in the Russian Social Democratic Party. So I did not ask Lenin about his activity in the *Iskra* or in the conferences which took place in 1903 in London. As Trotsky writes in his reminiscences of Lenin, a private meeting was then got together, in which Lenin, Plekhanov, the Englishman, J. B. Askew, and "the well-known journalist Beer" were present. Trotsky relates that I spoke on the British Labour Movement, and that the Russian leaders thought it was an instructive exposition of its ideas and activities, but that Plekhanov disliked the views which I expressed later on concerning the necessity of studying Kantian ethics and philosophy in relation to Socialism—a question which was then agitating the intellectuals of German social democracy, who attempted to supplant materialism by Kantian ethics.

I was then, certainly, quite immersed in British and German affairs, and the whole struggle between Bolshevism and Menshevism did not particularly interest me. Still, some time after that meeting, Lenin proposed to me to go to Russia and to work there in the Movement. I declined, and explained to him the reason why I could not follow his advice. The Russian Movement, I said, was secret, and must be secret, since it was acting in an autocratically governed country. Its methods were necessarily *konspirativ*; whereas my Socialist

training had all been in public propaganda, in concealing nothing from the Government authorities. In Russia I might soon come a cropper, and fall into the hands of the police, and so cause more injury to the Movement than good; one must have worked in Russia from the beginning in order to be inured to conspiratory methods. Lenin saw the *rationale* of it, and did not insist. In the spring of 1904, before he left with his wife for Switzerland, he asked me for my note-book, and wrote his real name in it and a Geneva address, where my letters would find him. He wished me to correspond with him. Curious to say—and I was later sorry for it—I never wrote to him.

Years passed, and events of great import happened which were changing the face of the world—the Russo-Japanese War; the first Russian revolutionary outbreak; the establishment of the Duma in Petersburg; the Young Turks revolution; the Austrian annexation of Bosnia-Herzegovina; the emergence of the Anglo-Franco-Russian Entente; the building of dread-noughts; the growing naval antagonism between Germany and Britain. The whole of Europe, as well as the Near and Far East, seemed to be involved in a mighty ferment. Something monstrous was threatening the whole structure of civilization.

The twilight of the gods was approaching—such was the feeling and the idea of two Socialist intellectuals, Georges Sorel in Paris and Vladimir Ulianov in exile. Sorel, a former civil engineer of distinction in the French Government service, and cousin of the historian Albert Sorel, combined the economics of Marx, the philosophy of Bergson, and the libertarian sociology of Proudhon, into the theory of revolutionary syndicalism, in order to inspire the advance-guard of the proletariat with quasi-apocalyptic ideas for the final war with the capitalist-democratic order. And Vladimir Ulianov, the Russian jurist and economist, combined the economics of Marx, the Hegelian philosophy, and the revolutionary tradi-

tions of the *Zemlia i Volya* (Land and Freedom) and *Narodnaya Volya*, in order to lead the Russian proletariat to the final war with Tsarism and the middle class, and to establish on their ruins a Socialist order. Both had for their immediate purpose the discrediting of democracy and international Social Democracy, which, though fearing the coming clash of the armed nations, did nothing but deliver speeches and carry resolutions against war.

Sorel, who was mainly a philosopher, failed in his purpose, and produced no other effect but that of imbuing Signor Mussolini, at that time one of the leaders of the revolutionary wing of the Italian Socialist Party, with anti-democratic convictions and the theory of social violence as a means to emancipation. Ulianov, the theorist and organizer, worked in the first ten years of the twentieth century on the realization of his sociological conceptions.

In March, 1911, I was standing in the British Museum reading-room, looking up a catalogue volume. Raising my eyes from the folio, I was surprised to see Lenin standing opposite to me, likewise searching in a catalogue volume. We greeted one another, and he invited me to have lunch with him. I looked at him closely, and it was not the same Lenin whom I had known in 1902-4. An ascetic face, burning eyes, a monk and a missionary and a crusader, he had evidently lost in bodily weight, but had gained in fervour, self-confidence, and authority; he had in the interval added cubits to his spiritual stature. We had some food—a sixpenny lunch at one of the popular restaurants—and we then repaired to the German Working Men's Club for a long talk. I told him I was leaving my work on the Berlin *Vorwärts*, as it had led to nothing; the German Social Democrat Party could neither be turned into a consciously reformist, nor into a consciously revolutionary, movement. The Party was in a cul-de-sac; it had neither the will to break through nor the courage to retrace its steps. It was drifting, and when war came the

Social Democrats would be carried away by the national patriotic stream.

Lenin: "We all read your articles in *Vorwärts* and *Die Neue Zeit* on foreign politics. Are you fully convinced that war is inevitable?"

"Quite. The Germans are not in a mood to stop naval armaments, or to come to any agreement on this matter with the British. And in Britain control of the sea is an unalterable dogma—the basis of Imperial power, a *noli me tangere*. Public opinion in Britain is altogether uneasy about Germany, and this uneasiness, tension, and suspense can't last. It is, of course, impossible to assign a date for the final settlement by battle. There is no time-table yet for starting war or revolution. Discordant factors keep on accumulating, until some incident brings them to a head and the explosion occurs."

Lenin: "For us, Russian Socialists, this is a vital question. We are not pacifists. Such a war as you see looming on the sky-line will be the prologue of a tremendous revolutionary drama. A war in which Britain is involved is, to say the least, a European war. And war on such a scale is a big thing, a bigger thing than the *bourgeois* diplomats and generals imagine. Particularly in our epoch, when the sun of capitalist society is visibly setting. In our Russian history of the nineteenth century, war always brought deep changes and upheavals. I feel something is going to happen. But things never move in a straight line. Here is the German Social Democracy, who, as you say, are an unsafe factor. It is all very sad, but the information you gave me about them has not taken me by surprise. Since my return from Siberia (1900) I have been losing hope that anything serious could be achieved by Social-democratic methods. It was this conviction that led me to create Bolshevism. The real difficulty in Germany, which strikes German Social Democracy with paralysis, is the mission it took upon itself to do the work left undone by the German



middle class—to develop, that is, the few embryonic liberal institutions, like free speech and manhood suffrage, into democracy or parliamentary government. German Social Democracy has been all the time trying to bring about democratic institutions, that is to do the work of the middle class, and at the same time to fight the middle class on the industrial field, that is, to promote proletarian interests. The result has been that it alienated the middle class, whose co-operation it needed for the successful consummation of its democratic aspirations, and failed at the same time to educate the proletariat in revolutionary politics. This is the reason of that cul-de-sac which you mentioned. The German Social Democrats tried to salve their conscience by innumerable theoretical studies on Marxism. They turned Marx's teaching into an academy, while to me it is an arsenal replete with arms for the revolution. My Bolshevist policy is different. I am not for veering between two currents of thought and policy which run counter to one another. This is not captaincy, but floundering. I am all for the Socialist revolution."

"Your explanation of the weakness of German Social Democracy," I replied, "is striking. I accept it, but it gives rise to a question. Suppose Germany had succeeded in establishing democratic institutions, would German Social Democracy be pursuing to-day a straight revolutionary course? That is by no means a hypothetical question, for there exists a country with liberal and democratic institutions, and with economic conditions which are at least as highly developed as those of Germany—I allude to Great Britain—and yet her Labour movement is anything but revolutionary. That is one question, and there is yet another. It concerns your view of Bolshevist policy. Is it possible to transform, by a proletarian revolution, <sup>the</sup> present-day Russia, with her predominantly peasant economy, and with her numerically small industrial proletariat, into a Socialist society? Isn't that rather a leap in the dark? Is Russia ripe for such a transformation?"

Lenin: "As to your hypothetical Germany-Britain case, I should like first to hear your explanation of the reformist attitude of British Labour. You know Britain better. I shall then answer your question about my Bolshevik policy in Russia."

"The difficulty," I said, "with which one has to wrestle in obtaining an insight into the British Labour movement has perplexed a good many of us. Even Karl Marx was puzzled by it. In 1872, in an angry moment, he threw the whole responsibility on the trade union leaders, whom he thought to be dishonestly subservient to Gladstone or to Disraeli. He hinted at corruption. But I don't accept that explanation. No popular leader, and no Labour leader of any standing, is corruptible as long as his faith in the cause he represents is unshaken. It is only when his faith weakens and doubt takes possession of his mind that he becomes accessible to corruption. And a revolutionary faith, or a clear-cut class-war attitude, is very difficult to maintain in a Liberal democracy. It gets gradually sapped by Liberal thought and democratic institutions.

"Continental Socialists have never felt, and therefore never understood, the mellowing influences of Liberalism and democracy. Marx, at the time of writing *The Communist Manifesto*, at a time, that is, when he knew democracy in theory only, fully believed that democracy offered the most effective conditions for fighting the class-war to a finish, since there were no political barriers to prevent the proletariat marshalling its forces and marching forward to battle. He failed, however, to take into account the psychological effects of Liberalism and democracy, which render democratic countries unfavourable theatres for a systematic class-war policy. The view has been borne in upon me with irresistible cogency that Liberalism is the most effective antidote to revolutionary doctrine, or to what public authorities call subversive teaching. Within the ambit of the subtle, imponderable influences of

Liberal thought and parliamentary government, extreme revolutionary and extreme reactionary movements have little chance of developing to their logical conclusions.

"My dear Lenin, I give you the final sum of my thought on the matter. Industrial progress through mechanical power, or what we call the Industrial Revolution, is revolutionizing the minds of the labouring classes: that, at least, is undeniable. In the absence of Liberal thought and democratic institutions, the revolutionary effects of economic development find no mental antidotes, no neutralizing or counteracting causes. In such conditions, therefore, a revolutionary Labour movement can develop. When, however, Liberal reforms are introduced, which a vigorous middle class must enact in furtherance of its own interests, a good deal of the revolutionary fervour of the masses begins to evaporate in free speech, in criticisms, and in the Press, and what remains of the original revolutionary ardour is only just sufficient to keep a reformist movement alive; even under the embryonic Liberal institutions of Germany, I have witnessed those effects. Further, Liberal thought individualizes, it creates the feeling or the illusion that man is a free agent, himself responsible for his material conditions. Liberalism sees society as consisting of an aggregate of individuals, not of segregated classes; it is at once the sword and the shield of the great mercantile and manufacturing classes—a sword against the feudal or landed aristocracy, a shield against the rising proletariat. Add to this the introduction of democratic government in State and Municipality, full democracy with its conception of a united nation—sovereign citizens all, and all born equal—and you will not find it easy to set on foot and maintain a revolutionary class-war Labour movement.

"No Central or Eastern European Socialist can fully realize what I have just explained. One must be in it, and yet not of it, to feel the anti-revolutionary force of combined Liberalism and democracy. Revolutionary exiles, if they live

for any length of time in England, turn gradually into reformists; she acts upon them as a de-revolutionizing filter. I have met in London former revolutionists and terrorists from Germany and Russia, Communards and Anarcho-Communists from the Latin countries, who had become wise in England. With an air of superior wisdom they held forth on the virtues of 'compromise, statesmanlike attitude, sagacity, well-balanced judgment, the preference of expediency to principle,' and used all those stock phrases they had heard in lecture-halls, or had read in *The Times* or the *Spectator*. It was nauseating. . . ."

Lenin: "If I may interrupt your argument. Isn't it generally known that English politics are really distinguished by such qualities?"

"I shall finish my argument later, but let me tell you that the current views on England are very superficial. The English have in all great matters always been uncompromising and stubborn fighters, battling to death either for principle or for the absolute pre-eminence of the aims and ends on which their hearts were set. They are a race of people passionate and determined to a high degree; their reserved demeanour is not at all natural, but the result of training. I observed that training in an English public school. Think only of the elemental storms, the deadly feuds and enmities, that rage in the dramas of Shakespeare! No compromise there! The English aristocracy mastered their kings, and massacred one another; the great trading and mercantile classes mastered and tamed the aristocracy by using kingly power; then they downed divine kingship, made a church of their own, and adapted Christianity to their own views and interests. No compromise there! Look at the history of their foreign politics. The English ruling classes beat down the Spanish, the Dutch, the French, and the Russians; they fought them to the bitter end. They awakened Asia with the thunder of cannons from her mediaeval slumber. No compromise there! It was only

after they had got what they conceived as right and proper that they became sagacious and statesmanlike, and are preaching now about the blessedness of compromise, expediency, and the half loaf."

Lenin: "A good lesson. Only the strong can without injury enter into a compromise, if they think it more economical than a fight."

"Well, let me now resume and finish my argument about the effect of Liberal democracy on revolutionary propaganda. Georges Sorel, an acute mind, has seen that truth, and most of his finely pointed shafts are directed against Liberalism and democracy, which he regards as the most insidiously treacherous obstacles in the way of the proletarian revolution. Sorel is a Frenchman, and has had plenty of opportunities to observe democracy. He is a proletarian revolutionary in intellect, and a mediaeval Catholic in sentiment. He can realize, therefore, the meaning of a Liberal democracy in relation to revolutionary Socialism. As to myself, I am in a quandary. Is liberty merely a historical category, a function of the middle-class phase of civilization? Or is it a permanent legacy of the middle class to humanity, a path blazed out by the martyrs and heroes of philosophy and science for the advance of man to his great destiny of material well-being and social justice? . . . Now it is your turn to solve the riddle of bolshevizing Russia."

Lenin: "All that you tell me about the effects of Liberalism, and such investigations on the subject as I myself have made during the years of my exile, strengthen me in my endeavour to help to make the next Russian revolution a Socialist revolution, and not, as the Mensheviks desire, a liberal-democratic one. This is the real point of our differences and conflicts. The Mensheviks are essentially German Social Democrats, trying to develop the embryonic Liberal institutions—free speech, the Duma and so on—won in the first revolution of 1905-6, into Liberal-democratic institutions

with the help of the Radicals and Constitutional Democrats—the Cadets, the representatives of the industrial and intellectual middle class, whom they, as Socialists and representatives of Labour, will have to fight on the industrial field. Such a coalition would be unnatural, or, as the English say, an organized hypocrisy. In the end, it could only result in a coalition of the middle class with the agrarian classes to the detriment of Socialism.

“I am not altogether against coalitions and compromise, but they must be based on a certain community of economic interests. I am for a coalition and compromise with the peasantry: ‘The factories to the workers, the land to the peasants!’ Such an objective cannot be achieved through a parliamentary Socialist party, or through the usual Labour Party organization on Social-democratic lines. The workpeople in the factories are discontented, and among our millions of peasants discontent is rife; they have been suffering, and have been subjected to indignities such as no other class of human beings in modern Europe. These are potential revolutionary forces, forming the overwhelming majority of the population of our country. The problem is to create an organization of professional revolutionaries, a corps of officers, an *élite* of men and women with a revolutionary technique, to lead those potential revolutionary forces to war for the emancipation of Labour in town and country.

“We may roughly divide the Russian nation into three categories: the peasantry, the proletariat, the middle and upper class. The peasantry forms about 75 per cent, the proletariat 15 per cent, the middle and upper class 10 per cent. The peasantry is politically indifferent; it does not aspire to power, it only wants the land; any party which satisfies it in this respect will get its adherence. The proletariat and the middle and upper class are politically active. The rivals for political power in Russia are these two last categories. It is evident that that category has the best prospects of victory

which can win the peasantry. Unfortunately, the Socialists are divided on this point into Mensheviks and Bolsheviks. Not that the Mensheviks do not see the importance of the peasantry, but their conception of the character of the Russian revolution and its immediate revolutionary measures differs from the Bolshevik conception. Let me be concrete. Suppose we accept the point of view of the Mensheviks, and create a united Social Democratic Party; everybody may join the Party, subject to his accepting the programme, paying dues, attending meetings, organizing educational courses for the workpeople, delivering speeches to Labour demonstrations, and voting for the Party candidates. In the event of the outbreak of the revolution, which I am expecting with the utmost certainty, such a Party would co-operate with the left wing of the middle class, that is with the Radicals, for the establishment of parliamentary government; for, as you probably know, the Mensheviks, like the German Social Democracy, which is their model, are of opinion that Russia has not yet reached the evolutionary stage of socialization, that the masses must first pass through the democratic period, and that our whole economic life must first be raised to a higher level. They appeal to evolution, and they underestimate the power of human volition, the energy of man in accelerating the process of evolution.

“The Cadets and Radicals will, of course, gladly accept the co-operation of the Social Democrats, and in the enthusiasm of victory will grant political equality to the labouring masses. We shall have a free Press, freedom of association, a parliament, and the rest of it. The victorious coalition will also introduce measures for palliating the misery of the peasantry. But what will come after the victory? The middle class will reorganize the industrial machine, and will restart its factories, mines, and workshops. In the struggle for the Russian, and maybe the world's, markets, the manufacturers will soon try to restrict the rights of the trade unions and of the Labour

movement in general, in order to be able to cut wages, intensify the exploitation of labour, raise its productivity, assure capital its profit, and, if necessary, undersell their competitors. It is not moral depravity which prompts the capitalist to act in this manner; it is, as Marx taught us, the economic way of the capitalist system of production, which, in its final phase, is being more and more controlled by the contradiction between abundance of production and relative shrinking of effective demand. The workpeople will sooner or later down tools, and, in their anger at what they will regard as their betrayal, may even have recourse to rioting. The old tragic game of trade cycles, of alternating prosperity and crises, overwork and unemployment, strikes and lock-outs, will have to be played over and over again. And what will be the position of the working people in their acts of resistance? They will find themselves in the presence of a block forming 85 per cent of the population (75 per cent peasantry, 10 per cent middle class), which will soon show them who is master in the Russian Empire. Here you may see the result of evolutionary politics.

"Now take my policy, which is to skip the Liberal-Capitalist period and go straight for socializing the means of production. At the outbreak of the revolution, which Bolshevik organization, with its *élite* of men and women, will soon control, the first dictatorial measure will be to keep down the 10 per cent middle class, and to tell the peasantry to take possession of the land. We thus get a coalition of 90 per cent revolutionary factors against 10 per cent reactionary middle-class factors. Of course, the real difficulties will begin after our victory, which will reveal our economic backwardness. We shall have to develop our industries—our mines, our agriculture, our transport—and all this in the midst of an enemy world, which will certainly obstruct our operations. But all this constructive upbuilding, which in the initial stages must be carried on, as Marx says, in forms created by Capitalism, will be done by



Labour, through Labour, and for Labour. Our revolutionary predecessors, the *Narodniks* and *Narodnovoltzy*, thought that the heroic man, or the great mind, makes history. The Mensheviks think that history is the product of material forces acting through the processes of evolution. I think, with Marx, that man makes history, but within the conditions, and with the materials, given by the corresponding period of civilization. And man can be a tremendous social force!"

Except for the passion with which the last sentence was uttered, Lenin's exposition of Bolshevik policy was spoken in a dispassionate and simple manner, something like that of an accountant explaining the various items in a balance-sheet. While the German Social Democrats hardly ever touched revolution, and saw in it something mysterious, a far-off portent, hidden in the recesses of eternal evolution, Lenin dealt with it as an event which he expected to materialize any day, and for which suitable preparations should be made. Lenin was the only great Russian Socialist who combined Western learning with Russian revolutionary tradition and experience. The old *Narodniks*, the first generation of the Russian Socialist intelligentsia from about 1840 to 1885, were mainly Easterners, thinking lightly of the "rotten" West; the older generation of Marxists, like Plekhanov and the Menshevik leaders, who opposed the *Narodniks*, were mainly Westerners, trying to bring to the benighted Russian the light of the West, which proved to be a Social-democratic rushlight. Lenin took from Marx and Western learning just as much as he needed for the transformation of Russia. A Socialist Peter the Great, though living and studying for years in Central and Western Europe and admiring much of what he found there, his heart and his spirit were always dwelling in his Russian land, in the midst of its workers and peasants, and in the records of its revolutionary martyrs from the time of the Dekabrist (1826) to that of the last fighters of the *Narodnaya Volya*, among whom was his martyred brother

Alexander (1887), whose pseudonym was "Lenin." They all bequeathed to him much that went to the making of Bolshevism.

Of all the men I had the good fortune to come across, Lenin and Jaurès impressed me most. Both had their roots deep down in the soil of their native land, while their minds were immersed in the ideas, and inspired by the acts, of the revolutionary upheavals of their forefathers.

Man makes history, but history also makes man.

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The nearest approach to the genius of those two Socialist leaders was that of Rosa Luxemburg (1870-1919), the Polish Jewess, who was martyred in Berlin. Her wide learning, intellectual and artistic culture, her eloquence and sparkling wit, made her into one of the greatest figures in the Socialist International. She won the admiration of men of action, such as Jaurès and Lenin, and of artists, such as Hugo Wolf. On the International Socialist Congress in Paris, 1900, she, as *rapporteur* on colonial questions, predicted that the coming clash of the Imperialist Powers would be the prelude to the social revolution. But as a homeless Jewess, driven from her native land, she was without roots in tradition. This is a deficiency which cannot be offset by any amount of intellectuality and self-sacrifice. Still, it has remained one of my most cherished memories that I had the privilege to spend a day in June, 1903, at her home in Berlin in conversation with her. One of the results of our interview was an article of mine on the Imperial economic policy of Mr. Joseph Chamberlain, published in her Warsaw paper, *Przegląd Socjalistyczny* (1903).

*Problems of United States and Britain*

Of the other men whom I met, and who left a more or less vivid impression on my mind, a few may be dealt with in this chapter.

In the summer of 1903 I published in the *Neue Zeit* a paper under the heading, *The Economic Interpretation of History by an Imperialist*, reviewing, in the form of a middle article, the works of Brooks Adams (Quincy, Mass.). His broad generalizations from a vast mass of facts concerning trade routes, discovery, and the use of minerals, as factors in the formation, growth, and decay of empires, aroused my interest on account of their intrinsic historical value as well as of their being cognate to the philosophy of history of modern Socialism. His clear, precise style, and lucid arrangement of economic data, indicated a trained, scholarly mind; and, though his studies contained nothing of a purely socialistic nature, I recommended them as worthy of the attention of Socialists. His books were well known in France and Germany, but were little read by Englishmen. I thought that the reason for English indifference to his work was his unfavourable forecast of the future of Britain, which he believed to have passed her culminating point, or the neglect by British historians of economic factors as some of the prime causes of great social movements and changes. British historiography was for a long time dominated by political and religious thought.

About twelve months after the publication of my paper, I received a letter, with the postmark "London W.C.," in which Brooks Adams informed me that he was staying for a short time in London, and would like to have a chat with me. His handwriting was as clear, and the letters as tidily formed, as his mind. I gladly accepted his invitation, and we met at his hotel in the Strand. He asked me to have a good old-fashioned

English lunch with him at the "Cheshire Cheese," where, as he told me, Dr. Johnson used to feed. Adams was still a son of Old England, though a stranger to the England of his day; throughout his conversation with me he always spoke of England, and never of Britain. He was a middle-aged man of medium height, refined features, and already grey—on the whole, of the type of an English university lecturer. He began to write books, he told me, when he was over forty years of age—a remark which made me say that I needn't then lose hope of yet doing something in that line. He asked me about my political views; and, on my telling him that I was a Socialist, he was somewhat astonished, and said: "I can understand being an Anarchist-individualist, but not a Socialist." He then went on explaining to me that, while totally disagreeing with the Socialist solution, he liked, nevertheless, to read some of the better-class Socialist periodicals in French and German, containing, as they sometimes do, some acute analyses of Capitalist society. Capitalism in the United States was still in its infancy, the infancy of a Hercules, yet it exhibited already some disquieting features that needed watching, lest their full development should upset the social equilibrium of the democratic republic. The capitalists were getting control of the highways of the nation through their domination over the railways; they were getting control of the currency through Wall Street; and they were already fixing the prices through their trusts. And all that was just the beginning. They would soon form the State and possess the sovereign power—an irresponsible sovereign power, not entrusted to them by the people and not accountable to the people. That was a big problem; the biggest, perhaps, since 1776.

It took me some time to digest what he said, and particularly his arguments. I felt that he used the critical apparatus of the Socialists, yet in a different manner and for a different purpose. He spoke, I ultimately came to think, as a constitu-

tional lawyer and statesman—a true son of the famous Massachusetts Adams family—who had also specialized in economics and sociology. In my Socialist way of thinking I replied: let the American people promote and strengthen the trade unions as a counterbalance and check to capitalist power; the English-speaking world liked such contrivances, constitutional checks and balances. There were plenty of them in the American Constitution.

Adams smiled and said: No! that would be class-war; he wanted nothing of the kind.

Class-war, I replied, sounded terrible, but it meant nothing more than serious party contests on fundamental questions about the economic and political organization of society, and there was good warrant for it in history that such contests, far from endangering a healthy State, stimulated its growth. A statesman like Macchiavelli, certainly not a demagogue, thought that the centuries of struggle in Florence between the *commune* and the *popolo*, the *grandi* and the *arti*, contributed a great deal to the development and prosperity of the republic. In my opinion, it was the long contest between the Patricians and Plebeians in Rome which developed in those rude, superstitious Latin peasants the capacity for statesmanship, and enabled them to conquer the world and build up the Roman Empire. And English history is one long argument in favour of my thesis. You may remember what Gardiner wrote about the rise of the English trading classes or, generally, the Commons. At the accession of the Tudors (1485), he remarked, they were a down-trodden portion of the people, maltreated by the aristocracy. With the influx of wealth through commerce, manufactures, and foreign adventure in the sixteenth century, the trading classes grew independent by the hardihood of their struggle for pre-eminence in social life, and at the death of Elizabeth they were almost identical with the nation itself; moreover, their aims and ideas began to govern political and economic thought. Gardiner is surely

not a revolutionist. The text to Gardiner's reasonings is, in my opinion, to be found in the economic writers of the time, such as Misselden, Mun, and Roberts, all of them London merchants distinguished by astonishing erudition. They ably argued with the Stuarts that the aim and end of politics was not, and could not be, the enrichment of the Treasury, but national treasure by the increase of commodities and foreign trade. Misselden, who could quote Greek, Latin, and Rabbinic, told the Stuarts that commodities were the senior and money the junior partner, while they tried to reverse the order of things, like the Patriarch Jacob, who, when Joseph brought him his two sons Manasseh and Ephraim for blessing, crossed his hands and put his right hand on the younger and the left hand on the elder, which was a wrong procedure. And Roberts, in 1640, told Charles I that it was not the sword of the King that formed the strength and spread the fame of England in the world, but the activities, ships, and embassies of the merchants. And they all wrote in a humble way, as most obedient subjects of His Majesty. *Suaviter in modo, fortiter in re*. That's the English way. And the fights and strikes of British Labour in the nineteenth century were always followed by new inventions and a better organization of production; besides, they were an education for the employers. Such contests could only be dangerous when the social organism was in a condition of decay, as in the Greek city-states after the Peloponnesian War and during the subsequent rivalries between them for supremacy. Then, of course, they might spell ruin. But the United States was in full vigour, and class conflicts implied no danger whatever.

Adams refused to follow me on this path. He declared, in his clear, legal manner, that the remedy in the United States was to be sought in a strong Central Executive, in a reform of the judiciary and the whole administration, and in an enlightened public opinion.

In later years he supported Mr. Theodore Roosevelt, and

would assuredly have acclaimed the acts of Mr. Franklin Roosevelt.

At the end of our conversation he broached the question of the decline of England, and wished to hear my opinion as to her future. I replied that, as a result of the tariff reform campaign set on foot lately by Mr. Joseph Chamberlain, a good deal of material as to the economic condition of the country would be forthcoming. There was, of course, much talk about the decline of Britain, but such talk had been going on from time to time since the second half of the seventeenth century. Sir William Petty, I believed, wrote his *Political Arithmetick* (1671) partly with a view to refuting such rumours and complaints, and ten years later an anonymous writer published *Britannia Languens*, marshalling his facts in order to show that Britain was on the down-grade and was being beaten by the Dutch. In 1750, similar melancholy views were rife regarding the future of Britain, which was supposed soon to be eclipsed by the superiority of France; and Thorold Rogers related that in 1782 Benjamin Franklin, in order to annoy Edward Gibbon who had slighted him, declared that Gibbon had better collect materials for a book on the decline and fall of the British Empire. In 1850, Ledru-Rollin, a French Radical leader of 1848-49, and a refugee in London, wrote as London correspondent of a French paper a series of articles entitled *La décadence de l'Angleterre*, published also in book form. It might thus be seen that Britain had been going downhill since the Restoration, and at the same time building up her vast Empire and economic system. How she had succeeded in warding off all danger was a question difficult to answer in a few words. My own opinion was that she had managed it owing to the large fund of political wisdom accumulated throughout the centuries in all those class-wars which I mentioned before. Thanks to freedom of discussion, the great minds of the English had drawn their lessons from victories and defeats, successes and failures, and applied them

to the political actualities of the day. My experience was that, while the German studied and ruminated, the Englishman learned and used what he had learned. Freedom, adaptability, and a proper arrangement of productive work would keep any country alive and even prosperous for an indefinite time.

We remained in friendly communication till about 1912.

On my arrival from New York to take over the London correspondence for the *Vorwärts*, I paid a visit to Henry M. Hyndman, the leader of the Social Democratic Federation (S.D.F.). As my predecessor, Herr Eduard Bernstein, in deference to Frederick Engels, had kept aloof from the S.D.F. and its leaders, Hyndman was visibly pleased with the attention I paid to him and his organization, and he asked me to call on him at Queen Anne's Gate as often as I wished to do so. I was in friendly relation with him till 1907, when differences about the attitude of the S.D.F. to the Labour Party, and his anti-Jewish sentiments, separated us.

Hyndman was in appearance a true Anglo-Saxon, and his name, which signified Hundredman, bore testimony to his Germanic descent. Nevertheless, he was always anti-German and pro-Latin; his predilection for, and mental affinity with, Italians and Frenchmen was quite pronounced. In this respect he was typical of his class.

English culture appears to me to be mainly Latin. The Germanic inheritance has been so much diluted by Latin and Celtic elements that only few traces of it remain. In essence, English culture owes its qualities and its strength—(i) to the legacy left by the Roman occupation of Britain; (ii) to Roman Christian influences; (iii) to the Norman Conquest; and (iv) to the close contact of English learning and literature with Italy at the time of the Renaissance. I have thought a great deal on the question of the origin of English culture, and, after much vacillation, have finally arrived at the conclusion that its foundations are embedded in Latin civilization. Even in all the wars of the eighteenth century, up to 1815,



when the English and Germans fought side by side against France, the Englishman respected the Frenchman, and looked down upon the German as a hireling.

Hyndman was a trained platform speaker, a fluent journalist, eager for parliamentary honours, but on his own terms, which however he was not strong enough to obtain. He was quite switched off his political career in 1880 by accidentally getting into his hand Marx's *Capital*. Quick of apprehension, endowed with a vivacious intellect, and driven by political ambitions, he was not long in attempting to form a Socialist Party. But he failed in his attempt, as he was bound to fail, since his whole outlook was that of a middle-class man off the rails, a *déraciné*, which prevented his getting into sympathetic contact with the trade unions, the only elements potentially capable of forming the backbone of such a party. Though our conversations often turned on foreign affairs, of which he had only a newspaper knowledge, my main effort was to make him use his influence with the S.D.F. to reaffiliate to the Labour Representation Committee—later the Labour Party. His organization had originally belonged to it, but had left it in 1901, because the Committee rejected a Socialist resolution moved by the S.D.F. In vain did the Marxists argue with him that the business of Socialists was not to form a Socialist Party of their own, but to work within the Labour movement for Socialist views and measures. This was quite beyond the political horizon of Hyndman, who, as a middle-class politician, was thinking in terms of parliamentary parties, and not of Labour as a class acting through its own organizations. No wonder that he always failed at general elections; after his failure in Burnley in 1906 he was quite broken, and in my presence was moved to tears. Only after the War did he acknowledge that the disaffiliation from the Labour Party was a mistake; but at that time he was already an old man, an extinct volcano.

I disliked his way of speaking of Disraeli as the "old Jew,"

and his constant harping on the Jewry, and, in view of his stubborn refusal to influence his organization to rejoin the Labour Party, I stopped calling on him.

The weekly paper of the S.D.F., that is, of Hyndman, was *Justice*, and its editor was Harry Quelch, an English labourer, who by dint of self-education acquired a good English style. He brought to his office a knowledge of Labour problems and a robust sense of humour and capacity for work. I used to argue also with him in favour of reaffiliation to the Labour Party, but he was too much under the influence of Hyndman and Belfort Bax to adopt my views. In September, 1905, I submitted to him a full-length review of J. R. MacDonald's *Socialism and Society*, in which the author, then the secretary of the Labour Representation Committee, gave a reasoned exposition of his social philosophy. Quelch was somewhat reluctant to accept it, thinking that I attached too great an importance to the author by giving his book a review which would fill a whole page of the paper. MacDonald, he said, owed his position to a misunderstanding. "At the conference, which in February, 1900, established the Labour Representation Committee, a 'Macdonald' was proposed for the post of secretary. Most of the delegates, nearly all trade union representatives, understood that it was James Macdonald, secretary of the London Trades Council, who was nominated, and, knowing him well, voted for *him*, not for a James R. MacDonald, who was utterly unknown in the trade union movement. He was smuggled into office by the Keir Hardie clique. MacDonald now takes great care to make known that his name is J. Ramsay MacDonald, in order not to be confused with James Macdonald." I replied that the whole of life seemed to be a chain of accidents, that those people were successful who understood how to turn an accident to their own benefit, and that MacDonald was not the man to let such an accident slip through his fingers. I finally prevailed upon Quelch to give space to the review. The following week

I called again, and he gleefully announced that large orders for that copy of *Justice* had been pouring in from Scotland and South Wales, so that a reprint might be necessary. Such a thing had hardly ever happened to *Justice* before.

In my review of MacDonald's *Socialism and Society* I treated it *seriatim* as an important pronouncement by a man who exercised a great influence on the rising political Labour movement of Great Britain. I attempted to show that the author's sociology, working with Spencerian analogies of organism and society, was nothing more nor less than Menenius Agrippa's analogy between the human body and the body politic, by which the acute Roman Patrician desired to make the Plebs return to work, and to go on working for the Patricians. Applied to present-day politics, it meant that MacDonald was a middle-class journalist with evolutionary social views, but knowing nothing of the economics of modern society.

MacDonald replied in the *Labour Leader*. I rejoined in *Justice*, and the matter then dropped.

Mr. J. Ramsay MacDonald has not changed, and has betrayed nobody. He remained in 1931 what he was in 1905. What has changed is the British Labour Movement. It has definitely abandoned the middle-class economic outlook.

*Studies in British Socialism*

IN the spring of 1911 I resigned my post as London correspondent of *Vorwärts*, and, after a spell of unemployment, which was painful for me mainly on account of the privation of my family, consisting then of my wife and two boys, I entered into an agreement with a German publisher to write a history of British Socialism, with Chartism and the Labour Party as its central pieces. The publisher, Herr Dietz of Stuttgart, was extremely generous; he undertook to pay me for the book 3,000 marks (£150 at par), the payment to be made in monthly instalments of 100 marks (£5 at par) during the writing until I delivered the manuscript, and the balance on the publication of the book. The current monthly income of £5 from my publisher I eked out with occasional correspondence for a German paper, which brought me 30 marks (£1 10s.) a month, and on a total monthly income of 130 marks (£6 10s. at par) I settled down to my work. It kept me busy for fifteen months, mostly in the British Museum Reading Room and Manuscript Department and at the Hendon Repository, the so-called "cemetery" of English books and papers, where I found unique material for the period 1825-34, the most productive decade of original thought among Socialist and Labour writers and leaders in Britain. My joy at discovering hitherto unknown documents of profound significance for Socialists richly compensated me for many a hungry day in those months of 1911-12.

I started my history with a concise summary of the achievements of the Glorious Revolution, mainly with a view to instructing my German readers about the new relations between Crown and Parliament, so as to make the political inferiority of the German Constitution more conspicuous. Then, after a sketch of the Industrial Revolution and its social

implications, I traced the movement for Parliamentary Reform—the London Corresponding Society, Peterloo, the first Reform Bill—and broadened out into the story of Chartism in all its details and vicissitudes. It was generally acknowledged that my book gave for the first time a real history of that mass upheaval of British Labour. I then passed hurriedly through the relative political calm of 1855–80 to the revival of Socialist propaganda at the beginning of the 'eighties, which in its ups and downs finally led to the formation of the Labour Representation Committee, later the Labour Party, in 1899–1900. That subject received detailed treatment up to 1910.

The fate of the book was rather curious. My German and Russian Socialist reviewers damned it with faint praise; the book, they averred, was instructive but hardly Marxist. A German Liberal reviewer opined that the author understood nothing of English life; while an English graduate, who was taking some courses at the University of Berlin, described it in one of the foremost academic German monthlies as a book on English Labour and economic thought second only to Marx's *Capital*. Professor Gustav Schmoller, in his *Jahrbuch* (1914), devoted over forty pages to a review of the book, finally remarking that the author had all the stuff in him that went to the making of an historian, but that his inveterate Marxism was cramping his abilities. A dispassionate and very favourable review appeared in *The Times Literary Supplement* (June, 1913), in consequence of which I received several offers from London publishers for an English translation of the book.

I thought that a simple translation of a German book written on British matters would hardly be a success with British readers. Many of the chapters dealing with British political and social questions, which were necessarily treated for Germans in some detail or even in an elementary way, would be tedious reading for Englishmen, and would appear

to them to be labouring the obvious. Besides, the dogmatic way of stating theories and expressing opinion, which appeals to a German, repels an educated British reader, who desires to be mentally stimulated rather than indoctrinated, or who likes to think of an author as an independent mind searching for, and cautiously formulating, some relative truth. I therefore decided against a translation, and in favour of a recasting of the whole book in an English mould. I started with the thirteenth century, tracing British social thought from the time of the Schoolmen onwards through the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries up to the final date of the publication of the book. To these labours I gave the twelve months from July, 1913, to the end of the fateful July, 1914, when the beat of the wings of the Valkyries, wafted over the North Sea to the British shores, struck our hearts and minds with awe and sinister forebodings as to the future of civilization. What was the use now of speculating about the forms of society, when society itself was in deadly peril of destruction?

Apart from the gloomy and oppressive premonitions of an impending catastrophe which took hold of my mind, I felt, I must confess, no moral shock. Trained in realistic thinking, I had never surrendered to the illusion of a peaceful development of international society, based as that society is on private property, and necessarily, therefore, producing economic rivalries, monopolies of raw materials, opulence, and privation, extremes of wealth and poverty, greed, and hatred. I looked upon the impending collision of European nations as an irrational and violent solution of accumulated international contrarieties, dissensions, and enmities—as something of a blind and destructive, but natural, explosion. Mankind, I felt, was still in the pre-moral stage of evolution.

*An Alien Enemy*

ON the morning of August 12, 1914, I and my family woke up as alien enemies of Britain. The British Government had declared war on Austria, as well as on myself, my wife and children—two boys and two girls—all four born in London, but, nevertheless, in the eyes of the neighbouring children, alien enemies, German spies. I lived in a little house in South London, and had to line up with other Austrians—men, boys, women, and girls—before the police-station at Brixton, to be branded as a deadly enemy of England. Only a few weeks prior to my officially stamped hostility to England, I had written in the preface to the first volume of my *History*:

“From the thirteenth century to the present day, the stream of Socialism and social reform has largely been fed by English thought and experiments . . . but England has left it to writers of other nations to describe it. . . . This has been so all along, but it ought not to be so any longer. British students ought to work up and utilize the views which the seminal minds of England have given to the world. The nation needs now all the knowledge . . . in order to be able to cope with the social difficulties and weltering movements which are visibly coming to a head. . . . Since the beginning of the new century a new England has been springing up—‘rousing herself like a strong man after sleep and shaking her invincible locks.’ Her men and women are all astir . . . the people are marching on. . . . *The History of British Socialism* is but a feeble attempt to repay the enormous mental debt which I owe to English life and scholarship. I could not have written it but for my twenty years’ residence in this country, which has taught me how high a level of political and moral culture a nation must reach before it can embark on a socialistic reconstruction of society. . . .”

I make bold to say that the style and spirit of the preface, as is shown by the extracts reproduced above, which are but specimens of the whole, could hardly have been surpassed by the most genuine English writer. I was therefore utterly bewildered at my new rôle as an anti-English alien. Still, *dura lex, sed lex*, and one had to conform to all the limitations and disqualifications imposed on aliens who for some reason or other had failed to obtain naturalization papers. I did not apply for naturalization, for I felt that, while I was fully in sympathy with English life, yet, having been born and brought up in a foreign land, I had better keep from interfering in English politics, which might make or mar the future of the country. The responsibility of a British citizen was too great.

The consequences were, however, very serious. The war made the publication of the book for the time being impossible; all the newspaper work for abroad stopped; all mail was cut off. My English friends and the Jewish community generously assisted me, but the future was dark; and the fear of the Zeppelins and U-boats made the whole atmosphere very oppressive for alien enemies. So passed the summer of 1914; and, when the autumn and the winter came, they brought no relief nor any prospects of change for the better. One of the most heartening events that happened to me in the winter of 1914-15 was the invitation by the editor of *The Times Literary Supplement* to review Socialist and economic books for the paper. I did some work for it, and my friend Dr. Shadwell thought what I wrote first-class.

This work had for me quite unexpected results. The hand-written letters of the editor, which I kept, served me later on as a *passe-partout* with the home and foreign authorities. After the torpedoing of the *Lusitania* on May 7, 1915, the presence of alien enemies in London grew more and more irksome, and I thought best to apply to the Home Office for a permit to leave the country with my family. The permit was granted to me, and the date for the departure



was fixed for May 17th. I sold what I could at any price, and on the evening of that day we left for Tilbury, in order to embark on to a Dutch boat for Flushing. The departure was a heart-breaking wrench. At Tilbury we found ourselves amidst about five hundred German and Austrian women and children, who had arrived from all parts of Great Britain on their way to the Continent. Their husbands and brothers had been interned; there were among them altogether only three elderly male aliens who, like myself, were permitted to depart. Sitting in the large custom-house and waiting for the officer to inspect our trunks, one of my children, a girl of scarcely three years old, cried out: "Daddy, I don't want to sit here in this dirty shed, I want to go home!" This was one of the most poignant moments of my life. We had no home any more, and we didn't know where to go: my residence of over twenty-five years abroad had deprived me of my Austrian nationality, and I had no papers to prove who I was and where I belonged.

The customs officer asked me for papers, and in my embarrassment I handed to him the two hand-written letters addressed to me by the editor of *The Times Literary Supplement*. They acted like magic. There was no need for any other document of identity. I was then given permission to embark. We spent the night on the boat, and in the morning we steamed off for Flushing, where we safely arrived in the evening. In Holland I found public opinion mostly anti-German and in full sympathy with Belgium. I left for The Hague, in order to obtain from the Austrian Consul-General a provisional passport, and there, too, *The Times* handwritten letters were my most effective introduction. With the provisional passport we left for Cologne, the home of my father-in-law, where my wife and children spent the Whitsun week of 1915, while I left for Berlin in search of work.

*Berlin During the War*

BEFORE the war, practically all the International Trade Union Federations had their headquarters in Berlin. They had their various translation offices, with native translators, who carried on the correspondence and edited the monthly *Bulletins* in English, French, and German. At the outbreak of the war, those translators who were nationals of the belligerent enemy countries left Germany; but most of the *Bulletins* were still being issued in Berlin, the various reports from foreign countries coming in *via* Holland. The German Trade Union Committee in charge of the International Trade Union work was looking, therefore, for translators, and welcomed me when I offered my services. Besides, various Berlin news agencies were in need of translators for the cuttings from English or French newspapers, which they supplied to the German newspapers. There was, then, plenty of work for me, and I soon brought my family from Cologne and we settled in Berlin. My wife being of German-Nordic race, and myself speaking German, we had no difficulty in adapting ourselves to the new surroundings. It was different with our children; they spoke English only, and were soon known to the neighbouring children as "Engländer," at that time synonymous with anti-German enemy. They were now "alien enemies"; but children have a marvellous capacity for linguistic adaptation, and were not long in acquiring the Berliner Cockney German.

On rare occasions I was commissioned by German news agencies to write an article, which they supplied to their clients. In July, 1917, I wrote for a Labour news agency an article under the heading *The First Three Years of War*, a review of the beginning and progress of the clash of nations. The article was submitted to the Censor, who deleted two

passages, both adversely critical of the strategy of the General Staff. In the first, I pointed out that the withdrawal in the latter part of August, 1914, of over two army corps from the Western front, for the purpose of sending them to East Prussia, was the main cause of the defeat on the Marne; the victory at Tannenberg, of which so much was made, was only a subordinate tactical success, while the failure on the Marne was a strategic defeat. In the second passage, I remarked that the army corps which on September 7, 1914, took Maubeuge ought to have been directed without delay to the First Army under General von Kluck, to cover his extreme right. The Censor asked the news agency to let me know that it was advisable to suspend judgment on the Marne battle, as the General Staff was preparing a monograph on it. The main idea of my article was that German pre-war diplomacy had set the Army a task which was practically superhuman.

About six weeks after the publication of the article in the Labour papers, Herr Kurt Baake, the intermediary between the Labour Press and General Headquarters, met me at Belle-Alliance-Platz (at the corner of Friedrichstrasse) and said: "I have to convey to you the compliments of General von Ludendorff; he expressed the opinion that your review of the war was the best of the lot." Herr Baake is a clever man, always in the right place. In the first months of the German Revolution he was secretary to Herr Ebert, first President of the Reich, and is now, I am told, Nazi commissioner in Berlin.

The Bolshevik Revolution in November, 1917, and the subsequent Russo-German peace negotiations, formed, as far as the German working classes were concerned, the turning-point in the history of the war. They were visibly losing all interest in its prosecution, and grew sullen, or even indifferent, as to its outcome. It was the fear of Russian autocracy which had actuated them to persist in the defence of the Fatherland. Now that Russian Socialists were at the head of that vast empire and offering peace, there was no reason whatever to

continue fighting; and, at the beginning of 1918, a desire to end the war took hold of all those who laboured in the munition factories or who had in other ways been helping the armed forces to come out creditably from the fight. The haughty and ambiguous attitude of the German and Austrian peace negotiators at Brest Litowsk filled many German Socialists with disgust at the Government and with sympathy for Lenin and Trotsky. The Bolshevik Revolution, I may assert without hesitation, extinguished the war spirit of the German proletariat. Big and widespread munition strikes occurred, which the official Labour leaders, like Ebert, Scheidemann, Legien, disapproved of, and attempted by dubious means to suppress. And the authorities were stupid enough to send, as a punitive measure, the strike leaders to the trenches at the Western front, there to spread the disaffection.

The Labour Press, at any rate, which unlike the Labour leaders was in close contact with the masses, cared now very little for foreign Press opinions on the war, and ceased using the newspaper cuttings. Also various International Trade Union *Bulletins* stopped publication, particularly in 1917, in consequence of the unrestricted U-boat campaign, which strained the bonds of international trade unionism to breaking-point. Even those fierce and furious onslaughts, unparalleled in vehemence and intrepidity, of the massed German forces—that forced and organized *levée en masse*—which began on March 21, 1918, against the British front, and which were at first as successful as those in the autumn of 1917 at Caporetto against the Italians, failed to rouse the Socialist workers from their stullenness. I, on the contrary, followed in those days the war bulletins with nervous trepidation and intense sorrow at the profuse and useless slaughter of the manhood of the nations. I was quite convinced that Germany had lost the war as far back as June, 1917, when the failure of the unrestricted U-boat campaign became manifest. All fighting

after that failure was senseless on the part of Germany and a mere succession of acts of despair. I hardly cared now to read the papers. The news seemed to me like an epilogue to an incomprehensible tragedy, with the stage full of slain.

I stopped newspaper writing and translating, and looked for other employment. The preparations of the German Socialists for celebrating, in March, 1918, the centenary of the birth of Karl Marx induced a publisher to commission me to write a volume on the life and teaching of Karl Marx. The writing was accomplished in three months; it appeared at the proper time and proved a great success. It went through four editions, and was subsequently translated into English, Russian, Slavonic, Japanese, French, Spanish, and some Nordic language. The English edition is still in demand; it showed to English readers for the first time the philosophical connection between Hegel and Marx. And from the German original many of its readers learnt for the first time the real meaning of the Hegelian dialectic, of which they used to hear so much in the discussions of the intellectuals.

Those of us who had their fingers on the pulse of the labouring people could feel the approaching revolutionary fever. In July and August, 1918, I met soldiers on leave, who told me that there was hardly any fight left among the troops: they said that the hope of victory had faded and that in their opinion it was time to cut the painter. The most serious and unmistakable symptom of the approaching upheaval I witnessed at one of the suburban Berlin railway-stations, where soldiers at the end of their leave were being entrained, in order to return to the Western front, on September 2, 1918. On that day—Sedan Day—traditionally a patriotic festival commemorating with military pomp and pageantry the German victory in 1870 over Napoleon III at Sedan—German soldiers sang in French the Marseillaise! *Allons enfants de la Patrie!* That meant the end of the Bismarckian Reich. The Government of Count Hertling was tottering; but the Social

Democratic leaders spoke in party meetings self-complacently of a ministerial crisis, and of nothing more. They hinted that they were being sounded as to the entrance of some of their more prominent leaders into the Government.

Meanwhile a strong revolutionary ferment had begun to operate upon various strata of the nation throughout Germany.

*Germany in Defeat*

DURING the month of October, 1918, it finally dawned upon the whole country that the enormous exertions and sacrifices in blood and treasure made for over four years had come to nought. Beaten and defeated after all those victories! Deserters filled many districts of Berlin, bringing ill-tidings from all those distant lands which German troops had once occupied. Soldiers on leave disobeyed the summons to return; and the population abetted and sheltered them. Defeat, and no mistake!

I saw old men, sturdy men, shedding tears in public at the misfortune of the Fatherland; I saw veterans of 1870 tossing up their arms in speechless bewilderment. All pride and boisterous self-consciousness, so glaringly exhibited in the pre-war years, had suddenly departed. *Ichabod*. The nation broke down, lost its will and cohesion, and became a plastic mass. The words of Goethe about Germany came to my mind, and how true they were! "I have," he complained, "often been bitterly pained when thinking of the German people, which is so estimable individually and so contemptible collectively." The official reports from the various fronts had not only done nothing gradually to prepare the nation for the impending catastrophe, but had, down to September, 1918, nourished and maintained the illusion of victory. The defeat came, therefore, upon the great majority of the people as a terrific blow from some unutterably sinister force, or as a mortal stab in the back by some treacherous elements of the nation itself.

It was an instructive lesson in politics to observe this nation in defeat, and to note the disastrous and deadening effect that an authoritarian government can have even upon a nation celebrated for activity in thought and practical work. There

was nobody to lift up the hearts of this broken people, who for over four years of superhuman exertions had withstood a world of adversaries. Any free country, based on the political initiative of its citizens and finding itself in such a predicament, would have brought forward scores of speakers and writers to comfort the nation, to raise its spirits, to revive its courage by recalling its heroism and epic deeds, and investing its defeat with a halo of glory.

Nothing of the kind was to be seen in Germany. This is one of my outstanding impressions of the Great War. The attitude of the Germans in October and November, 1918, filled me with amazement. It considerably lowered my estimation of Germany. I saw that she was domineering in victory and cringing in defeat. It was a lack of real greatness. As a matter of fact, I said as much in a public meeting, attended by a large middle-class audience, held in December, 1918, in the *Bairische Brauerei*, the Bavarian Brewery, in Berlin-Friedrichshain. I told the meeting: "England after such a fight and such an end would have exhibited a noble pride in her defeat; she would have presented quite a different spectacle to the world." The speech was fully reported in the paper of the Berlin *Hausbesitzer-Verein*, the Berlin house-property owners association.

The failure of the German middle classes was capped by that of the German Social Democrats. Unlike the Russian Revolution of November, 1917, in which a small number of men, conscious of their purpose and prepared for its accomplishment, began to master the chaos produced by the war, and under strain and stress laid the foundation of a stable order as they understood it, the German Revolution of November, 1918, was nothing but a negative result of the military breakdown of the old order. The battered inheritance, the derelict sovereignty, which any energetic organization could have picked up, passed automatically into the hands of the German Social Democratic Party, who did not know what



to do with it, and only waited for a propitious moment to get rid of the burden that fate had placed on their shoulders. In their eyes, the war had broken the continuity of evolution. It had created a riddle and a muddle, which could only be disentangled by going back to July, 1914, and taking up the threads at the very spot where they had been broken.

That meant, in essence, the restoration of the old industrial order. The capitalist employers should carry on as before and be masters in factory, mine, and field, while the labouring classes, in possession of full democracy, should dominate Parliament and make the laws. In this sense they commissioned the Jewish jurist, Hugo Preuss, to draft a constitution, later known as the Weimar Constitution, or, in the parlance of the Nazis, the Jew Constitution. The old question as to whether economics controlled politics, or *vice versa*—a question which is at the bottom of the Marxist interpretation of history, and which was decided by Marx in favour of the economic factor—was completely ignored by the Social Democrats, on whom the military collapse had thrust sovereign power.

Friedrich Ebert and his colleagues, burdened with a task beyond their understanding and volition, were mainly trade union officials. They knew a great deal about social insurance laws, factory legislation, collective agreements, bargaining about labour conditions with the employers, and had some hazy ideas about democracy, inherited from the Revolution of 1848. But they were utterly incapable of any political act for the purpose of securing the political and industrial rights of the working people, though these rights had been guaranteed to them by the Weimar Constitution. Unlike the development in Great Britain, where trade unionism existed before the political Labour movement, and where the trade unions established the Labour Party, it was in Germany the political Labour movement, or Social Democracy, which established the trade unions, and up to 1898 Socialist ideas dominated trade unionism. The trade unionists were up to that time

more or less convinced that Labour could only come into its own by a Socialist transformation. With the growing dualism within Social Democracy, which I mentioned in Chapters xi, xxi, and xxiv, and as a result of the rapid rise of Germany into one of the greatest industrial countries, the trade unionists gradually became the dominant partner in the Labour movement. They had naturally to fight their way to that position against the old-established Socialist supremacy, and thus came into opposition also to Socialist doctrines.

This struggle for power in the Labour movement had to be argued out in theoretical terms, and led finally to the division of the movement into Reformists and Marxists. The trade unionists were the Reformists or Revisionists, the old Social Democrats the Marxists or Revolutionists. The Reformists came out top, so that the old spirit fell into disrepute. This outcome affected even the old Socialist pioneers, like Bebel, Auer, and others, and contributed a great deal to the contradictions and ambiguities which I mentioned above. The Reformist movement, assisted also by writers like Edward Bernstein, who during their sojourn in London (1887-1901) imbibed Fabianism and spread it in Germany, coincided with the views of the trade unionists. Reformism ousted Marxism. All large views on economics and politics, which Marx gave to the Germans and Russians, all thoughts about a conscious transformation of society, disappeared. Gradualism through constitutional means won the day, but it lost the future of the German labouring masses. They had not been trained to protect their newly won freedom and their constitutional rights.'

*Macchiavelli on Revolution*

NICCOLO MACCHIAVELLI, shrewdly taking into full account the discrepancy between great men's precepts and average men's behaviour, deals in *The Prince* (Chap. vi) with the means of success, and causes of failure, of innovations in States and political revolutions. The innovators, having come to power, have to reckon, he says, with a mass of determined and calculating enemies who have lost the advantages they had derived from the former conditions—enemies who are always on the look-out for a favourable opportunity to restore the old order and are well prepared to use it with all the vigour they command. On the other hand, the people who had supported the innovators in their fight for victory gradually become lukewarm, and are anything but eager to risk their lives again in defence of the new order; for the people, though susceptible at first to new doctrines, are not constant in their faith, and grow doubtful when the benefits they expected are slow in coming. If then the innovators, when attacked by their armed enemies, have nothing but oratory with which to appeal to the people who had formerly supported them, they are irretrievably lost and must perish. History teaches us that unarmed prophets are doomed to destruction. In our own days, remarks Macchiavelli, we have seen, that the Friar Jerome Savonarola was ruined, because the people abandoned him, and he had no armed means to confirm them in their faith. Innovators, then, must prepare for their defence in time, so that they should be able to keep their enemies in check, and to hearten and keep faithful their own supporters.

There is much truth in the reasonings of Macchiavelli, but by no means the whole truth. According to him, it is force which ultimately controls the march of history. I am too much of a Socialist and a Jew to believe in force as the final arbiter

of the destiny of man. It was not Alexander the Great who spread Hellenism in the East; it was not fire and sword which blazed out the way for Christianity; it was not the invention of gunpowder that destroyed Feudalism; it was not the ruthlessness of Henry VIII that created the Reformation. I could go on through all the annals of human development and demonstrate that, not arms, but ideas born of the necessities and realities of social life, have in the last analysis made history. Still, it remains true that, as long as man and social classes are actuated by selfish material interests, ideas need material force to make them prevail, and that social innovators, relying only on abstract justice and oratorical appeals, are preparing hard times for themselves and their supporters at the hands of their armed adversaries. Ideas, if well grounded in the economic necessities of social life, may suffer a temporary eclipse; their movement may be retarded, but cannot be made abortive, without checking the whole development of society and causing retrogression and decay.

This is one of the teachings of Marx, and it may be worth pondering over. For it is one of the hardest things for contemporaries rightly to decide whether an innovating movement, which they are witnessing, is patriotic or not—whether, that is, such a movement is destined to further the development of the nation or to hinder it. It is, indeed, not we, but our successors, who can best gauge our present movements in all their bearings, and it happens often enough that the findings of the post-mortem inquest are at variance with the views of contemporaries. The authorities, for instance, who in 1848 suppressed the German revolution surely thought that they acted as patriots against an unpatriotic upheaval. Yet we know now that a successful issue of that upheaval would have given to the German States unity and liberty, and would have rendered the wars of 1866 and 1870-71 unnecessary; for in 1848 the French Republican Government were willing to assist the German republicans in their

endeavour. The success of the German revolution in 1848, in obviating the war of 1870-71, and thus eliminating the French *Revanche* movement, would have diminished the European tension in the years between 1871 and 1914, and the Great War would have either not happened or would have assumed a limited and local character. Retrospectively, it turns out that the German revolution of 1848 was patriotic, and that its suppression was unpatriotic.

Or take another illustration, which concerns England and France. About the middle of the eighteenth century it was a mere toss up as to which of the two countries, England or France, should expand into the main imperial power. England won the toss, not on the score of her superior wisdom, but on account of the fact that her middle class had settled its account with personal monarchy in the seventeenth century, and was therefore able to pursue its commercial and imperial career, while the French middle class had still to go through its struggle with monarchy, and had to divide its energies between constitutional and imperial problems. And yet how small was the number of Cromwell's contemporaries who thought his acts patriotic! There is ample evidence to show that Cromwell and Milton knew how unpopular they were. Such observations may be called retrospective Utopias, but they are not without use for the appreciation of contemporary problems and for the formation of right judgments. And this is indeed the function and value of all Utopia writing.

*Marxism and the International*

It is probably difficult for Western Europeans to appreciate the value which Marxist teaching had for Central and Eastern Europe, and they may have wondered at the attraction which that teaching exercised on Germans, Poles, and Russians. Marx brought to the Central and Eastern Europeans the economic and political epitome of Western learning, which itself was the product of two or three centuries of industrial and political revolutions in Great Britain and France; the product of all great economic policies, inventions, and social transformations; the product of the English Civil War and the French Revolutions of 1789, 1830, and 1848; the product of the French Convention and the Jacobin dictatorship; the product of the teaching of Saint-Simon, Owen, Fourier, and the Chartists; the product of the great masters of political economy—Petty, Quesnay, Adam Smith, Ricardo and the Ricardians. And all this advanced Western learning and experience had passed through a philosophical and generalizing brain of the first order, which animated it with the spirit of the social ethics of the Hebrew prophets. To me as an Easterner it was, I imagine, as much of a revelation as Christianity was to heathendom—Christianity as the product of all the experience and thought of Palestine, Greece, and Rome.

The Marxists made their teaching into a doctrine of the salvation of Labour, and preached it to the working people, organized them in trade societies and political parties, and then into a Social Democratic international movement. Soon, however, variations of the doctrine began to manifest themselves, which were due to the diverse surroundings in which it had found lodgment. Controversies, polemics, endless discussions, and conferences—"Nicean Councils," as some writers called them—resulted but in divisions and schisms.

In the pre-war years, three divisions stood out in clear contours—(1) the Marxists, with their theory of the irreconcilable opposition between Capital and Labour, and the probability of the final violent collision between the two classes; (2) the Reformists, Revisionists or Gradualists, with their views of piecemeal reforms by parliamentary methods; (3) the Syndicalists, Voluntarists or Irrationalists, with their combination of the economics of Marx and Proudhon and the irrational *Élan vital* of Bergson, which negated democracy and Parliament, and saw in a policy of violence by a conscious minority the means of the salvation of Labour. The Reformists were strongest in Central and Western Europe; the Marxists in Russia; the Irrationalists in Italy; while in France, where this doctrine originated, it made no headway against the rationalist mentality of the Frenchmen.

Then came the Great War. It hurled the nationalist passions into the divided International. The nationalist passion is the most explosive element in the realm of the Irrational, and it wrought irreparable havoc in the International Socialist Movement, particularly in the Irrationalist sections of that Movement. But in the first post-bellum years it was still the Reformist current which was strongest in Central and Western Europe. In several countries the Reformists were swept into power, or at any rate into Government offices: in Germany, Great Britain, Austria, Poland, and in the Scandinavian countries, while the Marxists won power in Russia and in the Balkans, and the Italian Irrationalists found a prominent representative in Signor Mussolini. In the first MacDonald Government, that of 1924, there were about ten Fabians; in the second MacDonald Government there were at least twenty Fabians. In Germany the Reformists came into power in November, 1918, and they were, not only Reformists, but also trade unionists.

Friedrich Ebert and his colleagues, in full sovereign power, fought shy of even naming the new Germany a republic.

Resolved on continuity, like genuine Conservatives, they adhered to the title "Deutsches Reich"; what was good for the three Hohenzollern Emperors was just good enough for Ebert and his comrades. And they were utterly inaccessible to any idea of a basic reorganization of economic Germany. Not even for land reform, which many of us advocated, was the Ebert Government to be won. A Social Democrat who favoured socialization had not the ghost of a chance of obtaining an influential post in the Ebert Government. They were more afraid of the Workmen's and Soldiers' Council than of the German Nationalists. And yet it was the Workmen's and Soldiers' Council who on Sunday, November 10, 1918, in that memorable meeting at the Circus Busch in Berlin, appointed Ebert and his colleagues People's Commissioners. That meeting refused a hearing to extreme speakers, voted down the proposition to nominate also Karl Liebknecht, and voted for moderate leaders. Nevertheless, on the very same evening Ebert, seated by the grace of the Workmen's and Soldiers' Council in the Chancellor's Palace in the Wilhelmstrasse, communicated by secret wire with General Groener (the successor of General Ludendorff) and through him with Field-Marshal Hindenburg, asking them to organize a military force against the Workmen's and Soldiers' Council. In a libel action brought by President Ebert, before his death, against his Nazi calumniators in Munich, General Groener, testifying on oath to the anti-revolutionary patriotism of Ebert, revealed to the jury the latter's secret message to him and Hindenburg on the night of November 10, 1918. A Liberal-Jewish intellectual, writing a biography of Friedrich Ebert for the *Encyclopaedia Britannica*, praised his statesmanlike qualities. This same intellectual is now a refugee in London, owing to the statesmanlike qualities of Ebert. And Friedrich Ebert *junior*, the only one of three brothers not killed in the war, was in the summer of 1933 taken by the Nazis into a concentration camp, and had to proclaim to all



his fellow sufferers that his father was "a traitor to the German people."

With such statesmen as leaders, it is not to be wondered at that the revolution was prolific only in futilities and frustrations. None of them had ever contemplated the possibility of revolution. Marxism was for them an antiquated doctrine, an anachronism. Prince Max von Baden, the last Chancellor under Emperor William II, relates that Ebert told him: "I hate the social revolution as the devil holy water."

The right arm of Ebert was his comrade Gustav Noske, an old trade unionist and social reformist, who, as War Minister in 1919-20, did most to suppress the social revolutionary elements. It was his rude energy which organized the first military force from the remnants of the Prussian regiments, a troop consisting partly of gunmen and partly of nationalists, led by Captain Ehrhardt, "with the hooked cross on the steel helmet." In 1920, Noske was the absolute ruler of Germany. The Generals of the old Army offered him the dictatorship, and he could have played the same rôle in Germany as Benito Mussolini in Italy. But Noske and Mussolini differed in their Socialist conceptions. Noske, as a trade unionist and democratic nationalist, could not accept power from generals against a democratic republic; while Mussolini, as a revolutionary Syndicalist, had long ago discarded democracy, and saw in an armed minority the lever of government.

Gustav Noske was born in Brandenburg in 1865. His family had a Slav strain, probably more Slav than Germanic. His forefathers were colonists in Volhynia (Russia), and then returned to Prussia. Gustav, on leaving school, was apprenticed to a basket-maker, but continued reading books, and, as a journeyman, joined his trade union and later the Social Democratic Party, where his abilities were appreciated. He spoke in meetings, and opportunity was soon offered to him to work as a journalist. From 1890 up to the end of the year 1918, he was active in Social-democratic journalism in

Brandenburg, Königsberg, and Chemnitz, always as a right-wing reformist or revisionist, with strong nationalist and patriotic proclivities. In Chemnitz he was also a member of the Municipality, and from 1907 its member in the Reichstag, where his speeches were remarkable for fervent militarism. At the Annual Conference of the Social Democratic Party at Essen (1907) he was taken to task by the speakers of the Left, who characterized his speeches as "competing in patriotism with the German Government."

Noske's attitude brought him into much favour with the State Secretaries, and he was among the first civilians who were invited to take part in one of the voyages in a U-boat and Zeppelin. It sheds much light on the pre-war trade union leaders of the Social Democratic Party that they defended Noske whenever he was adversely criticized by the left-wing speakers and writers. Even Bebel approved Noske's actions, if not always his phraseology. During the war Noske was sent on propaganda tours to the front, and also paid visits to the Navy. On November 3, 1918, when the sailors in Kiel rose in revolution, Ebert sent Noske to them, where he remained to the end of November, 1918. Christmas, 1918, saw revolutionary days in Berlin. Those sections of the working people and left-wing Socialists who were filled with distrust of Ebert's work during the two revolutionary months rose in opposition. They attempted to form a government which would seriously take in hand the socialization of the land and the big industries. Ebert then appealed to Noske to make an effort to suppress the rising. He came to Berlin, enrolled the most reactionary elements of the ex-service officers and men, and on January 11, 1919, marched at the head of about three thousand well-armed and well-led gunmen, and gradually subdued the various revolutionary groups. After the Kapp-Putsch in March, 1920, he did not return to the War Office, but was appointed *Ober-President* in Hanover, until Göring dismissed him in 1933.

Ebert and Noske saved Germany for the Nazis, by exterminating all the determined men and women of the Socialist movement. Thousands were killed by their mercenaries, thousands maimed and driven into exile—thousands of the free and valiant, who could have contributed to building up a democratic and socialized Germany, worthy of Kant, Fichte, and Hegel, of Goethe and Schiller, Marx and Lassalle.

*An Adventurous Jew*

I TOOK no active part in the Revolution. I attempted to influence the editorial staff of the *Vorwärts* in favour of propagating a systematic land reform, with a view to winning the sympathy of the peasant small-holders—about five million persons out of the 14·5 millions employed in German agriculture. In addition to the Socialist value of such a reform, there could have been created a republican peasantry, ready to vote for and protect the democratic Constitution. It was at that time a comparatively easy task to nationalize a third part of the large estates; there would have been no opposition whatever on the part of the big landowners, since they were in fear of losing all in the general upheaval. The Russian example had frightened them out of their wits and out of their egoism, and they would have been glad to get off with the sacrifice of a third part of their land. The opportunities of the Socialists for seriously taking in hand the realization of their professed aims were in those months exceptionally favourable. The German nation was, as I said before, a plastic mass, and could have been moulded into a co-operative commonwealth, into an industrial democracy. However, my friends on the *Vorwärts* were as impervious to any ideas of positive economic reform as the leaders in the Ebert Government. Nothing, nothing could be accomplished with these people. All chances were lost which fate had offered them. These people, as far as they have missed the Nazi Concentration Camp, are sitting now in Czechoslovakia playing revolution or bridge.

I started my general history of social thought, and wrote the first part, dealing with the Ancient World—Palestine, Greece, and Rome. I wrote also the last chapters of Volume II of my *History of British Socialism*; Volume I having been pub-

lished in May 1919, in London, and having proved a great success. At the end of the year I was asked by the publisher of the weekly review, *Die Glocke*, to take over the editorship in place of Conrad Haenisch, who had been appointed State Secretary of Education in Prussia. The publisher was an adventurous Jew with a very remarkable life history, particularly on account of his doings in the years 1912-22; of his activities during the Great War it may perhaps be said that they influenced the course of history in general. He deserves a chapter in my reminiscences.

His name was Israel Helfant, a brilliant Socialist writer himself, known generally by his pseudonym "Parvus." He was born in 1867 in Beresin, Russia, attended a secondary school, joined early the Russian Social Revolutionary Movement, escaped to Switzerland, studied economics and philosophy at Basle University, under Professor Bücher, and graduated as a Ph.D. He specialized in finance, settled in the 'nineties in Saxony, and wrote for the *Neue Zeit*. His articles on German finance attracted the attention of Government circles. In the controversy between Reformism and Marxism he took the part of the latter, and became one of the most effective and best paid Socialist writers. His acute criticism of the Reformists, as well as of the Government's financial measures, led to his expulsion from Saxony and from Prussia. In 1900, he settled at Munich, and established a publishing house for the publication of the works of Russian authors, particularly Gorki, with whom he finally quarrelled. At the same time he employed his talents in writing leading articles for the Marxist dailies and weeklies.

At the outbreak of the Russian Revolution in 1905 Parvus hurried to Petersburg, and, together with Trotsky, was elected a member of the Petersburg Soviet. In December, 1905, he was arrested and sentenced to banishment to Siberia. In December, 1906, he succeeded in escaping, and returned to Germany, where he resumed Socialist journalism and

pamphleteering; but he, like many of us, came to the conclusion that the German Social Democracy was not playing the game, but was simply pacing up and down in an impasse. He gave up writing, and suffered poverty rather than waste his talents on the Germans. Though impecunious, he managed to travel to Constantinople, where he ultimately got in touch with the Young Turks. They were not slow in discovering and using his great financial knowledge, and made him their adviser. In 1912, during the Balkan War, they entrusted him with the Commissariat, and he supplied the Army with provisions, which he procured in Odessa. In 1914-15, the Turkish Government, in agreement with the German Embassy, entrusted him, not only with the Commissariat, but also with a secret political mission to win Bulgaria for the German-Turkish cause. In the spring of 1915, Parvus turned up in Berlin. The once impecunious journalist had come back as a rich man; the revolutionary, once banished from Prussia, was naturalized within twenty-four hours as a Prussian citizen, who deserved well of his adopted country. He chartered a steamer, carried Ruhr coal to Denmark and Sweden, and brought back fat and rubber for the German forces. He founded the weekly review, *Die Glocke*, for the purpose of supporting the Social Democratic majority. The paper did not pay its way; but Parvus was rich, and could afford the luxury of having a paper of his own, where his articles were given the premier place. At the same time, the German Government consulted him on Russian matters. It was Parvus who advised them in 1917 to permit Bolshevik leaders to return from Switzerland through German territory in sealed waggons to Petersburg.

I was not among his acquaintances up to the end of 1919, when he offered me the editorship of *Die Glocke*.

We met at his office at 114, Lindenstrasse, opposite the *Vorwärts*. Parvus was the perfect contradiction of his pseudonym—a large built man, the type of a Southern

Russian, a Jewish Cossack. I edited *Die Glocke* up to February, 1921, and gradually changed its contents. I did not think it necessary to support any political party, but tried to make the paper a mirror of its time. With my predilection for history I opened its columns to all currents of thought, so that a later historian should find in it the spirit and the important pronouncements of the post-bellum period. The paper began to cover its expenses, for a good many of its contributors, mostly secondary school teachers, wrote for it merely for the sake of expressing their views, without expecting any material remuneration. The paper gained authority in all political circles, and even the Munich Nazis, then in the initial stage of organization, sent me articles and pamphlets for review; at that time the National Socialists were not prominently anti-Jewish, but rather social-religious heretics—a current of religious thought which we find in mediaeval times. The book reviews in *Die Glocke* were regarded by librarians as the most reliable; a book recommended by it was sure of a large sale.

I never allowed Parvus to air his views authoritatively; any contribution of his which deviated from my programme was either declined “with thanks” or given space as a middle article. At the beginning of 1921 his dissatisfaction with my editing grew apace. An article by Gorki on general literature, and a short essay of mine on the ethics of Bolshevism, brought the conflict to a head. He attempted to apply a preventive censorship to my work, whereupon I resigned. The manager at once informed him of my resignation, which made Parvus come to my office and ask me to reconsider the resignation. We had on that occasion a settling of accounts. I reminded him of his revolutionary days, when he was a poor man and a pure idealist, proud of his independent, honest thought, which he would never have allowed to be subjected to censorship. He was very polite, indeed quite the courtier; but his blandishments made no impression, and we parted company.

Parvus was in those years the confidential adviser of Ebert.

The latter was as provincial as Hitler, knowing no other language and no other nation but his own. The country house of Parvus, in the wooded parts of Berlin-West, was the meeting-place of the new dignitaries and their wives and daughters. There, much more than in the Wilhelmplatz, State affairs were discussed and settled. Parvus was the power behind the shaky throne of Ebert. He liked to play the invisible Providence, and he was never obtrusively conspicuous; he did not impose himself on anybody in authority, but was rather sought out on the score of his eminent abilities. In the years 1918-22 he spent enormous sums of money on German patriotic propaganda in foreign lands. He genuinely liked Germany, as so many Eastern European Jews do; the German language is to them the key to Western culture, a spiritual way out of the Ghetto. In the last years of his life he met me occasionally when he needed some translation. He did not look happy; he was longing for a return to his old country and for work with the Bolsheviki. He suffered from nostalgia, and finally applied through an intermediary to Lenin for admission into the Soviet service. Lenin, however, sent him—so I was told—the pungent reply: "The Soviets certainly need clever brains, but above all clean hands."

Parvus—or to give him his real name—Israel Helfant, died in Berlin in 1924. His only son, who, with his mother had left Germany in his infancy and hardly knew his father, was educated in Russia, and occupies now a high position in the diplomatic service of U.S.S.R. The son has the advantage over his father of being firmly rooted in Russian soil, which relieves him of the necessity of having recourse to the dubious shifts and devious ways into which the wandering and persecuted Jew, in his hard contest with the intricacies of life, is sometimes driven. And if he is as clever, as versatile, and as brimming with vitality as his father, a great future is before him, perhaps that of a second Litvinov.



*A Revolutionary Idealist*

THERE was another Jew, a different type of a Jew, with whom I was intimately connected by ties of friendship and social conceptions, and whose activities during the war and the revolutionary months entitle him to a place in history. I allude to Kurt Eisner, the Prime Minister of Bavaria from November, 1918, to February, 1919. I deem it necessary to give here the important *data* of his career, as the *Annual Register*, one of the most important English reference books on current history, contains gross errors of fact about Eisner—errors evidently due to the writer's uncritical drawing upon the tainted sources of German reactionaries.

The *Annual Register* (1920) makes Eisner into a Galician Jew, by the name of Solomon Kuznovski. So many words, so many errors. Eisner was born in Berlin in 1867; his father was a Government contractor supplying the Prussian Army with uniforms. He attended the Askanische Gymnasium (public school), and matriculated in 1886 at the Berlin University, where he studied for four years philosophy and German philology. He then worked as assistant editor on the *Frankfurter Zeitung* and on a Liberal paper at Marburg, where he again entered the University and studied under Professor Herman Cohen, the well-known founder of the Marburg Neo-Kantian School, and became a Neo-Kantian. Among us writers of the *Vorwärts* and *Neue Zeit* he was one of the very few who adhered to Kant and not to Hegel. The ethics of Kant, essentially English Nonconformist ethics, were his guide, and he remained faithful to stern duty, to the "categorical imperative" to his last breath. In my discussion with him on revolution he told me, with all the firmness of his character, that at such critical moments it would be the Kantians, and not the Prussian Hegelians, who would act,

and if necessary, die, for social justice. In the years 1900-6 he was editor of the *Vorwärts*, and from 1907-10 editor of the *Frankische Tagespost* in Nürnberg, for which I wrote signed articles on foreign affairs. During the years of the war he endangered his life by engaging in anti-war propaganda, which was based first on the ethical teaching of Kant, secondly on the conviction that German diplomacy, owing to its Pan-German ambitions, acted criminally in abetting the Austrian Government.

On my arrival in Berlin from London at the end of May, 1915, my friends arranged a reception at the Café Josty, Potsdamer Platz; among them was Eisner, who had specially come from Munich. On this occasion he explained to me his attitude towards the war, and added that his knowledge of foreign affairs he owed to my articles written from London to his paper in Nürnberg in the years 1907-10. After his return to Munich he was arrested, and finally taken into protective custody, from which he was released only in October, 1918. He at once organized the revolutionary forces and led them to victory. His revolutionary leadership resulted in the abdication of the Wittelsbach dynasty and the establishment of the Bavarian republic. On the formation of the new Government, Eisner was elected Prime Minister. He strenuously opposed the Bolshevik propaganda; he likewise opposed all attempts at restricting freedom of speech, Press, and association. He caused the publication of the famous despatch sent in July, 1914, by Count Lerchenfeld, the Bavarian Minister in Berlin. And it was Eisner who, as Bavarian representative, came to the first post-war International Socialist Conference at Berne, and made a confession of the war guilt of the German nation. For this "anti-patriotic" activity, carried on under the impulsion of his Kantian "categorical imperative," he paid with his life. The young Count Areo-Valley, whose mother was said to be of Jewish descent, shot him dead in the street on February 19, 1919,

while Eisner, surrounded by his adherents, was on the way to the Parliament House. The assassin was attacked by the working people, and was in imminent danger of being lynched. It was Ernst Toller, one of Eisner's co-workers, whose intervention prevented the act of lynching being consummated.

*Money as Social Nexus*

THE editorial work on *Die Glocke* had absorbed all my time, for I had no assistance whatever. I carried on the correspondence with my contributors, of course by hand, and read their articles or commissioned them for such. I also wrote each week an article and reviewed books, besides giving interviews to the people, pleasant and unpleasant, who "would think it a great honour to see the Editor." The release from this work swung me back to authorship.

The first part of my *General History of Social Thought*, published in 1920, had meanwhile gone through a second edition, and the publisher was urging upon me to continue the work. The second part was to deal with the social currents in the Middle Ages—the communist ideas in Primitive Christianity, in the Fathers of the Church, in *jus naturale*, Gnosticism and Manichaeism, and the underlying ideas and sentiments of the Coenobitic settlements and the heretic social movements from the eleventh century to the age of the Reformation. It was hard and prolonged research work, for, while there are many monographic studies on various phases of the subject, nothing systematic or embracing the whole period was extant. My mediaevalism in the years of my youth, and my reminiscences of the Jewish mystics, helped me to overcome many a difficulty in the year 1921–22. But what a difference! At that time economics had been to me a profane and inane matter; now it was the basis of my studies. I visualized the Middle Ages as the period of the gradual transition from Communist ideas to the rise and justification of private property in Christian Europe. This generalization had to be worked out, showing the Schoolmen and the Doctors of the Church as doctrinal pioneers of that transition in conformity with the gradual unfolding of an urban economy.

The Schoolmen, and particularly the Doctors of the Church, far from being retrogressive or reactionary, are shown as progressive and pioneering agents in the development of the new Europe!

The collecting, sifting, and collating of the materials, and the final composition of this part of the book, took me fully six months. It is generally regarded as the best and most original of the five parts which make up the whole book. All the other four parts took three months each in writing. The book was translated into English, French, Russian, Hungarian, Polish, Swedish, Dutch, Spanish, Portuguese, Japanese, Hebrew (Tel-Aviv, 1928-29), Yiddish, and authorization for translation was asked by and given in 1932 to Yugoslavs and Greeks. In Germany it has gone through eight editions, and the ninth was being prepared when the Nazis came to power and prohibited its publication. The second part in English is in its second edition, and is to be found in most public libraries.

The royalties from my *History of British Socialism*, which was published in London in 1919-20 and reprinted in 1920, 1921, and 1923, as well as the fees which some foreign publishers remitted to me for the right of translating my *General History of Socialism*, shielded me in 1920-23 somewhat from the destructive effects of the inflation that ravaged Germany in those years. The German mark increased in quantities like an avalanche; a flood of paper money covered the face of the land. All seemed to be paper, and the more we got of it, the less we had; its value varied inversely as the square of quantities. It was all a Barmecide feast; the shopkeepers made enormous profits, and the larger the profits from their sales the less were they able to replenish their stock; it was like the German victories in the war: the more victories, the less man-power. At the end of 1922 my young children used to come to me, saying: "Daddy, give us five-hundred millions for chocolates!" People who have not gone through those

years of inflation will hardly be able to realize its meaning and its effects. I found myself successively in both conditions—in that of non-realization and final realization. The Austrians preceded the Germans in the experience of inflation; they were its first victims. I read of it in the papers: the Austrians speak the same language as myself: they were the fellow-sufferers of the Germans in defeat: they had my profound sympathy, and we did all we could to help them. Nevertheless, I was far from realizing their plight, until it was the turn of the Germans to suffer from the same inflation epidemic. And then we came to the full realization of its meaning. Neither sympathy with the Austrians nor knowledge of their plight had even in the remotest degree been able to stir our sensibility, imagination, and moral consciousness as did our own experience of the disastrous effects of inflation on social life.

How poor as moral factors are sympathy and knowledge! There are surely in our mental make-up some obstructive elements which hinder sympathy and knowledge rising to the full realization of the sufferings and pain of our fellow-man, and which need therefore some tragic catastrophe to produce the catharsis, the removal of the obstructive elements. And this is also the criterion of great drama and great music, whose artists, by the power of their exceptional sensibility and imagination, communicate to us the tragic experience which produces the catharsis, though only for a much shorter time than the tragic experience which we suffer ourselves. Of course, were love of our fellow-man as common as sympathy, no cathartic experience would be necessary, but, in the absence of love, it is our own suffering which must purify and raise our moral consciousness.

The year 1923 was the most terrible. All exchange gradually ceased, or had to be enforced by Government decree with regard to the elementary necessities of life—bread, margarine, potatoes, etc. Exchange, then, was the cohesive force of present society, and sound money its operative medium;

without sound money no exchange, and without exchange no society. Germany appeared actually to be falling asunder, like a bundle of faggots when the string is cut. One could see weltering groups of mutually inimical and sullen men and women. Dissolution and chaos came dangerously near.

The Nazis in Munich, with General von Ludendorff and Adolph Hitler at their head, were preparing their march on Berlin, and the Labour Governments in Dresden (Saxony) and in Weimar (Thuringia) were making common cause with the Communist working people in order to prepare defensive measures against the imminent onslaughts of the Munich reactionaries. Saxony and Thuringia, lying across the line of any army marching from Bavaria to Berlin, could form strong obstacles to such an army, if properly prepared for defence. But the Social Democrats in Prussia, and the German Coalition Government in which the Social Democrats had their representatives, were more afraid of the armed working men than of the Nazis. President Ebert, on the advice of the Social Democratic leaders and of the Government, gave plenary powers to the Reichswehr to march—not against the Munich plotters who were intent on the destruction of the Republic and the Weimar Constitution, but against the Social-Democratic-Communist Governments in Dresden and Weimar, and forcefully to free Saxony and Thuringia from Labour in power.

The Reichswehr entered Saxony, shot down at Annaberg twenty-three working men, and, marching on, accomplished its mission against the Labour Governments which were in the process of formation in Dresden and Weimar.

The suicidal policy of Ebert and the Social Democratic leaders filled many of us with consternation. Had we not for tens of years taught the working class that one of our main objects was to form Labour Governments? We lost faith in Social Democracy, and many of us, as a demonstrative protest, joined the Communist Party.

*In Moscow, 1927-28*

ONE of my friends, David Riazanov, a former Russian refugee, who had worked for years in the British Museum Reading Room, was after the October-November Revolution of 1917 commissioned by Lenin to organize in Moscow a Marx-Engels Institute. The Palace Dolgoruki, situated on the left bank of the Moskva in the district between the Arbat and the Kremlin, was requisitioned for that purpose. Adjacent to the Palace stood a large dilapidated eighteenth-century house, built from timber on a brick substructure, in which Marshal Ney resided during the fateful autumn of 1812. The lane leading from the Arbat district to the left bank of the Moskva, was renamed *Ulitsa Marksa-Engelsa*. Leaving this lane we face from a short distance the high stone battlements and frowning towers of the Kremlin. Riazanov possessed quite an exceptional knowledge of the international Labour and Socialist movement, its history and its literature, to which he had devoted about thirty years of painstaking research and indefatigable study. As a bibliographer of *Marxiana* he had no equal. A great linguist and bibliographer, he was the right man to organize such an institute. These qualities caused Lenin to overlook Riazanov's attitude, which was not strictly Bolshevik and has apparently never become so. He told me once: "The Union of Soviets is a dictatorship mitigated by Riazanov," for he used to intercede with the Soviet authorities on behalf of prosecuted Mensheviks.

Poor as Russia was in the first years after the war, no sum was too large for the new rulers to spend on collecting old manuscripts, incunabula, books, pamphlets, and periodical publications which had any relation to social and Labour movements. And of any rare book that was only extant in a few copies in London, Paris, or Leipzig, Riazanov procured



a photostatic facsimile. The libraries of the Russian nobility, so rich in seventeenth- and eighteenth-century books, particularly in the French language, were ransacked for the Institute, which is now unique with regard to literature dealing with the critical epochs of recorded human history. It is in this respect incomparably richer than the British Museum library. And the organization and cataloguing are at least as good as in the British Museum. All this is the work of Riazanov.

Riazanov was born in 1870 of poor and hard-working Jewish parents in Odessa, and at the age of fifteen joined the *Narodniks*. He shared the usual fate of the Russian revolutionaries—persecution, arrest, prison (over five years' solitary confinement), then escape and exile in various European countries, with occasional illegal visits to Russia. His sojourn abroad gave him the opportunity to enlarge his knowledge, learn languages, observe capitalist civilization, and discuss in meetings and write in illegal papers. Besides working in London and Paris, he was also active in the archives of the German Social Democracy in Berlin, obtaining photostatic reproductions of all the manuscripts of Marx and Engels, manuscripts of the *Capital* and correspondence. It is due to Riazanov's industry in collecting and copying that reproductions of these manuscripts are still available, for the originals fell into the hands of the Nazis in Berlin, when they came to power in 1933.

In the autumn of 1927 Riazanov met me in Berlin, and invited me to come to Moscow as chief librarian of the English and American Department of the Marx-Engels Institute. I was at that time planning a history of British economic thought from the Schoolmen up to Adam Smith. Such a book, I saw, could not be written in Berlin or in any other German University town, for their libraries are poor in English sixteenth- and seventeenth-century economic pamphlets, so prolific in seminal thoughts. A stay in London

for that purpose was from financial considerations out of the question, since the collecting of the necessary materials required at least twelve months' hard labour. Riazanov promised to get me a photostatic facsimile of any book or pamphlet at the British Museum library which I might need for my work. Besides, I desired to see Bolshevism at work, and to come in contact with the new Russian life. I gladly accepted his offer, and in the middle of November, 1927, I arrived in Moscow.

After London, Paris, New York, and Berlin, the first impression of Moscow is not very favourable; but later on I came to like this strange city on account of its historical associations and the great variety of its architecture. I often visited the Red Square abutting on the Kremlin wall, lined with a row of graves of the fallen in the revolutionary fighting, with the Lenin Mausoleum in their midst. Strange to say, I never entered the Mausoleum. I am by nature not given to hero-worship—the London Phrenological Society, having in 1906 invited me to give its members a sitting in order to examine my cranium, which, as Dr. Bernard Hollander said, was very much like Kropotkin's, found it to be completely deficient in the bump of authority—but I read all the writings of Lenin, as far as they are available in the German language.

The foreign chief-librarians of the Institute were lodged in a building situated in the vicinity. In the time of the Dolgorukis it was a servant's house, and fairly well arranged. I had a room for myself. A Bolshevik peasant woman was our cook and parlour-maid, who, though illiterate, was very shrewd and of much dignity; she knew exactly how to treat each of us. She worked daily for eight hours—from 8 to 12 a.m. and from 2 to 6 p.m. I had for Sunday a chicken at the price of eighty kopeks, which lasted me three days; good white bread with *izumen* (raisins) was cheap; the best caviare (dark and *ziernisty*) two roubles a pound of fifteen ounces. Only vegetables were rather expensive, particularly

in the cold winter days when frost and snow interfered with transport.

The Marx-Engels Institute employed about one hundred and seventy persons, male and female, nearly all linguists and some being distinguished scholars in economics, sociology, and philosophy. About forty were Bolsheviks, the rest were Mensheviks (Social Democrats) and Liberals. My assistant, a Russian lady, spoke French and German fluently, English fairly well. Some of the lady assistants were daughters of intellectuals who had lost the positions which they had occupied under the old régime or in the Kerensky period, and were now supported from the earnings of their daughters.

Some of the departmental chiefs were often consulted by the students of the various academies on their courses of study, sources of research, methods of literary work, and deciphering of manuscripts. Students of the various Asiatic tribes and States used to call for advice or for books of reference, or for the explanation of some philosophical term. I met, on such occasions, some very interesting young scholars, particularly Chinese of a very refined and aristocratic appearance.

In the spring of 1928 Riazanov organized an exhibition of Socialist, Social reform, and Radical books, representing in chronological order the history of Socialist thought. In order to make it as authoritative and complete as possible, he deemed it necessary to obtain Sir Thomas More's *Utopia*, *editio princeps* (Louvain, 1516). I opposed his suggestion, saying that the Institute possessed about a hundred *Moreana* of various editions and translations, among them the famous second edition of the *Utopia*, Basle, 1521. But Riazanov was not to be denied. We made inquiries in various bookselling centres of Europe. Mr. John Burns possesses two first editions of More's *Utopia*, but he refused to sell. A Leipzig firm offered a copy at the enormous price of 8,000 marks (£400 at par). Riazanov applied to Stalin, who without delay signed an order for the 8,000 marks to be paid. The exhibition proved

a great attraction for the University students and scholars of the U.S.S.R.

I did not visit any manufacturing works or agricultural districts, but I talked a good deal with non-Bolsheviks on the economic prospects of the U.S.S.R. I met several German workers, who had been employed since 1921 in Soviet engineering works. They informed me that the cost of production in Soviet works was still about 30 per cent higher than in Germany, but they could see a steady improvement in manufacturing, and that as soon as the nation had trained a sufficient number of technicians and skilled workers of its own, the Russians would go ahead, as their zeal was great. The rhythm of work was, however, still agricultural: slow, leisurely, and extensive rather than intensive. The old generation of industrial workers had perished in the civil wars with Denikin, Koltschak, the Czechoslovaks, Wrangel, and the Poles. They had formed the spearhead in those battles, and it was not easy to train a new generation of factory workers.

I liked the life in Moscow. I had plenty of books, a whole library to myself; my simple tastes could easily be satisfied. I tried to induce my wife and children to leave Berlin for Moscow, and to settle there for good, but they refused to take my advice, and asked me, instead, to return to them to Berlin. I yielded, knowing that, used as they were to English and German standards of civilization and being either non-political or anti-Communist, they would not be able to adapt themselves to the simple and restricted life of Moscow. One must have the will, either from idealism or from Party considerations, to undergo some privation or inconveniences in assisting the Russian people to build up a new social order.

As for myself, I felt that the Russian people were the only ones in Europe who could undertake, and ultimately succeed in, such a vast experiment, which demanded a degree of self-abnegation and self-sacrifice not attainable by the mass of Western Europeans. We are too individualized, too liberalized,

too materialistically civilized, to stand a régime of enforced collectivization, with its material and spiritual discomforts. We have become too comfortable for that. The Russian workpeople are more primitive; their collective spirit has not been extinguished by the atomization which Western competitive economic life has produced. I believe that the collective spirit in Russia is also due to religious influences; the Christianity of the simple Russian is surely nearer the Sermon on the Mount than that of practising Roman Catholics or Protestants in Central and Western Europe. No other modern Christian nation has produced a Dostoievsky or even a Tolstoy; and I do not believe that any Western novelist could have written on Tolstoy's personality as Gorki did. I used to attend meetings in Moscow where simple working-men spoke. Listening to their speeches, I was struck by the pulpit tone into which they unconsciously fell. The Gospel spirit and the Russian Church culture, I often thought, must have contributed their share to the advance of the Bolshevik experiment. "Let us live in community!" This is what the simple Russian worker knows of Bolshevism. He does not like isolation; he prefers to eat and drink and live together with his friends and comrades.

And let my British readers not be offended. In the mass of the British Labour Party there is the leaven of English, Scottish, and Welsh Nonconformity, of the Primitive Christian spirit of the Chapel. The old Independent Labour Party, with its leaders, Keir Hardie and Bruce Glasier, and Ebenezer Elliot's verses as hymns, was essentially a Nonconformist chapel, with primitive Christianity as its creed. That was one of the main factors in its success, while the Social Democratic Federation, with its economists and philosophers arguing on economic-scientific grounds, never appealed to the British workman, whose real Socialist academy was the Chapel and its pulpit his Oxford Union. All the sophistry of some theological writers will not avail to eliminate the spirit of the humble

poor and their longing for community, which lent so much propagandist force to the primitive Christians in their amazing advance through the Roman Empire.

I left Moscow in the middle of April, 1928, and took with me the conviction that the Russian people will sooner or later succeed in their work. They can stand suffering, and know the purifying effect of suffering and of spiritual strife.

In the years 1929-30 I worked mostly in Frankfort-am-Main at the Institute of Social Research attached to the University. This Institute was established by a few liberal-minded Jewish merchants, with a view to promoting independent research, and to assisting poor, but gifted, university students to finish their studies. A large part of the funds was earmarked for the purchase of German private libraries, which in the years of inflation might otherwise have been bought by foreign booksellers, book lovers, libraries, and scientific institutions, particularly by Japanese and Dutch agents, who invaded the German book market and carried off some of the finest libraries. The Jewish founders of the Institute saved many of those libraries for Germans.

There I wrote for the publishing department of the Institute a two-volume work, in the form of a concise encyclopaedia, on the leaders and men of action and objects of the various social and Labour movements, with special reference to the last hundred and fifty years. This Institute and the Rothschild Library in Frankfort offered to students great facilities for work. Both are now in the hands of the Nazis, who dismissed the Jewish officials and removed all Hebrew and Jewish books. The rise of the Nazis in 1930 made it inadvisable to have my work published, and it is extant only in manuscripts, which I saved in time from confiscation. A similar fate has befallen my work on *Social France 1815-1930*, which I wrote for the Secretariat of the Labour and Socialist International. Of all my work done in the years 1929-32, only the articles written for the *Encyclopaedia of the Social Sciences* (Columbia

University, New York City) have been published. In the catastrophe which befell the German Jewry I had my full share. It frustrated the best part of my literary endeavours in 1929-32; while under the pressure of the growing racial sentiments many mixed families—"Nordic" and Jewish—dissolved, and amongst them my own family, which had been harmonious for over twenty years. My wife went Germanic, one of my daughters joined Zionism and settled in Palestine, the other children dispersed, some returning to their land of birth—England—some remaining Germanic. It was as in the old times, when the Jews returned from the Babylonian exile, but with the rôles reversed. Ezra and Nehemia, in reorganizing the Jewish nation, enforced the dissolution of mixed Jewish marriages in order to safeguard "the holy seed" from being contaminated by the foreign demotic elements. The Nazis, the imitators of the Italians and Russians, are also imitating the non-Aryan leader Ezra (Chaps. ix and x), the creator of post-exilic Judaism.

*Heinrich Heine on Nazism*

HEINRICH HEINE, in his book on Ludwig Börne, the Jew who, with himself, led Young Germany in the 'thirties and 'forties of the last century, left to posterity an eyewitness's account of the spiritual state of the German youth in the years after Waterloo, the aftermath of and reactions from the Napoleonic Wars, or rather of the years 1811-15, of the so-called War of Liberation. He writes in a serious vein; nothing in this work suggests the nimble wit or the biting sarcasm usually at his disposal. He is deeply grieved at the scenes he has witnessed. It reads like the prologue of the Nazi Movement, which rides now roughshod over the body, mind, and soul of the third generation after Heine. All the traits of present-day Germany are there. Over a hundred years ago they were adumbrated in faint outlines; now we see them in high relief. The conditions for their development were evidently more favourable after the Treaty of Versailles, but it did not create them.

In 1817, a German could witness the flames shooting up on the Wartburg from burning books—at that time, as it happened, Liberal books—thrown by uniformed University students into the fire. He could welcome or deplore the spread of the epidemic of Teutomania, which was cursing and banishing everything foreign. He could see the University youth clad in drab peasant-like uniforms. He could read of the Primitive Germans (*Alt-Deutsche*) purifying the language from all non-Germanic terms, and of scholars passionately discussing the question whether the Germans were *deutsch* or *teutsch*.

"Upon the Wartburg," writes Heine, "the Past croaked its raven ditty, and follies were spoken and enacted worthy of the silliest days of the Middle Ages. There it was that Teutonism made an exhibition of itself. Ostensibly it whined



for charity and faith; but its charity was nothing but hatred of the stranger, and its faith consisted of an irrationalism, which, in its ignorance, could find no better expression than the burning of books. . . . In my University days at Göttingen (1824), as I was sitting in the beer-cellar, I had once an opportunity of admiring the minute care with which my primitive-German friends prepared the proscription lists against the day they should come into power. Any German descended, if only in the seventh degree, from a Frenchman, a Jew, or a Slav, was condemned to banishment. Any one who penned even a few lines against father Jahn and the primitive-German absurdities had to expect death, and death by the axe, not by the guillotine, though the Germans think that even the guillotine was a Nürnberg invention, but stolen by Frenchmen. . . . Have these impenetrable fools disappeared from the scene of history? No! . . . ”

Those were the grandfathers of the Nazis.

And Heine found also the grandfathers of present-day Social Democracy. In the same chapters of his book on Börne he allows his sarcasm free play on the German democrats, who in 1832 forgathered in thousands at the Hambach Festival in the Palatinate, delivering fiery speeches on the brotherhood of nations, while their leaders discussed in secret conclave the raising of the banner of revolution. After three days and nights, they finally succeeded in carrying a resolution that they were “not competent to make a revolution.”

“Oh, Schilda, my fatherland!” exclaims Heine—Schilda, a Saxon town, is the German Abdera.

The German Social Democrats improved even on the futility of their Hambach grandfathers. They proved themselves incompetent not only to make a revolution, but to preserve a revolution made for them by France. In 1870-71, as their famous leader, August Bebel, once boasted, Bismarck gave the French a republic; in 1914-18, Clemenceau gave the Germans a republic. The Frenchmen knew how to

preserve it; they effectively checked President and Marshal MacMahon, who conspired with the royalists. But the Germans followed President and Marshal Hindenburg like a flock of sheep, and supinely surrendered to his Nazi nominee.

My study of political parties and social movements has prompted me to think that their motives are of three kinds: first, the economic interests of the groups and classes from which they originate; secondly, the general political, religious, cultural traditions, reactionary or revolutionary, of the respective classes which they represent; thirdly, principles and theoretical considerations, by virtue of which they attempt to rationalize their demands and aims. The economic interests determine the workaday political activities of the parties and movements. Traditions largely influence, and in critical periods finally determine, the direction, the volume and the ideal aims of the parties and movements. Principles and theories exercise little influence, and become effective only in so far as they agree with tradition.

The greatest service which men can render to their countries is to create great progressive traditions. And only men of action, and not of the secluded study and library, can create traditions.

The direction, volume, and aim of English political parties are bound up with the traditions created by the centuries of struggle for Parliamentary supremacy. No dictatorship will effect anything against the tradition of Parliament. Even a man of Cromwellian stature could not shake it.

The direction, volume, and aim of French political parties are controlled by the traditions of 1789-93. The French Socialist movement, too, is controlled by it. The ingenious theories of Proudhon and Georges Sorel suffered shipwreck on the rocks of that tradition.

German Social Democracy was not influenced, let alone controlled, by the theories of *The Communist Manifesto* of 1848, but by the middle-class revolutionary aims of 1848:

Parliament, democracy, the protection of Labour. It was the Frankfort National Assembly of 1848 which created a tradition. Friedrich Ebert, in his inaugural speech at the Weimar National Assembly in February, 1919, declared to the representatives of the German nation that their task was to execute the testament left by the Frankfort Assembly in 1848.

The task of political parties, however, is not confined to carrying out a testament or preserving a tradition. It includes also the development of that tradition in accordance with the demands of a new age, taking account of the changes which have occurred in the passage of years, and paying attention to the economic and social tendencies which increasingly assert themselves, and which demand recognition through legal enactments and administrative measures.

This is statesmanship. Theory is here immensely important, as a guide to the attainment of a clear knowledge of the economic and social tendencies, for which a great Party has to secure recognition, and to which it must give the force of law.

German Social Democracy has failed to do this. It chained itself to the tradition of 1848, to the Frankfort National Assembly of orators and constitutional lawyers, which relied on the power of argument and neglected to organize an armed force to protect the Frankfort democratic constitution. Marx, in the *Neue Rheinische Zeitung*, published in Cologne in 1848-49, castigated the Assembly for the sins of omission committed by it in its oratorical intoxication. He foretold its fate, its rude awakening by the tramp of the royal battalions. It was the Prussian soldiery that made an end of all parleying and theorizing, so that nothing remained of 1848 but a paper testament. The members of the Frankfort Assembly proved themselves as incompetent as their fellow-citizens at Hambach; and the Weimar politicians even improved upon their models at Hambach and Frankfort. The Nazis, on the other hand, actually have carried out the testament of the Wartburg and the "Primitive Germans."

*The Nazi Counter-Revolution*

THE Nazis, after the Munich Putsch in November 1923, settled down to the scientific organization of their small number of adherents. Their method was secret and conspiratory, making thereby the fullest use of the liberties that the Weimar Constitution guaranteed to all Germans. They formed small circles, studied the causes of discontent, and endeavoured to win all those strata of society which from nationalist, professional, and economic reasons were out of sympathy with the post-war conditions. The Nazis found them, first, among the ex-officers and ex-non-commissioned officers of the army; secondly, among the bureaucracy, public school teachers, and university undergraduates; finally, among the lower middle class.

The ex-military men had suffered indignities during the revolutionary months. They lost the high social status which they had enjoyed under the pre-revolutionary conditions. Moreover, they were deprived of their employment as a result of the Versailles Treaty, which, in their opinion, was the result of the "stab in the back" of the heroic army by the revolutionary upheaval.

The bureaucracy, that vast army of trained and drilled officials, was seething with discontent at the intrusion into its ranks of trade union officials, who, without having gone through the normal curricula and simply by virtue of their Social Democratic membership card, were appointed to high offices. The conscience of the Prussian bureaucrat was outraged by such irregularities. And the outrage grew unbearable when even Jewish lawyers and doctors received high civil service posts. Such a thing was unheard of—trade union officials as Police Presidents and chiefs of Government departments; Jews in judicial posts or as State Councillors! The

outraged bureaucracy gradually formed a State within the State, working secretly, spying upon the intruders, and reporting to the Nazi secret directorate at Munich.

The war, and particularly the inflation, impoverished the lower middle class. Their sons saw no prospect in trade and commerce, and flocked to the secondary schools and Universities in order sooner or later to get some safe berth in the Central and Local Government. At the Universities they found hundreds of Jewish students, upon whom they looked as competitors, and whom they fought tooth and nail. The small shopkeepers and the traders saw in the large stores, which in many cases were organized by Jewish merchants, the cause of their own decline. Capitalist and Jew became with them synonymous terms.

In the secondary schools the teachers, trained in pre-war days, were mostly nationalist or militarist. Social Democracy did nothing to change the school books. The old Prussian spirit gradually returned, and youth was trained in the tenets of Nationalism. But all those elements, though numerically strong, could not have created such a vast anti-democratic organization but for the large metal and textile employers, who supplied the funds and the leading ideas to the Nazi headquarters. The German employers displayed, indeed, great acumen in the years from the autumn of 1918 up to the end of 1932. In the autumn of 1918, when the forebodings of the revolution began to fill the air, the capitalist leaders approached the General Committee of the Trade Unions in Berlin and arranged for close co-operation between Capital and Labour. The Social Democratic trade unionists were given preference of employment, and all revolutionary proletarians were gradually thrown out of work. The output of Labour and social legislation in the few revolutionary years was remarkable, and brought material advantages and influence to trade unionism—eight-hour day, workmen's councils, favourable collective agreements. As long as the danger of revolution was not

dispelled, the capitalists kept quiet; but, when the people finally settled down to the new conditions, the capitalists grew restive under the new burdens, which were aggravated by the effects of the Versailles Treaty—reparation payments, stoppage of the armament industry, restriction of the German export markets—and turned German economic life into a very hard struggle. After 1929 the situation grew desperate, and the whole Labour and social legislation, always a nuisance in the eyes of the employing class, appeared to them now as a far-flung tangle of barbed-wire obstacles, impeding them at every step and stride. And this tangle, they felt, was made quite inextricable through the consequences of the Versailles Treaty, which deprived the Germans of their army and degraded them into a second-class nation—*Wehrlos, ehrlos*: unarmed, unhonoured. The leaders of the capitalist class decided to get rid both of organized Labour and of the Versailles Treaty. The muddle-headed Nazis, with their slogans against Marxism, Jews, pacifists, traitors, etc., thus received at the hands of the industrial leaders two clear-cut ideas to guide them. The intermediary between the capitalist leaders and the Nazi leaders was Herr von Papen, the most sinister figure of present-day Germany. He chaperoned Herr Hitler in his intercourse with the bankers and industrials.

Yet, with all those advantages on their side, the Nazis made little headway up to 1930. In the Reichstag of the years 1925–30 the Parliamentary National Socialist Party consisted of fourteen members only. The delusive prosperity, created by the influx of American, British, French, Dutch, and Swiss loans, made public opinion averse from political adventures. The situation changed in 1930, when the effects of the universal economic crises, which started and startled the United States in the autumn of 1929, made themselves felt in Europe. Germany, as the financially weakest industrial country, felt the shock with particular force. The bubble of prosperity burst, and the middle classes, flurried and

scared, merged all their little Parliamentary Parties or "Fractions," as the Germans call them, into the National Socialist Party. The elections of September, 1930, made the Nazis the second strongest party, with one hundred and seven members in the Reichstag. All the disaffected and despairing elements grew rapidly into a united movement, imbued with a burning hatred of pre-war Germany and particularly of the Weimar Constitution with its democratic and social reform clauses, and they worked with might and main for its subversion. The Social Democrats, who occupied the key positions in the Prussian Government, took no effective steps to deal with the growing danger of Nazism, which after 1929 became all the more threatening as the judiciary, in all proceedings against Nazi defendants, were applying the law in the most lenient manner. The Social Democrats in the Prussian Government finally received their reward on July 20, 1932, when Herr von Papen curtly dismissed them.

On the whole, it may be said that Social Democratic influence in the Reich and in Prussia was tolerated only as long as the foreign garrisons were stationed in the Rhineland. The presence of Social Democrats in the Government was intended to serve as evidence of the pacific character of Germany. The ruling classes, the landed nobility, and the industrial magnates, knew quite well that, with a pronounced Nationalist Government in Germany, they would be hard put to it to induce the Powers to withdraw their garrisons from the Rhine. As soon as the Rhineland was evacuated, the glory of the Social Democrats departed; they were kicked out of their high offices, and room was made for the Nazis, the petted darlings of the ruling classes. The uniforms, the top boots, the trappings, the leasing of houses for Brown-shirt barracks—in short, the whole outfit and housing of the Nazis—were paid for by the big landowners and the masters of large-scale industry.

With the growth of this movement, the whole tone of

public life changed. The former peaceful meetings and lectures, in which free discussion was the rule, degenerated into rowdy assemblies; instead of spirited heckling and clever repartees, empty beer bottles and the wooden legs of the furniture flew at the heads of opponents of the Nazis. "Never discuss with a Jew or a Communist, use your fists!" And the same maxim was applied to the debates in the Reichstag and in the Prussian Landtag. Parliamentary proceedings, which up to 1930 were models of decorum, were turned into scenes of turbulence and bodily assaults. The Nazis are the only Party that has made violence its foremost means of "persuasion." It is a Party conceived in conspiracy, trained to dissimulation, and drilled in the methods of the *Vehmgericht*.

The ruling classes have assigned to the Nazis a twofold mission—the rearming of the nation and the destruction of trade unionism. On these terms they entrusted Herr Hitler with power, and he has to fulfil them. Those of his adherents who had come into the movement, not only from nationalist motives, but for serious social reform work, are ruthlessly kept under. The real programme of the Nazis was dictated by the ruling classes—a powerfully armed Germany and subjection of Labour to the present economic order. The latter point has brought popularity to Fascism and Nazism among the adherents of capitalist society, while a rearming Germany has caused a great deal of anxiety to the friends of universal peace and to the beneficiaries of the Versailles Treaty. The new cultural propaganda is doing all that is necessary to prepare the minds of the people for the glories of Valhalla. The school and the stage, the cinema and the radio, the gymnastic halls, and the open spaces in town and village, are given up to the cultivation of the war spirit. The first play produced after the inauguration of the Nazi régime was Hans Johst's *Schlageter*, in which the expressionist poet announces that "mankind needs again leaders and priests,



who have the courage to shed blood, blood, blood, and to slaughter." The play was staged in June, 1933. Twelve months elapsed, and on June 30, 1934, the terrible words of the poet were fulfilled: the Leader turned into a priest who had the "courage to shed blood, blood, blood, and to slaughter." The next Nazi drama was Kurt Eggers's *Anna-berg*, described as a "National Festival Play," whose theme is the fights in Upper Silesia. It opens with the following song:

Der Deutsche ist geschaffen,	The German is lord
In Wehr und Waffen	O'er armour and sword,
Hinaus ins Feld zu reiten,	To battle to ride
Als Held zu streiten.	With heroic stride.
Sein junges frohes Sterben	His death, in truth,
Verpflichtet die Erben,	A command to youth,
Gleich ihm ihr junges Leben	Like him to bleed
Als Lösegeld zu geben.	For the country's need. <sup>1</sup>

The Nazi counter-revolutionary régime is likely to maintain itself for many years. It cannot be overthrown from within. Herr Hitler has performed what he promised to those who entrusted him with power. Germany is rearming; the metal industries are flourishing; the agrarians have obtained high prices; the small shopkeepers and the Aryan professional classes have got rid of Jewish competition; thousands of Nazi understrappers have taken the positions formerly held by Social Democrats, Republicans, and trade unionists in the Labour organizations, co-operative societies, social welfare, municipalities, and Central or Local Government; and, last but not least, militant Labour is cowed and driven out of

<sup>1</sup> A more literal translation of the first stanza:

The German is made  
For armour and blade,  
In battle to fight  
With heroic might.

sight. Herr Hitler has gradually proved himself a statesman-like and sagacious leader: imperious and brutal in his dealings with subordinates, pliable and adaptable in his treatment of the needs and wishes of the heads of finance and industry. By his battue on June 30, 1934, he surrendered the last shreds of his independence to the masters of the army. With all his supreme titles and dignities, he is fast sinking to the level of Ebert and Noske, after they had destroyed the revolutionary proletarian elements in 1919. As far as the capitalist order is concerned, it is quite safe in the hands of Hitler. Soon the European Powers will regard him as one of their own, and will treat him on a footing of equality. But what about war? By 1937 or 1938 we shall have the answer, unless some sort of compromise is patched up in the Pacific, or some formula is found, which will postpone the appeal to force.<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> The whole of this chapter was inserted in November, 1934, as a *postscriptum*—after the Nazi authorities had cancelled my German naturalization, which I had obtained in Berlin in 1920–21.

*Retrospect and Some Conclusions*

THE ancient Hebrew believed that happiness, the aim of man, could be obtained only through spiritual peace. In his striving for the attainment of his aim, he met with two invaders, with two forces destructive of peace—brains and sex—symbolized by the Tree of Knowledge and the serpent of lust, which were shutting him off from the serene life in the Garden of Eden. He finally found spiritual peace in religion, which disciplined his function of thinking and his function of procreation. And those who remained within the limits set by religion were happy and restful. Their mind was taken off the immediate turmoil of thought and sex, and directed towards the law of God, towards something outside man, towards something objective, with sanctions to guard it. Their wrestling was thus primarily, not with their bodies, but with commandments, with sin. They found a helper to lift them over the pitfalls of sensual life.

In my boyhood I lived in that serene atmosphere of undisturbed peace, in the shelter of faith, in the centre of which was God—a real, living, personal God, and not a pantheistic, ambient, amorphous spiritual essence. He protected, guided, and disciplined the children of man, and was ever near us. However, the attribute of abounding love was not primarily connected with my thought of God, the emotion of awe predominated. Still, I felt safe under his all-seeing eye, until the waves of modern civilization swept me into German philosophy and finally into Spinozism. And the end of it was that the Infinite became indefinite. Having eaten from the Tree of Knowledge, restlessness gripped me, and I said with Lessing: If God held truth in His right hand and error in His left, I would choose error, so that I might arrive at truth by my own effort. Reviewing at the age of seventy my search

for truth, I find in Judaism a code of laws designed to produce a firmly knit community of men and women, pure in body, peaceful in spirit, and prosperous in their common work. They were great legislators, those Hebrews, ripe in experience and wisdom which aeons of oriental life had accumulated. History destroyed their work. It needed rebuilding and rejuvenating with the best elements which the West has since accumulated. Even at the beginning of my long pilgrimage I felt dimly the need of such work, and it drove me onwards. Within a decade I passed from Hebrew antiquity through mediaevalism to modern times, or from theology and scholasticism through moral philosophy to economics and Socialism, which I finally thought to be my haven of rest. Here I found, indeed, satisfaction and scope for the practice of social ethics and work for social justice.

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*Ego vir videns paupertatem meam*—I am the man whose lot was cast in times of stress. Social Democracy, so near its realization in the post-war years, was shattered, and out of the wreckage sprang its *simulacrum*—National Socialism, a social order without socialization, a democracy without liberty, a plebiscitarian régime under the heel of a dictator, nominated by the old ruling class. In those years I thought that the whole history of mankind's striving for happiness was symbolized by the story of the Tower of Babel. The International Socialist Movement, rising higher and higher in its upward march, was suddenly overtaken by a confusion of tongues, and the International broke up into nations which lost all mutual understanding. Each went a different way, save for some of the foremost leaders, who moved harmoniously in one and the same direction—to the city of Palinodia.

Months of mortification followed, until Fascism and National Socialism ceased to be to my mind a catastrophe to lament, and came to interest me as a problem to investigate.

Fascism or Nazism is the effect of two social distempers. The first is Nationalism, that is, the morbid state or inflammation of that organ of civilized humanity which we call a "Nation." The second is the decline of the economic system created by the middle class, which we call the "Capitalist system." As soon as this system is seriously threatened, Nationalism assumes the character of Fascism. Since, however, the effects of the decline are felt first in the ranks of the lower middle class—the connecting link between the upper middle class and the wage workers—it is the lower middle class which in the first instance supplies Fascism with its militant members. Moreover, its character as an intermediary layer between large capital and organized Labour makes it at once nationalist, anti-capitalist, and anti-progressive. In its reaction from the competitive power of Capital and the militant attitude of Labour, the lower middle class turns its eyes wistfully towards the pre-Liberal past, with its guilds, corporative associations, and strong Central Government. This is the social reform it has in view. Its pre-Liberal character finds itself in harmony with the demands of agrarians and manufacturers for protective tariffs against foreign competition as well as for stronger measures against Labour disputes; its nationalism favours the policy of strengthening the State and establishment of national autarchy.

Out of this variety of national and economic factors arises a corresponding national and economic policy. This policy is, I believe, adequately denoted as Neo-Mercantilism. It is a retrogression to the pre-Liberal period. The difference between pre-Liberal and post-Liberal Mercantilism is something like that between adolescence and obsolescence. While pre-Liberal Mercantilism was a conscious policy for the purpose of expanding the national productive forces, Neo-Mercantilism is a conscious policy for the purpose of fettering production. The former meant expansion, the latter means

contraction. The former was optimistic, rationalist, with its eyes on the future; the latter is pessimistic, irrationalist, tormented by suspicions, intolerant of opposition, and particularly hating Liberalism and genuine Socialism, with its international outlook and pacific spirit.

The economic and humanitarian retrogression of European life has grievously affected the position of the Jews. It so happens that both Liberalism and Socialism have Jews among their leaders, and as the Jew has the misfortune to decuple and to appear ubiquitous, both Liberalism and Socialism are described as the devilish work of a Jewish conspiracy for the purpose of ruining all the other nations. *Hostes humani generis!*

Active and striving minorities, particularly when they happen to differ from the majorities in the ways of life or even in external appearance only, have in times of social crises always been pointed to as the cause of all troubles. Christians forget that in the first centuries of our era, when they lived as an active minority in Rome and her provinces, they were held responsible for all the calamities that befell the Empire. St. Cyprian, bishop of Carthage in the second half of the third century, in his *Ad Demetrianum*, vigorously refutes the charges against the Christians that they were causing famine and plague. One of the most celebrated books in Christian literature, St. Augustine's *De Civitate Dei*, was written partly with a view to defend the Christians against the accusation that they had caused the fall of Rome in the year 410, when the eternal city was taken and sacked by the Visigoths. Later on, when the Christians in Europe formed the majority, that is, since the Middle Ages, they, in their turn, began to see in the Jews the cause of all physical, economic, and political disasters. No wonder that Jewish humour glides so easily into irony and sometimes even into the cynical.

The future of the Jewish people is dark indeed. Liberal-

ism, once the faith of a prosperous, tolerant middle-class civilization, has lost its glamour with the decline of the economic system for which it stands. And international Labour has suffered irreparable losses through its own weakness, and through the desertion of many of its leaders, who are either in Concentration Camps or in Concentration Governments.

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The years 1919-20 were peculiarly critical for the capitalist civilization of Europe. The labouring masses, and the millions of disillusioned and despairing ex-service men, had lost faith in the old order. A civilization which could devote its matchless economic and scientific resources for over four years to organized slaughter, maiming and torturing millions of innocent men, and exposing many millions of children and women to unspeakable anxieties, sorrows, and miseries, was indeed monstrous and self-condemned. Many of the demobilized soldiers were unconsciously yearning for a change, and many consciously working for a transformation of European society into a social order based on peace, harmony, and justice. The treasure, the physical and mental energy, poured out in prodigious streams for the purpose of destruction, would have been more than sufficient to achieve this transformation. Even many of the adherents of the old order grew sceptical of its soundness and stability. Europe was in the crucible. Nothing like it had happened since the age of the Reformation.

Great Britain, the country *par excellence* of stability, saw the Sankey Report, the Council of Action, and about 70 per cent of wage-workers and salaried workers enrolled in trade unions. In France, three-quarters of the organized Socialists seceded from their Party and declared for Communism. In Italy, working men forcibly occupied factories and fields, and the Socialists were passionately discussing the alternative of Socialism and Communism; even the rising Fasci fought for

a series of Socialist measures. In Bavaria and in Hungary, Soviet experiments were being made. In the Balkans, Communist ideas gripped the workers, artisans, and peasants. Germany was in the throes of a revolution, and Social Democracy was in power. In Austria, likewise. And Russia was being reorganized on a Socialist basis. Capitalist civilization stood shivering on the brink of a precipice.

Germany was the pivotal country. Had she swung towards the Left and seriously initiated the Socialist order of life, no anti-Socialist power in Europe could have withstood the long-looked-for transformation of economic and social anarchy into a Socialist organism, and of the warring nations into a Pan-European international society of Labour and Peace. The last war would not have been in vain.

It depended on Germany to form the core for the conglomeration of the weltering elements into a coherent whole. German Socialism, however, in the years before the war was weakened in its faith through reformism and nationalist aspirations; and during the war it was further weakened by splitting into pro-war and anti-war factions. The masses, exhausted by war privations, lost their energy for action. Only a small minority of the Socialists and workers, the extreme Left, led by Karl Liebknecht, Rosa Luxemburg, and Dr. Franz Mehring, were conscious of the greatness of the historic moment, and did all that was in their power to make the Social Democratic masses conscious of their supreme task. But all they could do was to give their lives for their faith, and die a violent death at the hands of the mercenaries whom Ebert and Noske had organized against the Workmen's Councils. Martyrdom may inspire future generations, but it does nothing for its contemporaries. In the absence of a powerful leverage, the *vis inertiae* triumphed. Everything fell gradually back into the old ruts—or into the old trade cycles.

In the years 1920 to 1934 we have witnessed booms and slumps, recoveries and setbacks, prosperity and depression.



Society is divided into two sections, both living in fear—one dreading the flood of wealth, the other dreading the ebb-tide of privation. No thimble-rigging with currencies can resolve the tension between the oppositions. In the age of Neo-Mercantilism, with its restrictions and quotas, its local currencies and actual prohibitions of currency export, its national jealousies and self-sufficiency aspirations, no progressive or permanent increase of foreign trade and employment is possible, since each nation dreads an unfavourable balance of trade and payments. In the midst of the general dictatorship of fear, the Governments are arming, partly as a means to economic recovery and larger opportunities for employment, and partly in preparation for another world war. And this moral insanity is valiantly helped on by scientific inventions. No wonder that the only human activity which is still progressing is physical science, the resourceful hand-maid of the material needs of civilization.

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Physical science, which so many of us have thought to bring social salvation, proves to be as amoral as nature, upon which it is working. It can master natural forces, but not the operation of economic forces, the elemental life-process of society. It can produce limitless heaps of commodities, but it is not within its competence to make effective demand go hand in hand with expanding production. Physical science has abolished the famous laws of Thomas Malthus about the disproportionate increase of population and food; it has even reversed them—instead of the population pressing upon the means of subsistence, the latter are pressing upon the population. It has modified the operation of the law of diminishing returns, but it has also created a dread of almost universal unemployment by automatizing the process of labour. Aristotles' imaginative hypothesis about self-operating tools and their effect on the workmen is being turned into

a well-established thesis: "If every tool," he declared, "could accomplish its own work, obeying or anticipating the will of men, like the statues of Daedalus or the tripods of Hæphaestus, which—as the poet says—entered of their own accord into the assembly of the gods, if, in a like manner, the shuttle would weave and the plectrum touch the lyre without a hand to guide them, chief workmen would not want servants nor masters slaves" (*Politics*, i, 5, 6). But, if the tools are the exclusive property of the masters, the servants and the slaves become redundant, and must either be fed by the masters or perish. For, as long as laws and codes are based on private property as the most appropriate and moral basis of society, nobody can legally or morally prevent a manufacturer employing a mechanical contrivance rather than human beings.

We are evidently at the term of an age—the age of the application of physical science to the creation and transport of the collectively created, but privately owned, wealth. The new age, through the opening stages of which we are passing, discloses itself as the age of social science and social ethics—an age of the application of the knowledge of social life and ethics to the distribution of the collectively created wealth. All the weltering mists of prejudice and passion cannot hide from us the dawn of the new era. The progress of society to a higher form of social morality and individual freedom depends not on physical science, nor on Neo-Mercantilist policy, with its State and Moloch worship, war armaments, and national egoisms in the form of Fascism and its German variety, but on the application of the unadulterated essence of Socialist teaching and on the singleness of purpose of its adherents.

It is the historic mission of Socialist society to raise practical social ethics to the same height and potency as capitalist society has raised experimental physical science. Capitalist society, in its ceaseless endeavour and amazing

achievements in the sphere of material production and transport, needed physical science for the accomplishment of its purpose, and physical science flourished. The minds of the great men of modern times were turned to the study and conquest of the forces of nature. Socialist society, in its supreme task of mastering the economic forces of social life and of bringing production and distribution into harmony, will need sociological knowledge and social ethics, and eventually these will flourish. It will not be easy to make physical scientists grasp the new outlook and accept the new values. Nevertheless, a Socialist order, once established, will proceed to a revaluation of the present values. The standard will be social ethics.

Present society, since its emergence from mediaeval economy, has striven for a favourable balance of power and for a favourable balance of trade and payments. Has not the time come to help on the emergence of a society which will strive for a favourable balance of moral qualities?

*Laboremus!*

# INDEX

- Ad Demetrianum*, by St. Cyprian in defence of Christians 227  
 Adam, how God created him 20  
 Adams, Brooks, American historian and reformer 111, 160; his views on American capitalism 161; supported Th. Roosevelt 163; on decline of Britain 163  
 Africa, partition of 117  
 Alexander the Great 27, 185  
 Alexander II, Czar of Russia, assassination of 37; effects on Jewry 37  
 Alien enemy 83, 117  
 Anglo-Franco Entente 119, 120, 121, 127  
 Anglo-Franco-Russian Entente 127, 147  
 Annaberg, Nazi drama 222  
 Annual Register 198  
 Anti-Alien Agitation 79  
 Anti-Corruption, German periodical 61  
 Anti-Semitism, its rise and cause 46 sq.; Zola on 102  
 Arabic-Jewish philosophy 44-5  
*Arbeiter-Zeitung*, New York Jewish periodical 96, 108  
 Aristotle, hypothesis on automatic tools 230  
 Arnold, Matthew, on Athens and Jerusalem 105  
 Askew, J. B., author of *Pros and Cons*, British Communist 146  
 Assyrian art, character of 14  
 Auer, Ignaz, German Socialist leader 183  
*Aurore*, French paper, edited by Clemenceau 95, 96  
 Austro-German Alliance 65  
 Baal Peor 40  
 Bagdad Railway 120  
 Bahya, Jewish ethical writer 44, 45  
 Bagehot, Walter, economic and political essayist 83  
 Barrère, Camille, French diplomat 127  
 Barry Maltman, friend of Karl Marx 135, 137  
 Barth, Paul, German sociologist 58; his works 60-61  
 Bax, Belfort, British Socialist 82, 125  
 Bebel, August, German Socialist leader 89, 92, 125; on Mr. John Burns 126, 131; on French and British Government 130-31; his contradictory attitude 132, 183, 191, 214  
*Beehive*, British trade union paper 123  
 Beesly, E. S., his correspondence with Karl Marx 94, 134, 135  
 Bergson, H., his philosophy part of Syndicalism 147, 188  
 Bernstein, Eduard, German social reformer 78, 116, 131-32, 183  
 Bellamy, Edward, American social reformer 114  
 Berlin Congress (1878) 117, 118  
 Berlin during the war 175-79  
 Bismarck, Prince, his reply to Crispi 49; to Windthorst 50; his hatred of Caprivi 65; parallel with the Iron Duke 66; his dismissal by Kaiser Wilhelm II 67; his anti-English feeling 67; his regret at having weakened the Reichstag 129, 142  
 Boehm-Bawerk, Austrian economist, on value 87  
 Boer War 117  
 Börne, Ludwig, leader of Young Germany 213  
 Bolsheviks and Mensheviks, Lenin's explanation of 154-5, 197, 208  
 Bolshevik Revolution (1917) 38; influence on German proletariat 176-7  
 Bolshevism 40; religious influences in 210  
 Bosnia-Herzegovina, annexation of 147  
 Bowley, Professor 82

- Bradlaugh, Charles 74  
 Brentano, Lujo, German economic writer 59  
 Briand, Aristide, French statesman 89, 126, 132  
*Britannia Languens* (1681), deplores decay of England 163  
 British statesmanship, peculiarity of 143  
 Bryce, Lord James 83  
 Bucher, Lothar, private secretary of Prince Bismarck 135; his relation to Karl Marx 135  
 Bücher, K., German professor 194  
 Burns, John, British Labour leader, his library 123, 124, 132, 208  
 Campbell-Bannerman, Sir Henry 118, 137  
 Cannan, E., Professor 82  
*Capital*, by Marx 52, 78, 85; effect on Hyndman 166, 170  
 Capitalist civilization, critical year of 228  
 Capitalist system, in decline 227; effect on civilization 227  
 Caprivi, General von, German Chancellor 65; his Liberalism 65; his relation to Wilhelm II 66  
 Carlyle, Thomas 84  
 Chamberlain, Joseph 159, 164  
 Christians, Primitive, persecutions of 227  
 Class-war, its meaning and importance 162-3  
 Clemenceau, Georges 95, 97, 101, 142, 214  
 Coinage, its influence on history 14  
 Colbertism 154  
 Commandments and laws, purpose of 13  
 Communism 228  
*Communist Manifesto* 77, 79, 96  
 Concentration camps 189, 193, 228  
 Concentration Governments 228  
 Copernicus, his influence on thought 14  
 Council of Action (1920) 228  
 Crémieux, Adolphe, French statesman 104  
 Crispi, Francesco, Italian statesman and Bismarck 49  
 Cromwell 94, 186, 215  
 Cunningham, W., Professor 82  
 Currency quacks 133, 134, 229  
 Darwin, Charles 14  
 Darwinism 17  
*De Civitate Dei* 32; one of its purposes 227  
 D'Eichthal, E., Saint-Simonist 103  
 Delcassé, Théophile, French statesman 127, 128  
 de Leon, Daniel, American Socialist leader, his life and work 110-15  
 Denikin, Russian General 209  
 Democracy and Revolution 150-2  
 Dewey, American Admiral 109  
 Dictatorship in Britain 94, 215  
 Disraeli, Benjamin 53; if born in Germany 106; and Gladstone 141, 142  
 Dreyfus affair 96, 97, 124  
 "Drifting," in British statesmanship 143  
 Drumont, Edouard, French anti-Semitic writer 96  
 East meets West 14  
 Eastern Question 117  
 Ebert, Friedrich, Social Democrat, trade unionist, President of Germany 176, 177, 182; causes of his failure 188-90, 191, 192, 193, 197, 204, 216, 223, 229  
 Ebert, Friedrich, *junior* 189  
 Editha, German Empress, daughter of Aethelstan 64  
 Edward VII, King, his diplomatic journey 118  
 Eggert, Kurt, Nazi dramatist 222  
 Egyptian art, character of 14  
 Eisner, Kurt, Bavarian Prime Minister, life and work 198-200

- Engels, Frederick, German Socialist 57, 69; life and work 74-80, 134
- England and France, rivalry for Empire 186; England's success 186; cause of 186
- England, foreign revolutionaries in 153
- English civilization, Latin character of 165
- English people, character of 153-4
- Exchange, cohesive force of society 203
- Ezra the scribe, against mixed marriages 212
- Fabianism 83, 183, 188
- Faith, stabilizing factor 14
- Fascism, cause of 226; see also National Socialism
- Fashoda incident 117, 128
- Feldmann, Wilhelm 121
- Flaubert, G., his *Salammbô* 40
- Foreign affairs, study of 117-21; and Jews 27
- Fortnightly Review* 118
- Fourier, Charles, French social reformer 187
- France and England, rivalry for Empire 186
- France, Anatole, and Zola 96, 99
- Frankfort Assembly (1848) 216
- Frankfurt Treaty (1871) 135
- Franklin, Benjamin, on decline of British Empire 164
- Garden of Eden 224
- Gardiner, Prof., on rise of the middle class 162-63
- Garvin, J. L., his "Trojan" work 118
- George, Henry (Single Tax Movement) 114
- German people, character of 181
- German Social Democracy, cause of its weakness 67-8, 149-50
- Germany in defeat 180-5
- Gladstone, Margaret 82
- Gladstone, W. E., and International workers 80, 87; disliked by Bismarck 139; relation to Labour 139-43; and Disraeli 141
- Glazier, Bruce, British Socialist 210
- Glocke, Die*, German weekly review 195, 196
- Gnosticism 44, 201
- Goebbels, Nazi propagandist 67
- Goethe, on character of German people 181
- Göring, Nazi Minister 67, 191
- Gorki 194, 196
- Goy (gentile) 26, 40
- Gradualism 183, 188
- Greek Art, its revolutionary character 14
- Grey, Sir Edward 120
- Groener, General von 189
- Gyulai, Austrian General 23
- Haldane, Lord 118
- Hambach Festival, German democrats at 214
- Hardie, Keir, British Socialist 80, 167, 210
- Haskala* (Enlightenment) 30, 34, 35
- Heine, Heinrich, German poet 72; on grandfathers of Nazism 213-16
- Helfant, Israel, a political adventurer 194; life and work 194-7; his work during war in Turkey, Bulgaria, and Germany 195; his relation to Bolshevik leaders 195, 197
- Heraklitus 14
- Heterogeneity of actions and results 15
- Hewins, W. A. S., Professor 82; his economic lectures 83-6; on Home Rule 87
- Hillel, Rabbi, on essence of Jewish religion 105
- Hindenburg, Field-Marshal 189, 215
- Hitler, Adolph 67; his acts (on June 30, 1934), 221, 222; his attitude towards Capital and subordinates 222-3; effect of his battue 223
- Hobbes, Thomas, on value 84
- Humanité*, French Socialist paper 92, 127

- Hyndman, H. M., British Socialist leader 81, 84, 90-1, 126, 165-7
- Imperialism, Modern English 94
- Industrial Workers of the World 114
- Institute of Social Research at Frankfurt 211
- International, Socialist and Labour (Second) 89
- International Socialist Congresses 89-92, 124-32
- International Working Men's Association (First) 70, 80, 89, 132, 134
- Inventions, the most potent 14
- Iron Duke, his policy 66
- Irrational, realm of the 188
- Iskra* (Spark), Russian Socialist periodical 144
- Jameson Trial 93
- Jaurès, Jean, French Socialist leader 89; as orator 91-2 with Zola 100, 125, 128; on German Socialist inefficiency 130, 132
- Jevons, W. S., British economist on value 85
- Jewish Encyclopaedia* 115
- Jewish humour 227
- Jews, as stepchildren among the nations 27; and foreign affairs 27; migrations of 36-7; and revolution 103-7
- Johst, Hans, Nazi dramatist 221
- Judaism, aim of 225
- Justice*, British Socialist weekly 81, 145, 167, 168
- Kantian ethics and Socialism 146, 198, 199
- Katayama, Sen., Japanese Socialist 125
- Kautsky, Karl, Marxist writer 57, 144
- Kheder* (Hebrew School) 16, 29, 33
- Kingsley, Charles 40, 41; his *Hypania* 40, 105
- Kipling, his *Recessional* and *Barrack Room Ballads* 93, 118
- Koltshak, Russian General 209
- Kropotkin, Peter, Anarcho-Communist 89
- Kraszewski, Jan, Polish novelist 39
- "Kruger telegram" 67, 93, 117
- Kulturkampf* 50
- Labour Movement, British, cause of its reformism 151-4
- Labour Representation Committee (later Labour Party) 123, 167
- Lafargue, Paul, French Socialist 94, 95, 103
- Landauer, Gustav, Anarcho-Communist 90, 91
- Langiewicz, General, in Polish Insurrection (1863) 23
- Lansdowne, Lord 120
- Lassalle, F., German Socialist 53, 57, 106, 107
- Ledru-Rollin, French Radical, on decline of England 164
- Legien, Karl, German Trade Union leader 177
- Lenau, Austrian poet 72, 73
- Lenin 144-59, 205, 207
- Lerchenfeld, Count, his despatch (1914) 199
- Lesseps, Ferdinand, Saint-Simonist 103
- Lessing, G. E., German poet 34; on truth and error 224
- Levy, Amy, British novelist and poet 69, 72-73
- Liberalism in Europe 30, and social questions 138, 139, and Labour 140; anti-revolutionary influence of 152; decay of 227, 228
- Liberty, problems of 154
- Liebknecht, Karl, German revolutionary 189, 229
- Liebknecht, Wilhelm, German Socialist 63
- Lincoln, Abraham 123, 142
- Longuet, Charles, French Radical 94, 97
- Longuet, Jean, French Socialist 135
- Loubet, French President 119, 127
- Ludendorff, General von 176, 204

- Luther, Martin 68  
 Luxemburg, Rosa, Socialist Jew-  
 ess 89; life and work 159;  
 martyred 229
- Macchiavelli, Niccolo, on class-  
 war 62; on revolution 186-7
- MacDonald, J. R., British social  
 reformer 82, 88, 126, 132;  
 his appointment as secretary to  
 Labour Representation Com-  
 mittee 167; his sociology  
 167-8, 188
- Macdonald, James, London  
 Labour leader 167
- MacMahon, French President  
 215
- Mahan, Admiral, on sea-power  
 118, 119
- Maimonides, Moses, Arabic-  
 Jewish Schoolman 44
- Mann, Tom, British Labour  
 leader 90, 92
- Mannah 35
- Marginal (Final) Utility 84-7
- Marne, battle on the 176
- Marx, Eleanor 69-75, 95
- Marx, Karl 52, 53, 54; on  
 French mythology 60-1, 69,  
 71, 73-4 *et passim*; his labour  
 value theory 85, 95-6, 104;  
 controlled by ideas 107, 109,  
 110, 133-7; on war 136,  
 141; and democracy 151,  
 157; on history 158, 170,  
 182; on social development  
 185; attraction of his teaching  
 186, various schools of his  
 doctrines 187-8, 198, 216
- Marx-Engels Institute in Mos-  
 cow 204, 206; its personnel  
 and library 208-9
- Mehling, Franz, historian of  
 German Socialism 63, 229
- Menger, Karl, Austrian professor,  
 on economic value 85
- Mercantilism 54, 227
- Mickiewicz, Adam, Polish poet  
 39
- Middle class, sociological law  
 of 46; political incapacity of  
 German 67; and Liberalism  
 152, 227-8
- Migrations, Jewish 36-7
- Millerand, Alexandre, French  
 President 90, 103, 124, 132
- Milton, 186
- Ministerialism 124
- Misselden, British economist  
 163
- Mixed Marriages, dissolution of  
 in Nazi Germany 212; and  
 in post-exilic Palestine 212
- Mobility of man 13
- Money, a Jew definition of 35;  
 social nexus 203-4
- Montefiore, Leonard, pioneer of  
 Toynbee Hall 73, 74
- Morley, John, and Marx 134;  
 and social questions 138-9;  
 and British politics 143
- Morocco 119
- Mosaic Law 14, 225
- Moses, Hebrew legislator 16
- Mozart 34
- Mun, Thomas, British mercan-  
 tilist 84, 163
- Murray, A. O. (Master of  
 Elibank), on Liberalism and  
 Labour 140
- Munich Putsch 217
- Music and metaphysics 34
- Mussolini, Benito 188, 190
- Narodnaya Volya*, Russian revo-  
 lutionary organization 37, 148
- National Socialism (Nazism)  
 192; Heine on its grand-  
 fathers 213-14; organiza-  
 tion and elements 217-20;  
 methods of action 221; mis-  
 sion 221; effect of 226
- Naval League, German 119
- Neo-Mercantilism 226, 227, 231
- Neue Zeit*, German Socialist  
 Review 94, 121, 149
- Niewenhuis, Domela, Dutch  
 Anarcho-Communist 90
- Nominalism 45, 143
- Nonconformity, influence on  
 British Labour 210
- Northern Star*, Chartist paper  
 76, 104
- Noske, Gustav, German War  
 Minister 190; life and work  
 123, 190-1, 229



- O'Brien, Bronterre, Chartist leader 133-4  
 Orzeszkowa, Eliza, Polish novelist 39  
 Owen, Robert, British Social Reformer 187  
 Palestine, colonization of 37  
 Palm erston, Lord, foreign affairs, principles of 120  
 Papen, Von, Hitler's chaperon 219, 220  
 Pereire, Brothers, Saint-Simonists 103  
 Petty, Sir William, British economist 84, 85, 164  
 Pharisees 21  
 Physical science, its strength and limitations 229  
 Pilsudski, Joseph, Polish dictator 121  
 Plekhanoff, Georg, Russian Marxist leader 125  
 Poland, social structure of 46  
 Polish Socialist Party, patriotic character of 120, 121  
 Political Economy, historical school of 59  
 Political Parties, motives of 215; rôle of tradition in 215  
 Poniatowski, Stanislaw, last Polish king 40  
 Power machine, revolutionary effect of 14  
 Pressensé, F. de, French Socialist 126, on Franco-British Entente (1904) 132  
 Preuss, Hugo, German-Jewish Constitutional jurist 182; drafted Weimar Constitution 182  
 Prometheus 15  
 Proudhon, J. P., French social reformer 188, 215  
 Quelch, Harry, editor of *Justice* 167; on J. R. MacDonald's Secretaryship of Labour Party 167  
 Reformism 183  
 Renan, Ernest, Zola on 200  
 Renaudel, Pierre, French Socialist 126  
 Revisionism 183  
 Revolution, German (1848) 185; (1918) 178; character of 181  
 Rhodes, Cecil 93  
 Riazanov, David, organiser of Marx-Engels Institute, Moscow 205-208  
 Ricardo, David, British economist 52, 59, 85, 187  
 Roberts, Louis, British economic writer 163  
 Rodbertus, Karl, German social economist 53, 62  
 Rodriguez, Olinde, Saint-Simonist 103  
 Roosevelt, Franklin, American President 164  
 Roosevelt, Theodore, American President 163  
 Roscher, W., German professor 58  
 Ruskin, John 74  
 Russell, Bertrand 183  
 Saadia, Jewish ethical writer 44  
 Saint-Simonists, French social reformers 103, 187  
 St. Augustine 32, 227  
 St. Cyprian 227  
 St. Paul 68, 107  
 Samuel, Sir Herbert 107  
 Savile, George (Marquess of Halifax), political views of 93-94  
 Savonarola, Jerome, cause of his defeat 184  
 Scheidemann, Phillip, German Socialist leader 177  
 Schlüter, Hermann 123  
 Schmoller, Gustav, German professor 54, 170  
 Shadwell, Dr. A. 173  
 Shaw, G. B. 70, 75, 86, 89, 90, 92  
 Shelley's *Queen Mab* 34  
 Sino-Japanese War 117  
 Smith, Adam 59  
 Snell, Harry 82  
 Social Reform, Conservative 49, 53, 57  
 Socialist Movement, cause and condition of its rise 112-14  
 Socialist society, mission of 231  
 Solferino, battle at (1859) 23

- Sorel, Georges, theorist of revolutionary syndicalism 147, 148, 154
- Spanish-American War 108, 109, 117
- Spinoza, Baruch 34, 44, 224
- Stahl, F. J., Jewish leader of Prussian Conservatives 53
- Stalin 208
- State Socialism and State Christianity 91
- Statesmanship, problem of 15; task of 216
- Stead, W. T., editor of *Review of Reviews* 120
- Strikes in nineteenth century, effects on production 163, and on employers 163
- Sundelevitch, Aaron, Russo-Jewish revolutionary 37; aim of 38
- Talmud, collection of Jewish lore 17
- Tannenberg, battle at 176
- Thomas à Becket and the nightingale 32
- Times Literary Supplement* 173, 174
- Toller, Ernst, German Socialist 200
- Tora (Law of Moses) 44
- Tower of Babel 15; symbol of human tragedy 225
- Tradition, influence of 215
- Tree of Knowledge as symbol 224
- Triple-Alliance 49, 127
- Ulianov, Vladimir, *see* Lenin
- Utopia, function and value of 186; retrospective 186
- Utopia*, by Sir Thomas More 208
- Value, theory of 84-87
- Vandervelde, Emile, Belgian Socialist leader 89, 129, 131, 132
- Viviani, René, French statesman 89, 126, 128, 132
- Vorwärts*, German Socialist daily paper 116, 118, 122, 148, 149
- Vulgate 32
- Wagner, Adolf, German economist 54
- Wagner, Richard, musician, origin of 61; significance of his music 63
- Wallas, Graham, Professor 80, 82-3
- Wanderschaft* (hiking of German journeymen) 58
- War 136-7, 171, 176
- Webb, Beatrice and Sidney 84
- Weimar Constitution 182, 204, 217, 220
- Wells, H. G. 104
- Wesendonck, leader of Leipzig anti-Semites on Richard Wagner 61-63
- Wesselitsky, de, correspondent of *Nivoye Vremya* 120
- Whig statecraft 66, 67, 94
- Wilhelm I, German Emperor and social reform 52, 84
- Wilhelm II, German Emperor, his relation to Bismarck and Caprivi 66, 67
- Wilkinson, Spenser 118
- Windthorst, Ludwig von, and Bismarck 50
- "Wobbling and drifting" in British statesmanship 143
- Workers' and Soldiers' Council 189
- Wrangel, Russian General 209
- Yiddish, philological origin of 16, 36
- Zemlia i Volya*, Russian revolutionary society 148
- Zionism, beginnings of 37-8
- Zola, Emile, on Dreyfus affair and anti-Semitism 95-102



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